AUG 1 [illegible]

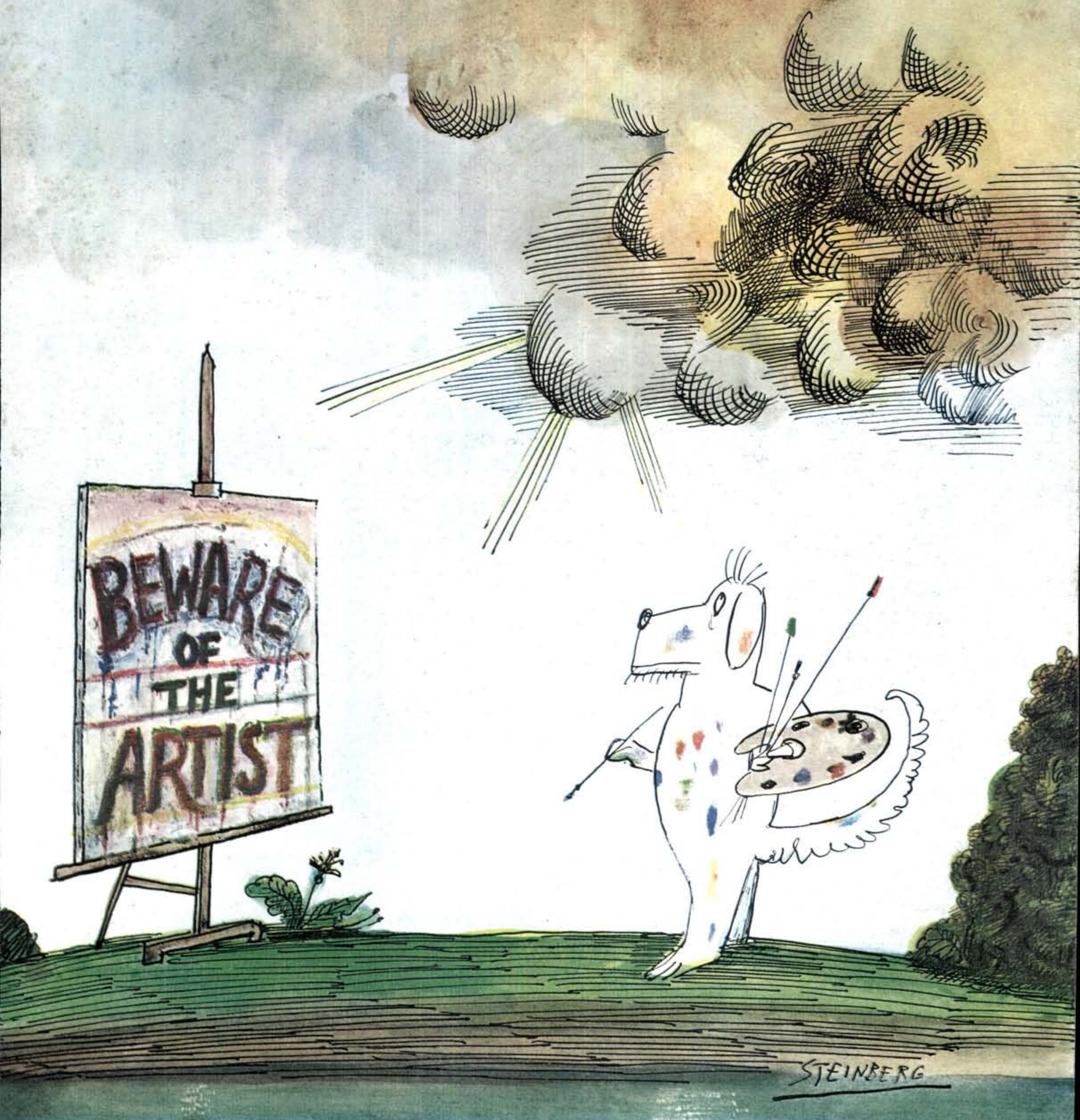
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Mar. 27, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 757


BEWARE OF THE ARTIST
STEINBERG

Countess Isserlyn
MAKE-UP NO. 93
Alexandra de Markoff
1 Fl. Oz.

Don't think of it as $20 an ounce. Think of it as $20 a year.

One dip of the little wand per day, one 1-ounce bottle per year is all you need use when you wear Countess Isserlyn Make-Up.

We tell you that not because we are trying to pawn Countess Isserlyn off as a bargain. But because it shows what a fantastically far going, thin covering, magical liquid this is.

In those select stores where Countess Isserlyn is sold you'll find an Alexandra de Markoff trained consultant who will show you the ritual of bringing your own shade to life on your face.

Once on, Countess Isserlyn actually helps disappear your pores. And you'll look in vain for the line below your chin where the Countess ends and you begin.

The property that makes an ounce of Countess Isserlyn able to last a whole year also makes a mere touch of it last a whole face. And for a whole day, that face will feel and look fresh and moist.

You are perfectly free to dismiss all this, of course, as an entertaining magical performance, and not buy Countess Isserlyn.

But if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1969

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—Ronald Millar's crisp but not very plausible retelling of a true and painful love story. The leads are played by Keith Michell and Diana Rigg. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

All Over—Edward Albee's new play, with Jessica Tandy, Colleen Dewhurst, George Voskovec, Madeleine Sherwood, and Betty Field. Directed by John Gielgud. Previews through Friday, March 26. Opens officially Saturday matinée, March 27. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned play by Paul Zindel about three unpleasant sisters. With Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Julie Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

The Dream on Monkey Mountain—Derek Walcott's beautiful and humorous play about the vision of a West Indian prophet, in a triumphant performance by the Negro Ensemble Company. Michael A. Schultz was the director. Roscoe Lee Browne and Ron O'Neal are wonderful in the leading roles. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The Fabulous Miss Marie—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, imported from London, with Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews through a special matinée on Sunday, March 28, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, March 29. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, March 25, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 1:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Peter Brook's highly personal version of Bottom's dream. Luckily, the words remain, and they are glorious. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

National Theatres of Japan—Three programs, each combining satirical comedy (Kyogen) and classical tragedy (Noh). (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday through Friday, March 24-26, at 8:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—A revival of Dale Wasserman's play taken from the novel of the same name by Ken Kesey. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 29
LETTER FROM THE EAST . . . *E. B. White* 35
"A SECRET GRATITUDE" (POEM) . . . *James Wright* 38
"JUAN MURAÑA" . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 40
PROFILES (CHARLES FRASER AND DAVID BROWER) . . . *John McPhee* 42
THE THEATRE . . . *Brendan Gill* 83
OFF BROADWAY . . . *Edith Oliver* 83
U.S. JOURNAL: DORCHESTER COUNTY, S.C. . . . *Calvin Trillin* 86
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 93
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . *Genêt* 95
"NETWORKS" (POEM) . . . *George Amabile* 97
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Pauline Kael* 99
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (THIS AND THAT) . . . *M. M.* 104
THE SPORTING SCENE (HOCKEY) . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 107
THE ART WORLD . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 117
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 123
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) . . . 132

COVER: *Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, William Steig, James Stevenson, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Frank Modell, Ed Fisher, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Edward Koren, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Mort Gerberg*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 6, March 27, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

Friendly persuasion.

People who own Chryslers tend to come back for more. We're very proud of the fact that the majority of our owners have owned Chryslers in the past.

All we have to do then, is persuade you to buy that first Chrysler. So we're coming through with the Royal.

A brand-new series of Chryslers. At a new low price.

It's our friendly way of introducing as many people as possible to the finest-designed, best-built Chryslers we've ever offered.

Royal is every inch a Chrysler. Uncompromisingly full-sized.

It's also a bigger car than our chief competition, Buick LeSabre and Olds Delta 88.

With a roomier interior.

And a bigger trunk.

Even the engine is bigger. In cubic inches and in horsepower. Yet it still runs on regular gas.

Like every Chrysler we build, Royal comes with a torsion-bar suspension system.

LeSabre and Delta use coil springs.

Which is better?

Well, it's interesting to note that GM does use torsion bars on two models: one of the most expensive Cadillacs and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

Yet for all Royal's extra values, it's priced just about the same as LeSabre and Delta 88.

Now are we coming through?

Royal. A bit of friendly persuasion to introduce you to what a full-sized car should be.

A Chrysler.

At a price head-on with Buick and Olds.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Coming Through.

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3939. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—An interesting, imperfect play about a don and his troubles, written by a bright young Englishman named Christopher Hampton. Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, Victor Spinetti, and Ed Zimmermann are among the exceptionally good cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pinkville—A play by George Tabori, with music by Stanley Walden. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's rather coarse adaptation of Ibsen's **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE**, well performed by Stephen Elliott and Philip Bosco. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 18.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE**, a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. Preview Wednesday, March 24. Opens officially on Thursday, March 25, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, April 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The School for Wives—Brian Bedford plays a man so obsessed with the need not to be cuckolded that he would sooner stop the world than risk an ordinary marriage. The translation of Molière's delightful comedy is by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4. Special benefit performance Monday, March 29, at 7:30; for tickets, call 691-7410.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Saturday, March 27.... **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Monday through Saturday, March 29-April 3. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvisational revue, conceived by Allan Albert. Opens Wednesday, March 24. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tarot—An entertainment of mime and folk-rock music. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of drop-outs who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last: —Rather bleak in wintertime, I should say. Martello you call it? (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Billy Pitt had them built, Buck Mulligan said, when the French were on the sea. But ours is the *omphalos*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —What is your idea of Hamlet? Haines asked Stephen. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** Instead of pushing his fortune in the line marked out for the heir of the house of Elliot, he had purchased independence by uniting himself to a rich woman of inferior birth. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Sir Walter had resented it. As the head of the house, he felt that he ought to have been consulted, especially after taking the young man so publicly by the hand. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 'For they must have been seen together,' he observed, 'once at Tattersal's and twice in the lobby of the House of Commons.' (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." Starting Tuesday, March 30, Patti Jo will replace Miss Moore. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Trinity," "Konservatoriet," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Valentine," "Confetti," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind," "The Still Point," and "Façade."...¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Square Dance," "Solarwind," and "Façade."...¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Reflections," "Valentine," "Abyss," and "The Clowns."...¶ Sunday, March 28, at 2:30: "Square Dance," "Solarwind," "Secret Places," and "Façade."...¶ Sunday, March 28, at 8: "Reflections," "Valentine," "Abyss," and "Trin-

Gen. U. S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.
IMPORTED
VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SERVE AT 45°-50°F.
BOTTLED AT ROTTERDAM HOLLAND
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
GRAND PRIX PARIS
Heineken
Heineken tastes tremendous
IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

For the select few

Golden Wreath®
BY Resilio®
$10 to $35. Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

José Greco and Nana Lorca's Flamenco Dance Theatre—A company of eighteen dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

Inbal—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday, April 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Ext. 287, Mondays through Fridays between 9 and 4. Tickets also at the door on the night of the performance.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back to New York like the swallows to Capistrano. Opens Tuesday, March 30, and will run through Monday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 2 and 7:30; and Saturday, April 3, at 10:30, 3, and 8. The performances on Thursday, April 1, may be cancelled because of a basketball playoff. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Lily Tomlin, a "Laugh-In" veteran, will be doing her comic bits here until Wednesday, March 31, when Janis Ian will come in to sing some of the songs she writes about people caught up in the bittersweet mystery of life, etc. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The 1971 bandwagon contains a mixture of jazz and soul food, and this new spot makes pretty good use of both. Pianist Norman Simmons plays with a bassist each Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday through Sunday, March 25-28, guitarist Attila Zoller will perform with piano and bass. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz from ten to two. Don Preston will be at the electric piano, working with a bassist, through Saturday, March 27. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The great and good jazz historian Mary Lou Williams temporarily abandons her piano on Saturday, March 27, but on Monday, March 29, in comes a threesome (John Blair on violin, Walter Davis on piano, Scotty Holt on bass) to cover for her. Sundays are the property, from seven to twelve, of Sammy Price, a true venerable, whose piano is purely pristine.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where the jazz guitar is apotheosized five nights a week. George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli play music-to-dine-by through Sunday, March 28. On Wednesday, March 31, the capable and inventive Kenny Burrell will come in with a bassist. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Restricted amounts of soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The J.P.J. quartet, which consists of saxophonist Budd Johnson, drummer Oliver Jackson, bassist Bill Pemberton, and pianist Dill Jones, is onstage through Sunday, March 28. On Tuesday, March 30, the dependable Zoot Sims quartet (with Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander) will return. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing will join the crew Friday through Sunday, April 2-4. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are working together in this dark bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. On Fridays and Saturdays, singer Woody Styles will be on the bandstand, along with pianist Walter Davis, Jr., and bassist Benny Wilson. On Sundays and Mondays, the George Scott quartet will perform. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. Not for beginners.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Claude Hopkins. Closed Sundays.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—Cecil Young, a pianistic showman, leads a trio that includes Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums in this softly lighted new spot. While the other musicians are soloing, you may find Young singing and posturing near your table, but let it be, let it be. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul food.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Joe Henderson, whose tenor sax can range from the lyrical to the soul-searching, leads his sextet through Sunday, March 28. On Tuesday, March 30, flutist Jeremy Steig moves in with a quartet. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Cramped basement quarters where steam pipes crackle overhead while patrons sip coffee, tea, or cider. The classic Chicago-blues singer Muddy Waters will be here with his Blues Band through Monday, March 29. On Wednesday, March 31, Paul Siebel, a young man who sounds like Tim Hardin doing an imitation of Bob Dylan, will arrive to sing his own songs. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers onstage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, pianist, arranger, bandleader, songwriter, film-score composer, lecturer, and disc jockey Billy Taylor leads his nearly impeccable trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesday, March 30, vibraharpist Vera Auer will bring in her quartet. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Rock groups Mandrill and Molimo play Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25. Flutist Herbie Mann, who recently abandoned his south-of-the-border sounds in favor of a fusion of various jazz and pop elements, will show up with an outfit called Air on Friday, March 26. Also on the bill will be some rockers called Floating Opera. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk blows a lot of reeds, some of them of his own invention, and leads his dynamic, multifaceted sextet through Sunday, March 28. On Tuesday, March 30, drummer Art Blakey, who formed his original Jazz Messengers back in 1948, will bring in their contemporary successors. Mondays are reserved for the mighty Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, March 28, trumpeter Benny Ventura and clarinettist Sal Pace will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—A designer on a Moorish trip must have planned this one, with its series of ornamental arches. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A fairly restrained evocation of the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help set it. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Like something off the old M-G-M lot, equipped with sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. Three times nightly, Clint Holmes sings. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along. A mecca for those who are comely, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is sometimes absent-minded.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The tumult and the shouting is done by All-Andalusia boys and girls in the flamencan troupe run by Antonio Santaella. Bertha Dupuy, a Cuba Libra, sings Latin-American chansons with the ardor they deserve. Her last night is Wednesday, March 24. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—James Brown manages to sing, and out loud, in the middle of his most fantastic contortions. On Thursday, April 1, Marty Allen, a rustic wit (Catskills, that is), takes over. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Nevada. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **LA FORÊT,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quartet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) is the principal event, and other musicians, arriving as early as eight, help him carry on until two. At two, the chefs go home, and music starts to arrive by coaxial cable. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Davidson, who believes that songs are to be sung and not to be put through a fire drill, ascends the podium in the **PERSIAN ROOM** on Wednesday, March 24, at ten-fifteen. Thenceforward, he will continue to act like a little gentleman during both dinner and supper. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band will fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the **EDWARDIAN ROOM,** the traditional violin weaves its way through the dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The New Christy Minstrels go bob-bob-bobbing (and bop-bop-bopping) along like so many red, red robins, all in time to the tunes they chant. Dancing, too—some of it disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

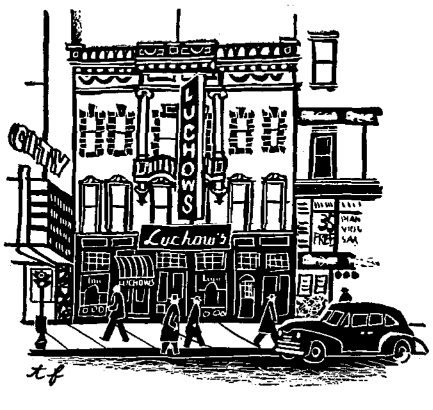
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old barony leads a long and useful life. It begins at five-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** with an *avant*-theatre buffet dinner-and-piano session, proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's masterly *paso-doble* bandsmen and Hal Turner's brisk Americanos) and **LA BOITE** (more piano) and returns to the **ST. REGIS ROOM** for the *après*-theatre songs of a firm young man, Jason, and a lissome nymph, Maryhazel. The St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the others shut down Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—How to succeed in everything without really trying is the lyric lesson seemingly taught by unflawed Peggy Lee, whose artful artlessness is on display in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** She's on during dinner and supper, and at half past one, too, on Saturdays. Her voice takes a well-earned rest Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

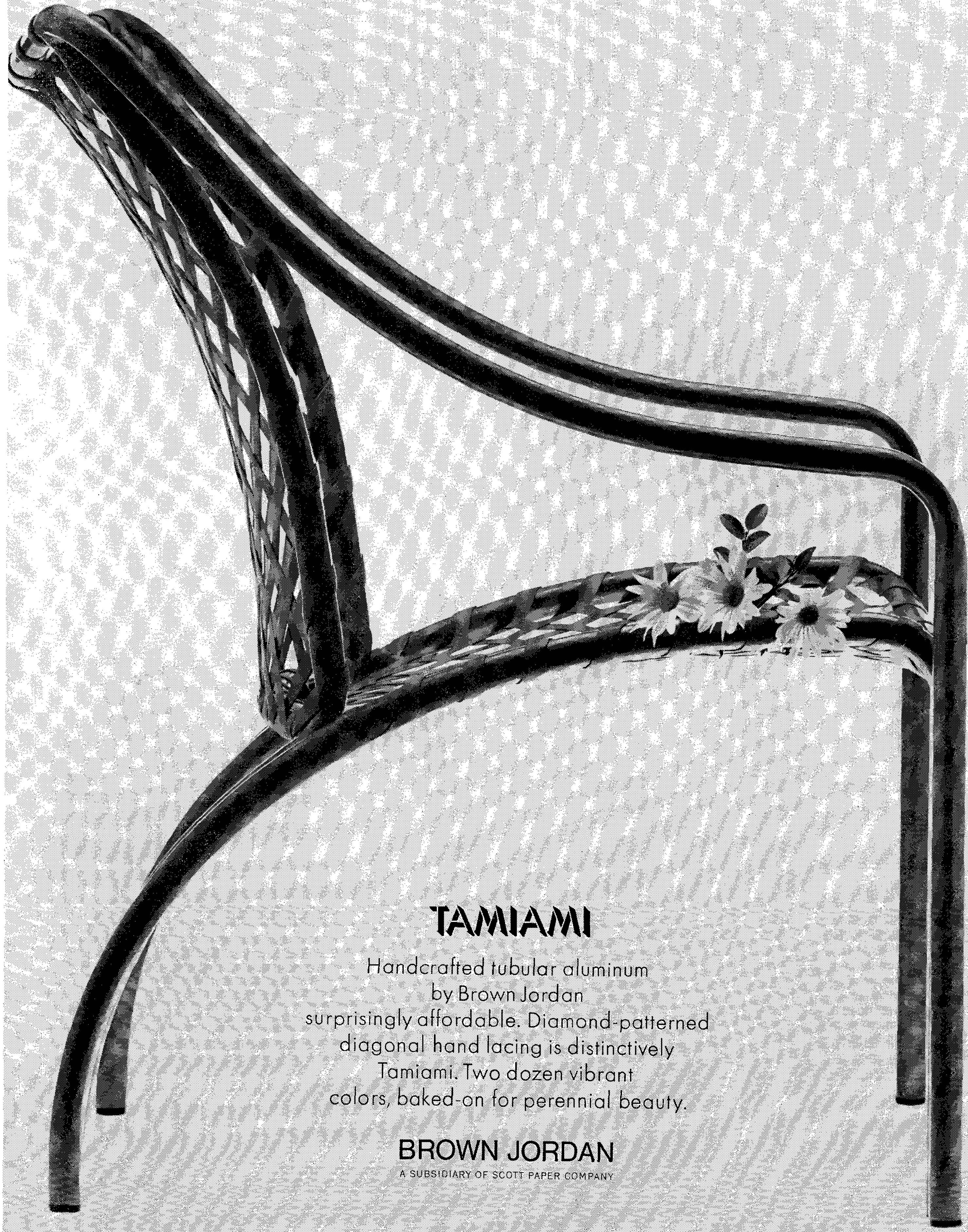
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The life that Bobby Short, who has his piano and his loyal henchmen (Beverly Peer, Dick Sheridan) front and center, sings of is just too good to be true, but it's great to hear about it in his special words and music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): The kibbutz overlooks the entire Eastern Mediterranean; the kibitzer (Avram Grobard, prop.) overlooks no opportunity to chaff. An amiable life, sprinkled with perpetual music and song. The oud plied by George Mgrdichian gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bazouka—and thereby more fun, from nine until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood, an arborway buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is frequently active; the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque,* and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Though there's only piano, from five until whenever, in the lounge, the whole place, including a restaurant whose cuisine is most plausible Moroccan, has a way of bustling all the time; i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. After nine, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Monday, March 29, brings about the long-projected return of Shelley Berman, a muser never to be destroyed by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, being that he has a few neat ones of his own in riposte. Nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, but not on Sunday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** just above **DOWNSTAIRS,** is concerned with a small revue at eight-thirty and eleven (nine-thirty and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays). A lot of really good revue music, mainly by Rod Warren, looks unsuccessfully for the proper (in absolutely every sense of the word) lyrics to go with it. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds now and then to the sparkle. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourish-



TAMIAMI

Handcrafted tubular aluminum
by Brown Jordan
surprisingly affordable. Diamond-patterned
diagonal hand lacing is distinctively
Tamiami. Two dozen vibrant
colors, baked-on for perennial beauty.

BROWN JORDAN

A SUBSIDIARY OF SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

You'll find Brown Jordan fine aluminum furniture at leading stores and through interior designers. *For a full-color brochure and your nearest dealers, write Brown Jordan, El Monte, California 91734.*

The dress has returned.

Frogs too!

A love of a dress, all wrapped up in a ribbon-y Jacquard knit of Trevira® polyester. Black/white or yellow/white. 8 to 16, 46.00*

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Trafalgar Square should be next door, so neat is the optical illusion (not to mention the gustatorial illusion) that this is a London hotel room on its best behavior. George Feyer presides over his poetic piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Rudy Barron often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Wayne Sanders, one of the final inhabitants of Goldie's New York, has taken a new lease on life and the local piano. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Take a tried-and-true musical ("Cabaret," at the moment), sandpaper it down to dining-room size, invest it with a lively young cast, and serve dinner and supper around it, one flight up, in a comfortable old brownstone—this is the venture here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, plus an eleven-thirty reprise Fridays and Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALICE BABER—Streams of circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; starting Saturday, March 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JO BAER—Minimal paintings done in 1962 and 1963; through April 14. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Paintings of nature with symbolic overtones, and drawings of landscapes and creatures; through Saturday, April 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Twelve gouaches and collages, also lithographs and etchings; through Saturday, April 3. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Twenty-three drawings, some with color, by this West Coast artist; through Thursday, April 1. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEF DRAPELL—Color abstractions emphasizing texture; through Thursday, April 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—About fifty collages, drawings, and gouaches never shown before in the United States and including some of the artist's early works; through April 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM—Paintings that can be moved around in a game following a set of rules; through April 10. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—Compositions of fluorescent lights; through Wednesday, March 31. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCIO FONTANA (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; through Saturday, April 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG AND MARY HEILMANN—Spray paintings by the former, an ex-Abstract Expressionist, and pieces that derive effects from the physical condition of the canvas by the latter; through April 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

JOEL GOLDBLATT—Still-lifes in simplified handling; through Saturday, April 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARVEY GORDON—The artist's first one-man show of interiors and landscapes; through Thursday, April 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE HARVEY—School of Paris oil paintings, pastels, and drawings of nudes, still-lifes, and interiors by an American expatriate; through April 10. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL HEIDENREICH (1901-65)—A selection of paintings covering the career of this German Expressionist, who worked in the United States after 1941; through April 7. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

DALE HENRY—Acrylics on canvas, light-catching; through Saturday, April 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLINTON HILL—Romantic color abstractions that emphasize texture and transparency; through Saturday, April 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Luminous wavy lines on mostly oval canvases; through April 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP JAMISON—More paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; through Saturday, March 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Paintings that apply Abstract Expressionist principles in figurative compositions; through Saturday, March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

BETTY KLAVUN—Painted- or welded-aluminum abstractions; through Saturday, April 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALFRED KUBIN (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Saturday, March 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GARY KUEHN—Lines running around the edge of raw canvases; through Thursday, April 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GOLDA LEWIS—Abstract compositions that combine paper, canvas, and found objects; through Saturday, March 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Rectangular, round, and oval paintings on the subject of mirrors and the light reflected in them; through Saturday, April 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—More of this leading sculptor's interwoven organic shapes in metal; through Saturday, April 3. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELEANOR LOCKSPEISER—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

ALVIN LOVING—Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by a Detroit black; through Saturday, March 27. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JOHN MARIN (1870-1953)—Forty-five years of etchings in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney; through Saturday, March 27. (Marlborough Graphics, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Recent quiet, low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEMENT MEADMORE—One large sculpture in steel and five smaller works by this Australian; through Wednesday, March 31. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

KOZO MIO—Surrealist paintings of women on shaped canvases by a Japanese; through April 17. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

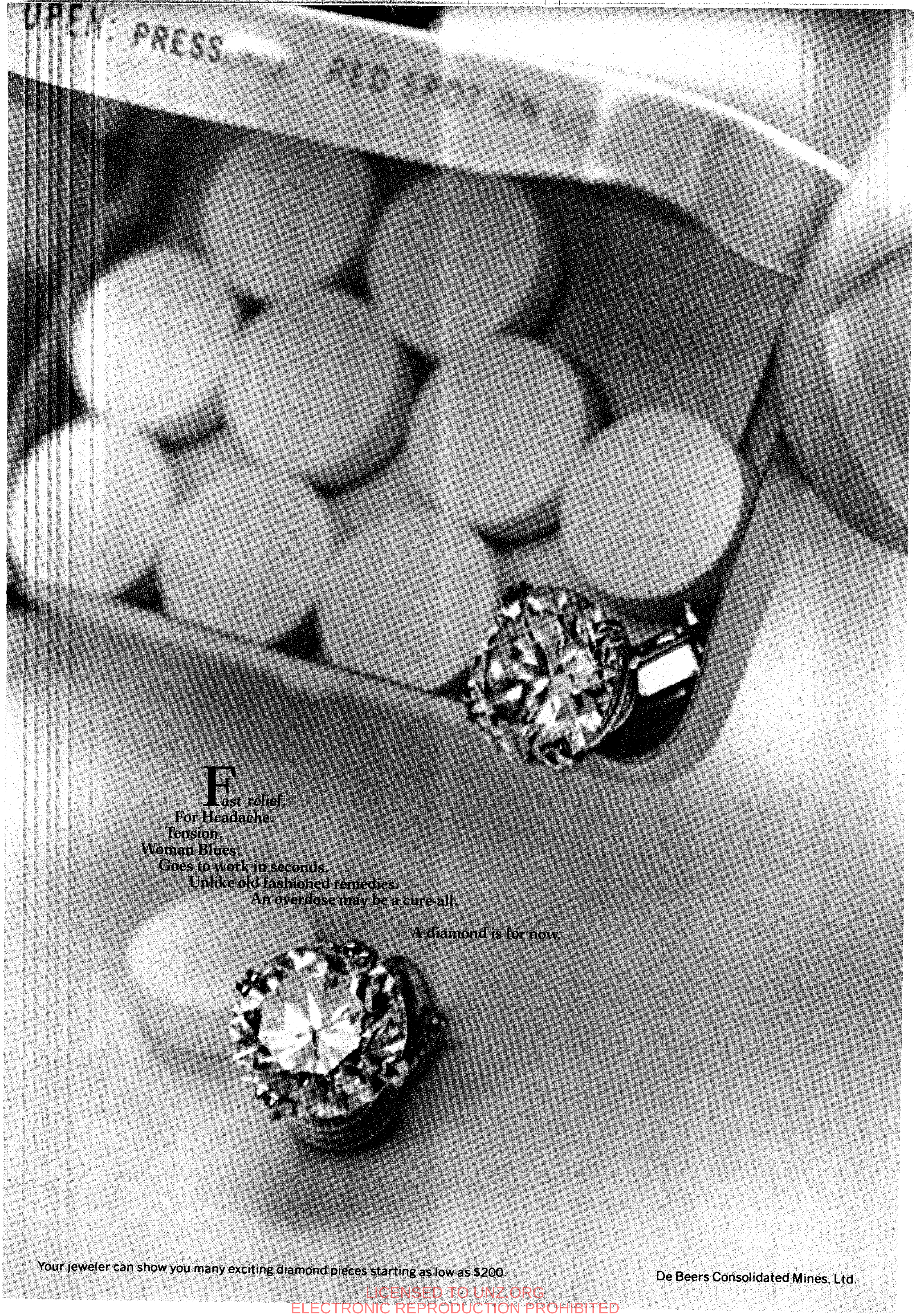
LOWELL NESBITT—Paintings of closeup details on the theme of "ruins" in Athens, Rome, and New York; through Saturday, March 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through April 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES OLITSKI—Recent paintings by this artist known for his spray-gun color fields; through Tuesday, March 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK OWEN—A first one-man show of paintings with the effect of spreading chemical substances; through April 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SERGE POLIAKOFF (1906-69)—Abstract paintings

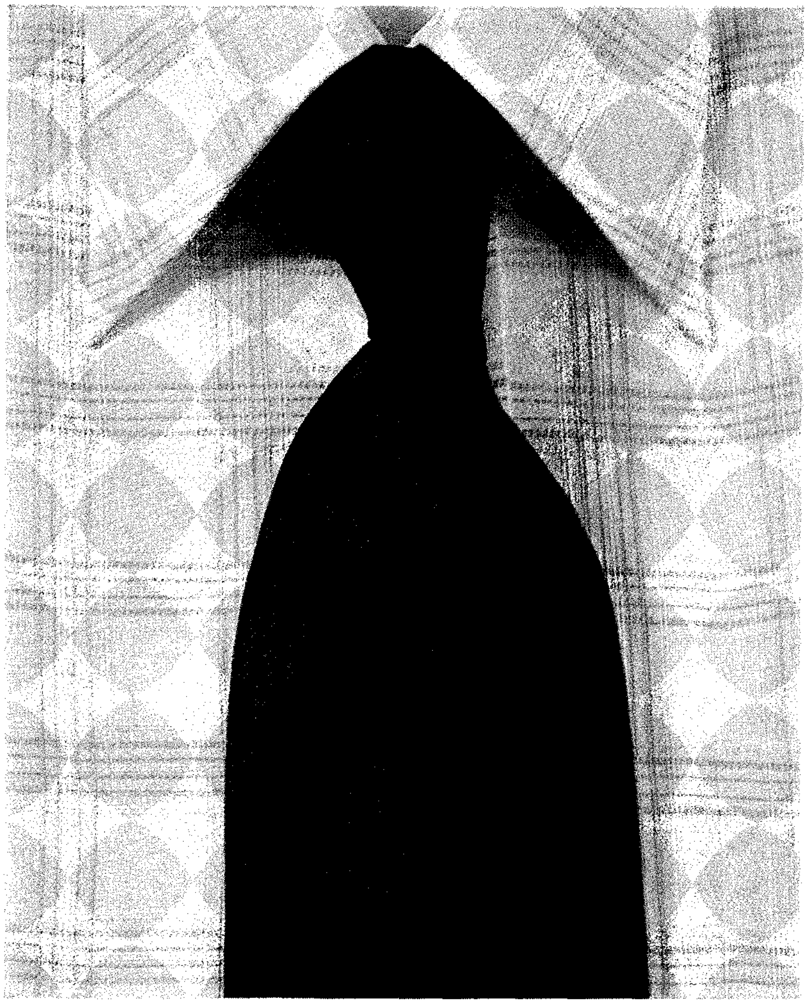

OPEN: PRESS
RED SPOT ON

Fast relief.
For Headache.
Tension.
Woman Blues.
Goes to work in seconds.
Unlike old fashioned remedies.
An overdose may be a cure-all.
A diamond is for now.

Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $200.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Lanvin shirts, Lanvin ties, Lanvin cuff-links are here. For Lanvin suits, you still have to cross the Atlantic...until August.



Somewhere in the Faubourg St Honoré in Paris, a few people are creating Lanvin suits. Lanvin shirts. And everything else to dress a man. And these few people work like people should work, that is like no one works anymore.

Today you can buy Lanvin shirts in the U.S. And Lanvin ties. And Lanvin cuff-links too. And after August you won't have to bother crossing the Atlantic for a Lanvin suit.

Shirts by C.F. Hathaway, neckties and scarves by Hut Neckwear Co., belts and leather accessories by Greenhall Bros., leather and suede clothing by Breier of Amsterdam, cuff-links by Off the Cuff, neckties in Canada by Park Lane Neckwear Co., Montreal. For the fall, Lanvin is working out with Linett Ltd the introduction of Lanvin suits in the U.S.

Lanvin, 15 Faubourg Saint-Honoré - Paris

INTERMARCO-ELVINGER 02057 B

In this imperfect world, Lanvin.

in a variety of surfaces by this widely known Russian; through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Prestini—The first one-man show in New York of nickel-plated geometric sculptures by this West Coast artist; through April 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Simon—Figurative sculptures, most of them in bronze, some incorporating mirrors; through April 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Smith—Nine sculptures of modular sections, also small bronzes; through April 24. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure compositions; through Saturday, March 27. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Michael Sweeney—The first one-man show of wood and metal constructions with neon tubing by this teacher at Ohio State; through Saturday, March 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Reuben Tam—Paintings, mostly landscapes, and drawings; through April 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

George Vander Sluis—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Neil Welliver—Freely handled realistic landscapes; through Thursday, April 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Williams—Interwoven arcs of bright color; through Saturday, March 27. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

Chris Wilmarth—Large clear-glass sculptures, one of them enormous, in simple forms; through April 7. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Seventy-five paintings on the theme of New York by such artists as Avery, Cadmus, Chase, Feininger, Hartley, Hassam, Luks, Prendergast, and Walkowitz; starting Tuesday, March 30. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; through April 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through Sunday, March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through April 24. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works from the gallery collection by artists from the nineteenth-century to the present, among them Ensor, Nolde, Duchamp, Matta, Beckmann, and Graham; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the twentieth by Copley, Eakins, Davis, and other American artists; through Saturday, April 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Realistic paintings by Richard McLean and Stephen Posen, abtract paintings by David Noyes and R. Benton Peugh, and sound-making objects by Allan Erdmann; through Saturday, April 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists who have shown at this gallery during the past year; starting Friday, March 26. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; starting Saturday, March 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH COURTYARD GALLERIES**, 155 Bank St.: Works by nine painters and three sculptors who are residents of Westbeth, the artists' housing project, among them Zacharias, Daphnis, Gechtoff, Stefanelli, and Tania; through Sunday, March 28. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and forty-one paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and prints by Whistler and European and American contemporaries such as Bonnard, Courbet, Manet, Redon, Sargent, and Seurat; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Works by Americans, including Dickinson, Graves, Ryder, Tobey, and Ossorio; through April 17. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's best-known documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. . . . ¶ Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; starting Thursday, March 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; starting Thursday, March 25. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and drawings for an imaginary ceremonial structure by Will Insley; starting Tuesday, March 30. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through April 11. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; through April 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-seven watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings constituting a centennial exhibition covering all periods of the career of John Marin (1870-1953); through Sunday, March 28. A complement to this exhibit is his show (ending Saturday) at Marlborough Graphics Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through April 18. . . . ¶ A first one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings by Malcolm Bailey, a young New York artist seen in exhibitions of black art; through April 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

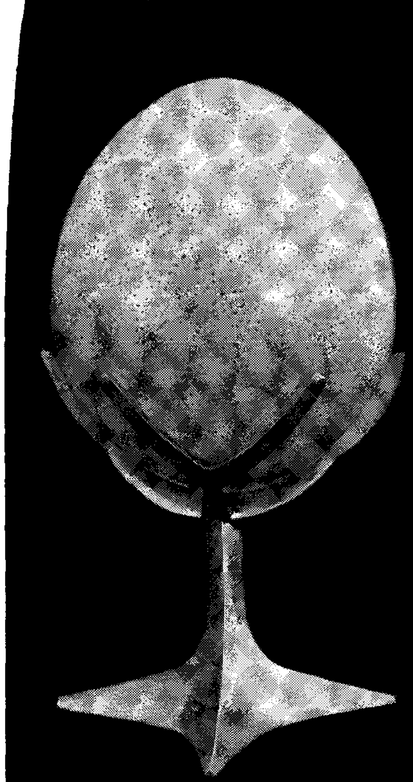
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 11. (Admission is $1.) . . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broad-

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

For Balkan festivals, and those nearer home, our gentle ribbon-circled dress of triacetate-and-nylon crepe jersey with scooped out neckline and three-cornered scarf. Rose-and-white, for 5 to 13 sizes, $70. Young Elite® Dress Collections. Please add 75c handling charge for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.



THE MOST PERFECT FORM IN THE WORLD!

We always thought it was woman, until Katy Knickerbacker told us it was the egg. So, we rushed to southeast Africa and found the biggest possible. Proudly we present nature's most perfect form—the OSTRICH EGG. On hand-crafted nickel or brass stand, overall height is 9 inches. Complete $50. Plus shipping $2.50

arthur court designs
10 hotaling place · san francisco 94111
Write for your nearest source.

way at 155th St.—Memorial exhibit: Gatch, Hofmann, Hopper, Schnakenberg, and Sheeler. In the gallery: contemporary paintings and sculptures, candidates for awards. Through April 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; starting Thursday, March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Films, slides, tapes, and kinetoscopes presenting approximately a hundred and twenty artists at work in their studios or out of doors; through April 15. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sculptures by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show examining the subject of drugs through photomurals, multiple screens, and other mediums; through May 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde." Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films about Swiss artists or by Swiss filmmakers. Through May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Thirty large paintings by two contemporaries—Robert Carter and Michael Singletary; through April 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 24; "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith DePaul, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 25: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Lucine Amara, James King, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 29: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Justino Díaz, Nicolai Gedda, Donald Gramm, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, evening, March 30: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Colette Boky, George Shirley, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 31: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Joy Clements, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 1: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, James King, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3: "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "La Bohème," with Jeannette Pilou, Edda Moser, Franco Corelli, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gene Boucher. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 27, at 2, and Saturday, April 3, at 1.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 24, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Dominic Cossa, Jerry Jennings, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Susanne Marsee, Richard Fredricks, Robert Johnson, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Kay Creed, Barbara Shuttleworth, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 1:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 7:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 30, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Johanna Meier, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Milhaud's "Trois Opéras-Minutes" and Bizet's "Doctor Miracle," staged by Fabrizio Melano. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 8.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the première of Harold Farberman's "The Losers," with a libretto by Barbara Fried. Directed by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by the composer. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 26, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting—

Thursday, March 25, at 8:30; Friday, March 26, at 2; and Monday, March 29, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin); and Thursday, April 1, and Saturday, April 3, at 8:30, and Monday, April 5, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Daniel Shulman conducting. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, March 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

National Symphony Chamber Orchestra—Antonio Janigro conducting a program of baroque music, with guitarists Celedonio Romero and his three sons. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing the first New York performance of Handel's opera "Ariodante" in concert form, with Judith Raskin and Patricia Wise, sopranos; Sophia Steffan and Joan Caplan, mezzo-sopranos; John Stewart, tenor; Morley Meredith, baritone; and Martin Isepp, harpsichord. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the second of two concerts, with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Karen Altman and Susan Belling, sopranos, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; Ken Riegel, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and Hal Holbrook, narrator. The last in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. Glee Club—Klaus Liepmann directing Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Martin Lies, tenor; John Powell, baritone; the Voorhees Chapel Choir of Douglass College; and the Haydn Society Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Arthur Ozolins—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the last concert in a series entitled "The Viennese Masters," with commentary. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:40.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 7:30 and 10.)

New York Camerata—Tony Pagano, flute; Charles Forbes, cello; and Glenn Jacobson, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Daniel Collins—Countertenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Joseph Malfitano—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Craig Sheppard, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; Nathaniel Rosen; cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Francis Brancaleone—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Chico Hamilton Quartet—Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. 889-5100. Friday, March 26, at noon.

Richie Havens, Mark/Almond, Paul Siebel, and Michael Grando—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Satur-

ESTABLISHED 1818

TROPICAL WEIGHT BROOKS-EASE
our exclusive stretch worsted
in our own make suits for Spring

This extraordinary all-worsted suiting is ideal for warm weather...for Brooks-Ease is not only as lightweight as most materials...but offers exceptional comfort with its ability to "give" at points of stress. Woven in Sweden for Brooks Brothers, tropical weight Brooks-Ease is tailored in our own workrooms on our good-looking 3-button model. For Spring and Summer we offer it in stripes on navy, oxford grey, medium blue or tan; and solid shades of navy, medium or oxford grey...as well as putty. Coat and trousers. $175

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • WASHINGTON

Remember how comfortable travel used to be?

There was a time when travel was an experience to be savored. Comfortable, relaxing and elegant. If, of course, you happened to be rich.

Soon you'll be able to experience the kind of comfort once reserved for the favored few. The newest of the new superjets is going to recall travel's finest hour while it gets you where you're going at 600 mp
It's the Lockheed 1011 TriStar.

The first time you come aboard TriStar, you'
know right away what makes the difference. It's spac
The ceiling of TriStar's extra-wide cabin is high ove
head. The walls are straight up and down. You'll

Wait 'til you fly TriStar.

in a wide, deep seat that's more like a lounger than anything else, surrounded by light and air. And whether you're in first class or coach, you'll never have more than one other seat next to you.

The plane is divided into salon-like sections, each with its own entertainment. Wide screen movies and multi-channel stereo. And there's not a bad seat in the house.

Two broad aisles let you move about freely. And help make food and beverage service from the below-decks galley the best you've ever had.

TriStar will be the most civilized of jetliners.

The Lockheed 1011 TriStar

Already ordered by Air Canada, Air Jamaica, Delta, Eastern, PSA, and TWA.

Twenty five and six tenths ounces of the past.

ROYAL AGES
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
ROYAL AGES
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND 4/5 QUART
WORLD'S FINEST SCOTCH
IMPORTED BY
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK N.Y.

In a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present a Scotch made the way Scotch was made in another day and age. Royal Ages.

© The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, March 26-27, at 8 and 11:30. Michael Grando will appear at the late shows only.

Seventh Century—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.

Isaac Hayes—With Listen My Brother. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8 and 11.)

Betty Carter—With a trio. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Kinks—Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8.

Ike and Tina Turner Revue and Fats Domino—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 7:30 and 11.

Santana, Tower of Power, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk & His Vibration Society—Fillmore East. Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, at 8 and 11:30.

Hanna Ahroni—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. either Atlanta or Cincinnati. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 25, at 2:30; Saturday, March 27, at 8; and, if necessary, Thursday, April 1, at 7:30.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 28, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 3.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Westchester, Saturday, March 27, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 3. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, April 3.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Invitational of New York: Billie Jean King, Françoise Durr, Rosemary Casals, Nancy Richey, Peaches Bartkowicz, Julie Heldman, Judy Tegart Dalton, Ann Jones, and others. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Wednesday, March 24, at 2 and 7; Thursday, March 25, at 3:30; Friday, March 26, at 5; and Saturday, March 27, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call MU 9-3560.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Yehudi Menuhin conducting the New York Philharmonic in the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 27, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Ballet and Dance Programs—By **percival borde and company:** "Talking Drums of Africa." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 27, at 1.). . . **children's ballet theatre:** "The Inventor and the Comedians" and "Fern-Blossom." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call MU 5-7754.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **children's repertory group:** "The Stolen Prince." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 3, at 3.). . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, March 28, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **kings players:** "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays at 2.). . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **new york children's theatre center:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, April 3, at 1.). . . **silver button productions:** "The Silver Button." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 28, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 24, at 2: Russian works of art, comprising porcelains, glass, silver, bronzes, enamels, *objets de vertu*, and over two hundred icons; from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 2: Chinese art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from several collectors.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by Allan Dwan. March 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Black Sheep" (1935), with Edmund Lowe and Claire Trevor. . . . March 25 at 2: "While Paris Sleeps" (1932), with Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack. . . . March 25 at 5:30 and 8: "Suez" (1938), with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. . . . March 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Trail of the Vigilantes" (1940), with Franchot Tone and Broderick Crawford. . . . March 27 at 3 and 5:30: "Heidi" (1937), with Shirley Temple. . . . March 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (1938), with Shirley Temple. . . . March 29 at 12:30: "15 Maiden Lane" (1936), with Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero. . . . March 30 at 5:30: "Up in Mabel's Room" (1944), with Marjorie Reynolds and Dennis O'Keefe. . . . March 31 at 2 and 5:30: "Getting Gertie's Garter" (1945), with Dennis O'Keefe and Marie McDonald. . . . April 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Rendezvous with Annie" (1946), with Eddie Albert. . . . ¶ March 27 at 11:30: "The Tramp" (1915), "A Woman" (1915), "The Bank" (1915), and "Police" (1916), all Charlie Chaplin films. . . . ¶ March 29 at 6 and March 30 at 2: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: "Red Light District" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

MATTE BLACK MARVEL
Skinny sleeves, scoopy neck, super seaming above a shirred skirt. . . a heavenly little black dress. Anyone out there who doesn't need one? By Robert Morton in Lycra® spandex, 6 to 12, **$90.** Country & Casual, Third Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

- **Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - “Trash.”
- **Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
  - “The Projectionist.”
- **Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
  - Through March 30: “I Love My Wife” and “In Search of Gregory.”
  - From March 31: “My Night at Maud’s” and “WUSA.”
- **Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through March 30: “Get Carter.”
  - From March 31: “The Great White Hope.”
- **Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
  - Through March 25: “Tales of Terror” and “A Bucket of Blood.”
  - From March 26: “Gas-s-s-s.”
- **Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - Through March 25: “The Music Lovers.”
  - From March 26: A series of films starring Greta Garbo; lineup to be announced.
- **34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - Through March 25: “Get Carter.”
  - From March 26: “The Confession.”
- **Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - “Little Big Man.”
- **Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - Through March 28: “The Priest’s Wife.”
  - From March 29: “Mad Dogs and Englishmen.”
- **Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - “Bed and Board.”
- **Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - Through March 27: “Gimme Shelter.”
  - From March 28: “Taking Off.”
- **Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - Through March 27: “The Buttercup Chain.”
  - From March 28: “A Severed Head.”
- **Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - “Making It.”
- **R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - Through March 30: “The Night Visitor.”
  - From March 31: “The Beguiled.”
- **Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
  - “The Projectionist.”
- **Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - “The Andromeda Strain.”
- **Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - Through March 27: “Wanda.”
  - From March 28: “Gimme Shelter.”
- **Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - “Little Murders.”
- **68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - “Claire’s Knee.”
- **Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
  - “Love Story.”
- **72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - Through March 27: “Midnight Cowboy” and “In the Heat of the Night.”
  - From March 28: “Melody.”
- **Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - “Women in Love.”
- **Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - “Lovers and Other Strangers.”
- **Trans-Lux 85th St.**. Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - Through March 25: “First Love.”
  - March 26-April 1: “Pigeons.”
- **U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - “Vanishing Point.”
- **Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
  - “Brother John.”
- **Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - “THX 1138.”
- **86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - “Cold Turkey.”

WEST SIDE

- **Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
  - March 24: “Joe.”
  - March 25-27: “Borsalino” and “Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx.”
  - March 28-31: “The Bird with the Crystal Plumage” and “King of Hearts.”
  - From April 1: To be announced.
- **Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - Through March 30: “Get Carter” and “The Ballad of Cable Hogue.”
  - From March 31: To be announced.
- **8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through March 30: “The Great White Hope.”
  - From March 31: “Wanda.”
- **5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - “Ramparts of Clay.”
- **Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - “Husbands.”
- **Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - Buster Keaton festival.
- **R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through March 30: “The Night Visitor.”
  - From March 31: “Zachariah.”
- **Bijou Cinema**, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
  - March 24: “This Transient Life” and “Kill!”
  - March 25: “Silence Has No Wings” and “The Prodigal Son.”
  - March 26-27: “Silence Has No Wings” and “Sanjuro.”
  - March 28: A program of Greek films.
  - March 29-31: “The Bride of the Andes” and “Rebellion.”
  - From April 1: “The Emperor and the General.”
- **Cinerama**, B’way at 47th. (265-5711)
  - Through March 30: “Song of Norway.”
  - From March 31: “The Beguiled.”
- **Rivoli**, B’way at 49th. (247-1633)
  - “Lawrence of Arabia.”
- **Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - “I Never Sang for My Father.”
- **Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
  - “A New Leaf.”
- **Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - “Ryan’s Daughter.”
- **Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - “Husbands.”
- **Cinema 57 Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - Through March 27: “Wuthering Heights.”
  - From March 28: “Melody.”
- **Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - “The Conformist.”
- **Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
  - “The Body.”
- **Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
  - “My Night at Maud’s.”
- **Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - “Friends.”
- **Paramount**, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
  - “Little Big Man.”
- **Cinema Studio**, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - Through March 30: “Get Carter.”
  - From March 31 (tentative): “Alice’s Restaurant” and “The Night They Raided Minsky’s.”
- **Regency**, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - “The Wild Child” and “The Passion of Anna.”
- **Embassy 72nd St.**, B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
  - Through March 30: “The Owl and the Pussycat” and “The Comic.”
  - From March 31: “Joe” and “The Landlord.”
- **New Yorker**, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - March 24: “Band of Outsiders” and “The Milky Way.”
  - March 25: “Innocence Unprotected” and “Mandabi.”
  - March 26: “Innocence Unprotected” and “Weekend.”
  - March 27: “Innocence Unprotected” and “I Am Curious—Yellow.”
  - March 28: “Innocence Unprotected” and “I Am Curious—Blue.”
  - March 29: “Innocence Unprotected” and “Duet for Cannibals”
  - March 30 through the afternoon of March 31: “Innocence Unprotected” and “Antonio das Mortes.”
  - March 31 at 6, 8, and 10: A program of six short films from Grove Press.
  - From April 1: “Of Human Bondage” and “Gold Diggers of 1935.”
- **Symphony**, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - Through March 30: “Joe” and “The Sterile Cuckoo.”
  - From March 31: “The Lion in Winter” and “The Loves of Isadora.”
- **Thalia**, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - Through March 25: “Accident” and “One Potato, Two Potato.”
  - March 26-28: “Closely Watched Trains” and “The Two of Us.”
  - March 29-30: “La Strada” and “Open City.”
  - March 31-April 1: “Tosca” and “Plisetskaya Dances.”
- **Midtown**, B’way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
  - “Pigeons.”

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who’s had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Thalia; through March 25.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie’s talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Cinema Studio; starting March 31, tentative.)

The Andromeda Strain—A sci-fi film with Arthur Hill, David Wayne, James Olson, and Kate Reid, directed by Robert Wise. (Cinema I.)

Antonio das Mortes—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil’s *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (New Yorker; March 30 through the afternoon of March 31.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Waverly; through March 30.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just like in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard’s lyrical, romantic tragicomedy. Perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; March 24.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut’s hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine’s bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally “endearing.” In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Beguiled—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War-period story, as a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles, run by Geraldine Page. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and Cinerama; starting March 31.)

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage—Not to be caddish about giving away any surprising ending, the clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. Made in Italy, with Suzy Kendall and Tony Musante. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 28-31.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a gangster spoof set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn’t hold, but Delon is a great clothes horse, and there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25-27.)

The Bride of the Andes (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité*

I promise to love honor and dine happily ever after with Aynsley.

When the Queen of
ngland wanted bone
ina for her wedding
ble, she chose Aynsley.
It's that good!
Aynsley Bone China
as pure and white as
an can make, to con-
ast with the gold
etals and enamel
lours that decorate it.
Our patterns are
traordinary, some
ntemporary, some
aditional, but all exud-
g a great sense of
story.
The Pembroke,
hich we show here,
as designed by Aynsley
the 18th century. It
reproduced in raised
amels, rich in colour
d texture.
It, like all Aynsley
tterns, is a style you
uld want to live with
your life.
$32.50, the five-piece
ace setting. Other
tterns range from
0 to $300.
Write for free bro-
ure. Aynsley English
ne China, 225 Fifth
enue, New York
010.

I promise to love honor and wine happily ever after with Waterford.

When the president's daughter wanted crystal, she chose Waterford.

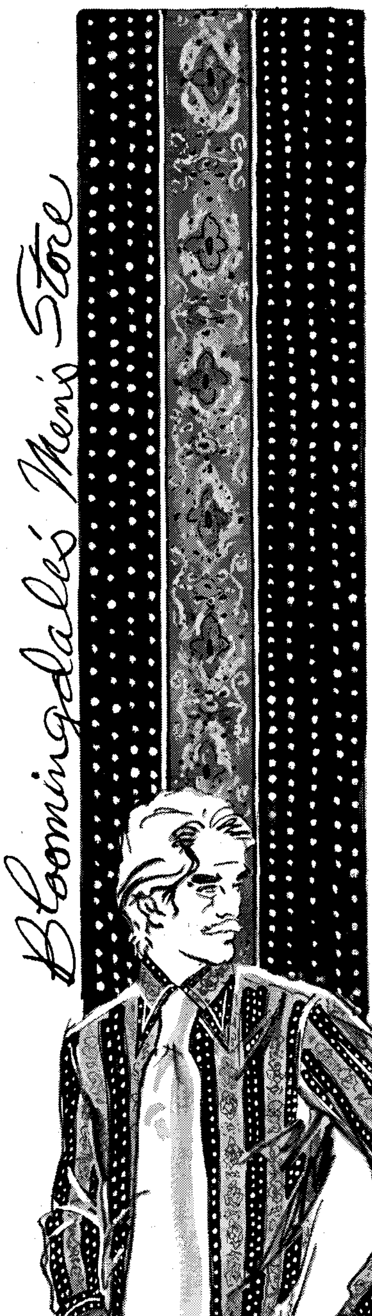
Each piece of Waterford Irish Crystal is a signed original, made by hand, with heart.

It gathers the light of ten thousand yesterdays to illuminate ten thousand tomorrows for you.

Its cherished heritage is recognized by museums the world over.

Permit Waterford to introduce the promise of forever into your own home.

Write for free brochure. Waterford Irish Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.



RALPH LAUREN
SHIRTS THE NEWS

Done here by Polo,
the big news for dress
shirts is print. Bold.
Imaginative. 27.50.
Men's Store, Street Floor,
New York and all stores.

3rd Avenue at 59th, N.Y. 10022 EL 5-5900

techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 29-31.)

Brother John—With Sidney Poitier, Will Geer, and Bradford Dillman, directed by James Goldstone. (Orpheum.)

A Bucket of Blood (1959)—Roger Corman made this inexpensive variation on the old "Mystery of the Wax Museum;" this time the setting is southern California, and the sculptor who kills in order to cover the corpses and exhibit them as art is a busboy in a Venice West coffee house. Unpretentious, and with some show of grisly humor in the midst of the bloodletting. (Kips Bay; through March 25.)

The Buttercup Chain—The latest in British bathos about the unhappy overprivileged. Hywel Bennett and Jane Asher, who love each other, are the children of identical twins; Sven-Bertil Taube is a Swede who swims nude; and Leigh Taylor-Young is an American girl who drives on the wrong side of the road. Robert Ellis Miller directed. (Baronet; through March 27.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more clearly etched on viewers' minds than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forbears. In Czech. Based on the wittily compressed short novel by Bohumil Hrabal ("A Close Watch on the Trains"). (Thalia; March 26-28.)

Cold Turkey—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (86th St. East.)

The Comic (1969)—Carl Reiner is prodigiously facile, and his inventive re-creations of silent-comedy routines help to compensate for his unimaginative treatment of the life of a silent-film comedian (well played by Dick Van Dyke). With Mickey Rooney, Michele Lee, and the late Pert Kelton. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 30.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (34th St. East; starting March 26.)

The Conformist—Based on the Alberto Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Duet for Cannibals (1969)—Susan Sontag made this chamber film in Sweden. It's about an older couple and the games they play with a younger couple; as the games don't seem to have rules or stakes, it's all rather dry. In Swedish. (New Yorker; March 29.)

The Emperor and the General (1967)—An account, in a documentary style, of the day on which Emperor Hirohito told his countrymen the bad news. Based on the book "The Longest Day in Japan," by Soichi Oya. With Toshiro Mifune; directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting April 1.)

First Love—Nymphomania and moth-eaten passion and decadence poured on top of a fine Turgenev novella about an adolescent boy's growing up. Maximilian Schell directed this mélange, superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist but edited by a butcher's helper. With Dominique Sanda. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through March 25.)

Friends—Lewis Gilbert directed this story about teen-agers who fall in love. It was shot in Paris, Aix-en-Provence, and Arles; kids in love know the best places to go these days. There are said to be people who like Elton John's music; there's a lot of it. (Paris.)

Gas-s-s-s—A world where no one is over twenty-five. Directed by Roger Corman. (Kips Bay; starting March 26.)

Get Carter—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. After waiting for the story fragments to be assembled, there is some excitation, and then the viewer is offered the satisfaction of violence. What makes the movie unusual is the metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (34th St. East; through March 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Waverly, and Cinema Studio; through March 30.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza; through March 27. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting March 28.)

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (New Yorker; starting April 1.)

The Great White Hope—How a black prize-fighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 30. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 31.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Greenwich and Festival.)

I Am Curious–Blue—Vilgot Sjöman made two films out of material he amassed about an angry young girl's loves and hates. "Blue" is the second. In Swedish. (New Yorker; March 28.)

I Am Curious–Yellow (1969)—In her search for political commitment, the heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (New Yorker; March 27.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived serio-comic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Charles; through March 30.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Guild.)

Innocence Unprotected—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslav film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—a melodrama featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (New Yorker; March 25 through the afternoon of March 31.)

In Search of Gregory—Complex, tricky story of obsessive romantic illusions; Tonino Guerra, who worked on the script, was co-scenarist on "L'Avventura" and "Blow-Up," and this film is in the same mode of ambiguity, but the reality-fantasy puzzle doesn't take hold. With Julie Christie, Paola Pitagora, John Hurt, Michael Sarrazin, Roland Culver, and Adolfo Celi; directed by Peter Wood. (Charles; through March 30.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-

From the land of British Racing Green.

Only 24 of the top racing drivers in the world are eligible to compete in all International Grand Prix.

More than half of them are British.

While for many nations, racing cars has become a national pastime, in England it has grown into a national passion.

For the English, cars are a very no-nonsense, unfrilly business. In a car, they regard beauty as a function of how beautifully it functions, and nothing reflects the English character more in this regard than the classically British TR-6.

It is English to the core.

In fact, it's just about all core—a big, beautifully engineered 6-cylinder motor, powering a sturdy transmission that slides solidly from one gear into another.

A heavy-duty independent suspension that can take anything that any road can dish out.

All tightly put together in a body with rugged, clean lines and topped off with a couple of comfortable reclining seats to sit in it with

(The only concession to excessive luxury in the car).

The classically British TR-6, is an utterly straightforward, square-jawed kind of car.

The kind they don't make anymore, anywhere but England.

The Classically British Triumph TR-6

BRITISH LEYLAND

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer, call 800-631-1971 toll free. In New Jersey, call 800-962-2803.

$3,595, suggested retail East Coast P.O.E., not including inland freight, dealer preparation, state and local taxes. West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N. J. 07605 thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 27.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-vear adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 24. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 30. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 31.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of silent features and shorts. March 24: "The General" and two shorts. March 25: "College" and two shorts. March 26: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." and two shorts. March 27: "The Three Ages" and two shorts. March 28: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. March 29: "Sherlock, Jr." and three shorts. March 30: "The Navigator" and two shorts. March 31: "Go West" and two shorts. April 1: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. (Elgin.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 24.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 28-31.)

The Landlord—There are some engaging moments in Hal Ashby's film, which shows a rich, white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 31.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony; starting March 31.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Juliet 2.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony; starting March 31.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Joe Cocker and Leon Russell, on tour from New York City to Santa Monica. Good score Directed by Pierre Adidge. (Trans-Lux East; starting March 29.)

Making It—With Kristoffer Tabori, directed by John Erman. (Coronet.)

Mandabi (1968)—A story set in modern Africa, directed by Ousmane Sembene. In Wolof. (New Yorker; March 25.)

Melody—With Jack Wild and Mark Lester, directed by Waris Hussein. (72nd St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting March 28.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 27.)

The Milky Way (1970)—Luis Buñuel takes a playful look at some of the irrationalities within Catholicism. In French. (New Yorker; March 24.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Murray Hill; through March 25.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (Lincoln Art. . . . ¶ Charles; starting March 31.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Cinema Studio; starting March 31, tentative.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 30.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (New Yorker; starting April 1.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—This modest well-intended movie about the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child has a dull, mawkish script, and so it is seldom credible, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Thalia; through March 25.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; March 29-30.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 30.)

will rogers was right.

Will Rogers was right . . . he said "San Antonio is one of America's four unique cities." Will knew because he was intimately acquainted with all the great cities. What he liked most about San Antonio was its gaiety - its romantic heritage - and its charm.

Since Will's time, San Antonio has grown dynamically. The charm and romance remain, of course, but now there are colorful boutiques, sidewalk cafes and swinging bistros nestled all along a beautiful little river which winds casually through downtown. Overlooking it all is the majestic 750 foot Tower of The Americas, with its revolving restaurant and panoramic view of our unique city.

Will was a fine judge of character.

san antonio-
one of america's four unique cities.

NAME ____________ NY2
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________
STATE ________ ZIP ________

San Antonio Convention
& Visitors Bureau
P.O. Box 2277
San Antonio, Texas 78206

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Regency.)

Pigeons—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cab-driver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Midtown. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; March 26-April 1.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—A Russian documentary film with an English narration. (Thalia; March 31-April 1.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Trans-Lux East; through March 28.)

The Prodigal Son (1958)—Hiromichi Horikawa directed this story about family relations, based on a Chikamatsu play. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 25.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25-27.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 29-31.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 26-27.)

A Severed Head—Movie version of the Iris Murdoch novel, with Claire Bloom, Lee Remick, Richard Attenborough, and Ian Holm. Directed by Dick Clement. (Baronet; starting March 28.)

Silence Has No Wings (1966)—Kazuo Kuroki's film is about the meaning of love. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 25-27.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama; through March 30. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Symphony; through March 30.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Thalia; March 29-30.)

Taking Off—The first American film by the Czech director Milos Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry. (Plaza; starting March 28.)

Tales of Terror (1962)—A group of grotesque and ghoulish Poe stories, directed in a literal-minded way by Roger Corman, and featuring Peter Lorre as a macabre madcap. Vincent Price leers his way through all of them, and in one turns into an oozing liquid. With Basil Rathbone and Debra Paget. Some of the horror effects are rather repellent. (Kips Bay; through March 25.)

This Transient Life—A new film, directed by Akio Jissoji, which reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 24.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Loew's Ciné.)

Tosca (1958)—The Puccini opera, with Franca Duval and Franco Corelli. Directed by Carmine Gallone. In Italian. (Thalia; March 31-April 1.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Art.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Thalia; March 26-28.)

Vanishing Point—With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (U. A. East.)

Wanda—Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and stars in this story of the minimal love affair of a passive, bedraggled girl from a mining town and a nervous wreck of a small-time crook (Michael Higgins). The director shows great strength—she never falls back on coy tricks or clichés—and the performances are admirable, but the movie is such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. (Cinema II; through March 27. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting March 31.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (New Yorker; March 26.)

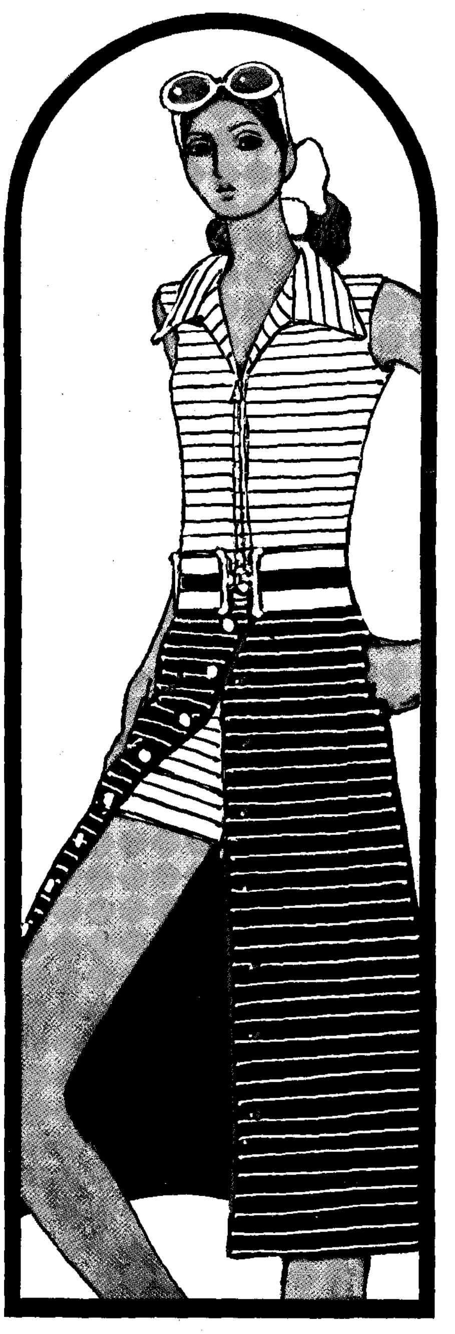
The Wild Child—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Regency.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Juliet 1.)

WUSA—A baroque, hysterical movie about a right-wing radio station in New Orleans; the picture is so overwritten and Stuart Rosenberg directed it so exhibitionistically that Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Tony Perkins, and Laurence Harvey sink without much trace. (Charles; starting March 31.)

Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through March 27.)

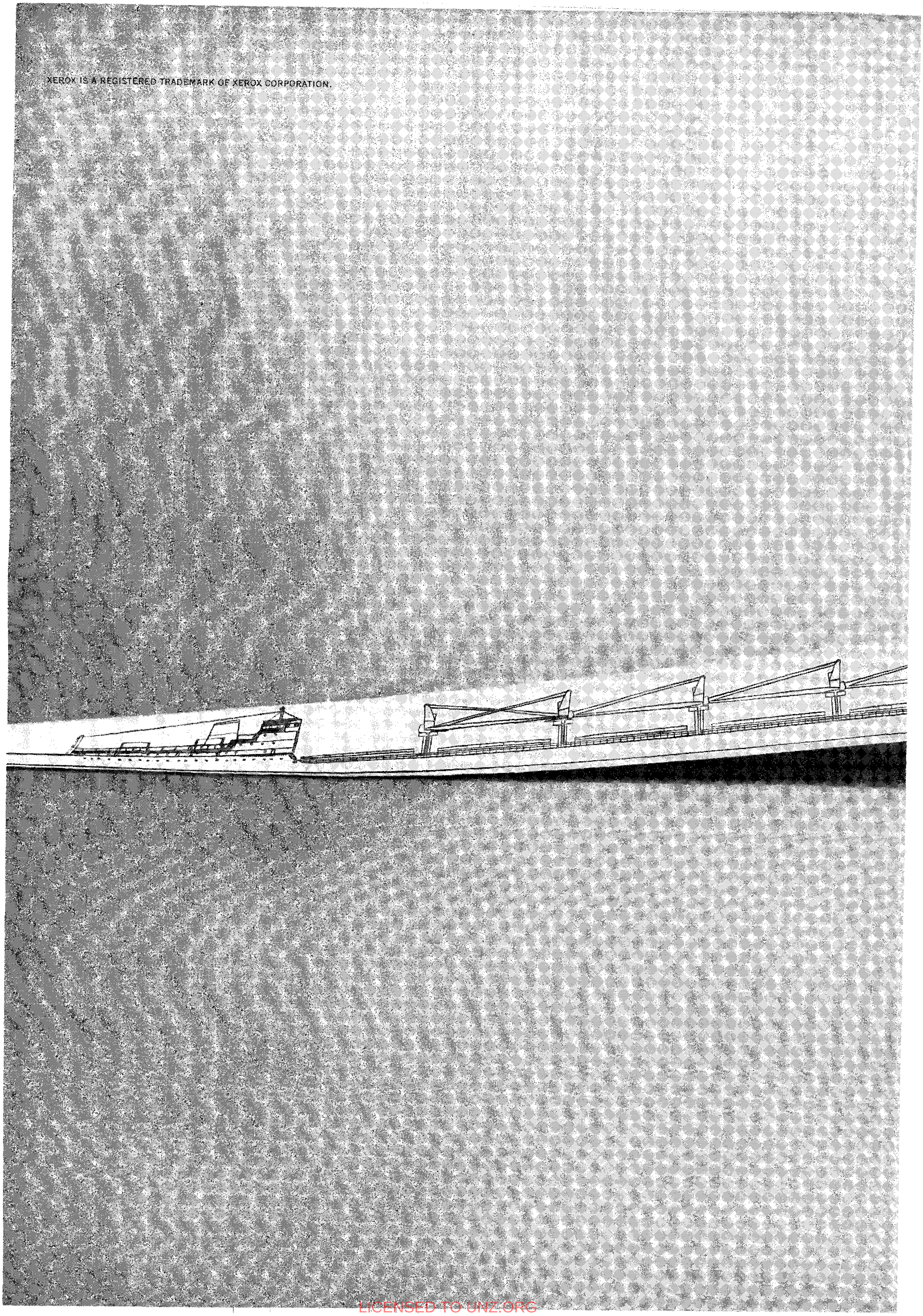
Zachariah—A rock Western, and as if that weren't mixture enough it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie, and the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner. Directed by George Englund. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 31.)



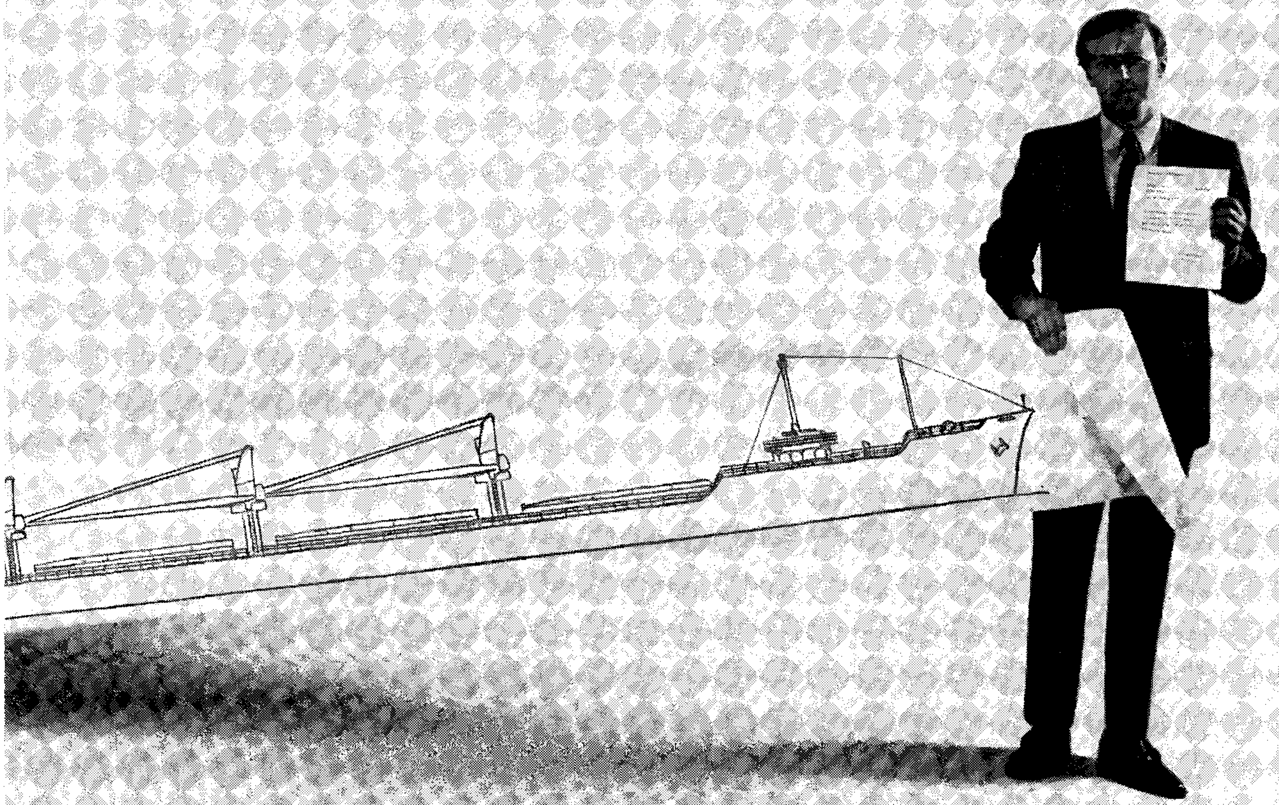
vivo
is
right.
fortrel®
scantpant
set, 48.00!

Right to sight-see San Antonio or any of Will's unique cities. Of easy-care Celanese® Fortrel polyester knit, one-piece scantpant, white striped in red or navy to match on-or-off snap-button skirt. Great for travel by car, ship or plane, even bike! 6 to 16 sizes, the set, 48.00. Mail orders are most welcome.

frost bros.
Sunny San Antonio, Texas 78205



XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.



The one on your left is also one of our copies.

The one on the right may be more familiar to you—but the one on the left goes over big with engineers, architects and draftsmen.

It comes from a printer we make that turns out copies 18 inches wide by as-long-as-you-want long. In case you have plans, say, for a mile-long ship.

Which may be an unusual way to copy things, but not our only unusual one.

We have accessories that allow our duplicators to automatically feed themselves originals. Then slit or perforate the copies. Or even collate them automatically for you.

We have microfilm printers that make small things bigger, and other machines that take big, oversized documents and make them smaller for easier handling.

All on ordinary, unsensitized paper.

We have over 20 copiers, duplicators and printers, in all. To fit exactly the size or shape problem you have.

Our help doesn't end with the machine you choose. We have a full line of supplies that are engineered, tested and retested so you get the most out of your machine.

And a highly skilled team of Xerox people to make the machines and supplies deliver the kind of performance you (and we) expect of them.

That's the long and short of it.

XEROX®

Lord & Taylor

Chanel #39

adroitly copied here
in our very own
American-made Parisienne.
Crisp, clean and civilized
in blue and white
houndstooth checked
polyester. By Towncliffe,
6 to 16, 130.00 Suit Shop,
Second Floor, Lord & Taylor.
Representative Parisienne
collections at all
Lord & Taylor stores

Jim Galate

THE NEW YORKER

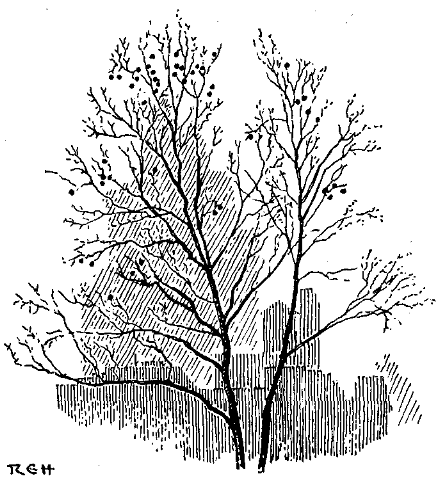
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"NO principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human life," Father Daniel Berrigan said in a tape-recorded message made three days before his arrest and incarceration last summer. The message, friends have recently explained, was addressed to the Weathermen, and the intent was to dissuade them from violence. But the statement expresses a doctrine in starkly categorical terms, and, much as one may approve the intent, the judgment gives us pause. "No principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human life." Have *all* martyrs, then, died for causes less worthy than their own continued existence? And is it *always* better for great numbers of human beings to endure tyranny and consign their descendants to tyranny than for a tyrant or a structure of tyranny to be struck down? Was Adolf Hitler's corporeal being a treasure beyond *any* principle? And what of the Biblical counsel "Greater love hath no man . . ."? That, of course, involves the sacrifice of life rather than the taking of it, but "sacrifice" is the word Father Berrigan used. If accepting the Berrigan doctrine as it is stated is difficult—because it seems to reject much of the best in human history along with much of the worst—gainsaying it is equally difficult. One suspects that our age gives the doctrine a validity it does not appear to have had in earlier epochs. For centuries, moralists warned us against "playing God," and for centuries many men—some bad, some good—went on doing it, with results ranging from dreadful iniquity to the enlargement of human freedom. Even in the first part of this century, violence was finite; its consequences were generally measurable and were more or less predictable. Now we have entered a period in which this is not true. One can plot a course whereby violence on a small, seemingly finite scale could lead—in perhaps no more than a half-dozen escalations—to ultimate, infinite violence, to the sacrifice of everything for the benefit of nothing. In such a time, the absolute injunction may be the only wise human counsel.

Non-Verbal

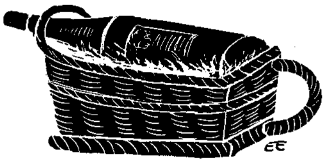
PROBABLY the oddest and certainly the most elusive theatre work of the current season is—or, rather, was—"Deafman Glance," which completed its entire scheduled run a few weeks ago with its second performance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. A three-hour non-verbal spectacle written and directed by Robert M. Wilson and performed by a cast of eighty-six persons, a live goat, and a live monkey, "Deafman" is almost impossible to describe—it contained elements of dance, mime, "happening," *tableau vivant*, farce, and medieval mystery play—and it can be compared only to last year's "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud," another three-hour non-verbal spectacle presented twice, and twice only, at the Academy, and also the work of Robert M. Wilson. Both performances of "Deafman Glance" drew large audiences, which were heavily laced with artists, dancers, and theatre people, and, to judge from the number who left the second performance (the one we saw) early, not all were friends or relatives of the cast. A good many of those who stuck it out seemed to feel amply rewarded by the experience, though, and it was partly to learn why the experience had been made available to so few people that we paid a call on the author-director.



Robert M. Wilson lives in a loft studio on Spring Street, in lower Manhattan, and when we arrived the place was awash with props from the "Deafman" set, including a stone lion, a dinosaur's egg, and more than four hundred costumes, which were being sorted and packed for the production's tour of France, Germany, and Italy later this spring. A number of people were there, too, several of whom we recognized from the cast, and Robert Wilson arrived a few moments later. Mr. Wilson is slim, clean-shaven, and twenty-seven, with close-cropped dark hair and a manner that is at the same time cordial and reserved, not to say elusive. We began by asking him how he came by his particular form of theatre.

"I was born and brought up in Waco, Texas," he said. "When I was about twelve years old, I got interested in doing children's theatre, and I did it all through high school; we had our own theatre group, wrote our own plays—everything. After high school, I went to the University of Texas, where I was actually enrolled in the School of Business Administration, but while there I started working with brain-damaged children, trying to help them physically, and as a result of that I got very much interested in moving the body and making people more aware of the body and how it works. The nucleus of everything I'm doing now is work with the body. I was also doing children's theatre, in a garage in Austin. In 1962, I came to New York to study architecture at Pratt Institute—I have a degree in architecture. I was also painting, and it seemed to me then that the focus of all this activity was that I was going to be a painter. But when I finished at Pratt I couldn't seem to paint. All this time, I'd also been teaching classes in body movement—in Harlem, out in Jersey, in hospitals and other places. I was working with all ages, from pre-school children to elderly people, and with people from different economic backgrounds, and I kept thinking it would be interesting to get some of these people together and have them do theatre. And that's more or less what happened, I guess."

Wilson's theatrical ideas might seem to have something in common with the plotless, improvisational "happenings" put on by artists in the early sixties, but from the beginning his productions have been carefully thought out and rehearsed. His first large-scale piece was called "The King of Spain." A two-hour work for forty players (most of them members of his body-movement classes), it had a run of two performances in January, 1969, at the Anderson Theatre, on Second Avenue at Fourth Street, and Wilson feels that it was the best of his works so far. "The real reason I stopped painting was that the images in my head were so much richer than what I could get on the canvas," he told us. "'The King of Spain' seemed like a kind of miracle, it came so easily. I got the shape of it in my head very clearly, and after about two days' rehearsal what I had in my head was suddenly right there on the stage. The same thing happened with 'The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud,' my next piece, although that was a lot more complex. With 'Deafman,' it wasn't that way at all, though; I kept seeing one thing in my head and something else on the stage, and I could never get the shape I wanted. I'm still interested in working with that piece, making changes, and eventually I want to make a film of the same material."



"Deafman Glance" was created, and performed for the first time, at the University of Iowa's Center for New Performing Arts, where Wilson worked for two months last fall under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. The Iowa production had a cast of a hundred: students; people he found on the street; a waitress named Sue Sheehy, whom he saw working in a hamburger joint and immediately cast as a waitress; and a dozen friends from New York. Twenty or so of these performers were also in the New York production—Sue Sheehy quit her job to come East, and now lives here—and the rest were recruited locally. Both productions really centered on Raymond Andrews, a deaf black child, who was called upon to be onstage throughout the evening. "I had worked with Raymond for several years," Wilson told us. "The piece wasn't necessarily about him, but he somehow inspired a lot of the material in it, and some of the information pertains to his drawings and his background. Actually, we don't know much about his background. When I found him, three years ago, it was not clearly understood that he didn't hear." Wilson was reluctant to talk further about the boy, but he did inform us that Raymond had not been in the second performance at the Academy. "Raymond lives with a family in New Jersey, and that afternoon there was a swimming meet at his school that he wanted to be in," he said. "Someone went out by car to pick him up. When the lifeguard tried to get him out of the pool, he ran away, so we didn't have him for that performance. We had to put in another boy on thirty minutes' notice."

Why, we inquired, *had* there been only two performances of "Deafman"? "That's just something I feel," Wilson replied. "Everything is so accessible these days—like, you turn on the radio and get Beethoven. There was also the practical side. The people I work with have jobs, children, other responsibilities; they can't perform every night. But, anyway, I'm not interested in things that are done over and over. I was asked to direct a Broadway show last year, and I tried—I went through the auditions—but I just couldn't do it. I'd ask somebody if he could sit down in a chair twenty-five times, and he'd do it, and the first time it would be interesting, the second time a little less so, the third time almost gone; the fourth time it would be dead. I really didn't like that. There's something about the way they train actors that seems to me totally obsolete—to have nothing to do with the twentieth century. The things they spend the most time rehearsing are the big things—big movements, how to speak the lines, and so forth. But when you go to the theatre, if you watch, the communication between actor and audience is about so many *other* things. Millions of other things! A friend of mine, an anthropologist at Columbia, is working on a study of babies from the time of birth to the age of three weeks, with cameras and stopped-action film. The baby cries, and the mother leans down to pick him up. What we see with our eye is the big movement, the mother loving the baby. But you film it, and look at the isolated first frame of the film, and nine times out of ten what you see is the mother *lunging* at the child. So many different things are going on, and the baby is picking them up. I'd like to deal with these other things in the theatre, if that's possible. In preparing my people, I just work with the body, trying to get them to really connect with the audience. I saw Mick Jagger last year at Madison Square Garden. It was amazing—his communication with those thousands of people was total, just total. When you think about that in comparison with opera singers—the currents that are just locked dead inside *their* bodies—you can see that with Jagger the body is more fully conscious. I think something is happening with our bodies now. Isadora Duncan knew about it—she was *way* ahead of her time. And Elvis Presley, when he got those kids moving their bodies in the fifties—that was a major breakthrough. But I don't think too many people doing theatre today are really geared to what's going on inside our heads."

Lhude Sing . . .

A YOUNG friend who rides the subways tells us she knew in her bones that spring had come when, the other day, she saw, scribbled in the Seventy-second Street station of the I.R.T., the words "Amelia Rodrigues defies all comparison."

Beam

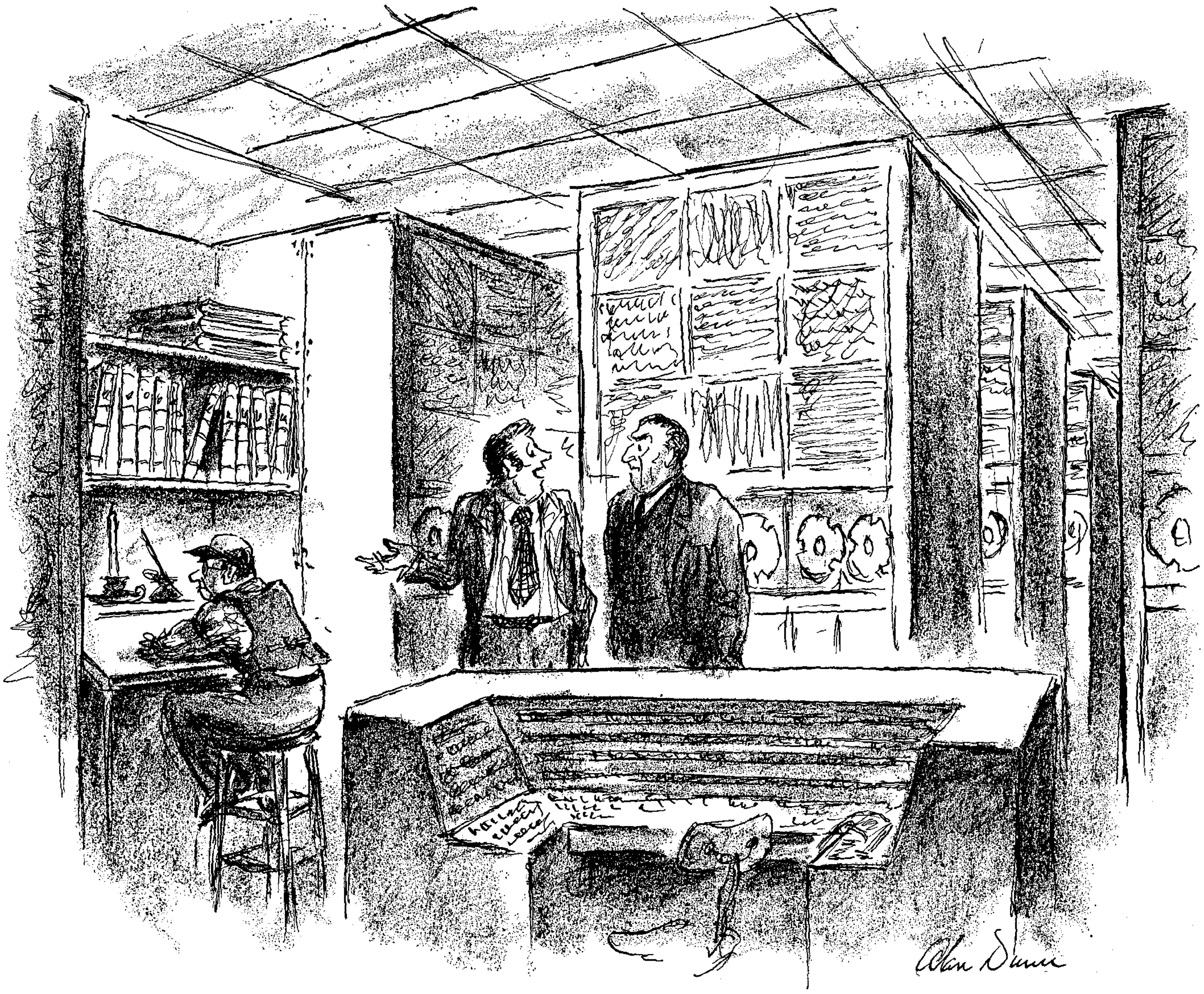
ONE recent morning, we got a phone call from Bill, a public-relations man we've known for a long time. "It's a terrible day in New York, isn't it?" he asked.

"What will your next question be?" we answered, since Bill never calls us to discuss the weather.

"How about going to Fredericksburg, Virginia, with me to see a revolutionary development?" he inquired, unabashed.

Bill suffers from hyperbole, that chronic P.R. malady—he and his colleagues cry revolution a dozen times a month—so we asked him for some details.

Three years ago, he told us, Genesco, Inc., the world's largest apparel company ("A client of yours?" we interrupted. "No," he answered), decided that its cloth-cutting operation was obsolete. "Consider the cutting of a man's suit," Bill said. "A woman in a cutting factory takes a bolt of cloth,



"In case of power failure. We like to think ahead."

• •

unrolls it, stacks it in a pile twenty layers high, puts a cardboard pattern for a specific part of the suit in a specific size—let's say a right sleeve, of a size 44—on top of the pile, outlines the pattern on the top layer of fabric with a piece of chalk, and then cuts through the thick pile with an electric but hand-directed cutting machine. This multiple manual cutting method is slow—a skilled worker can cut only three inches per second—and it's inaccurate. One woman may have a sharper piece of chalk or a steadier hand than another, so there are variations in the batches of right sleeves. Furthermore, cutting in batches of twenty may sound economical, but it doesn't work out that way at all. The manufacturer either has to accumulate large numbers of orders for a particular item in his line or has to carry a large inventory on speculation. As for the retailer who wants only three or four green blazers—size 38, short—he has to wait weeks and weeks, until the manufacturer is ready to cut. Reordering becomes impractical, because it's too time-consuming. Are you with me so far?"

"O.K.," we said.

Early in 1968, Bill continued, Genesco went to the Hughes Aircraft Company, which in 1960 achieved the first operating laser ("A client?" we asked. "Yeah," he answered), and asked Hughes to apply space-age technology to its cutting problem. "Three years and one point three million research-and-development dollars later, Hughes came up with a laser fabric cutter," Bill said. "The machine cuts suits far more accurately and faster than has ever been possible before, and it cuts them one at a time, which will give manufacturers and retailers a new flexibility, which will revolutionize the clothing industry. The first public demonstration will be held tomorrow at an L. Greif & Bro. plant in Fredericksburg. Greif, a manufacturer of men's clothing, is one of Genesco's multifarious divisions. Are you coming?"

A few days later, finding ourself in Washington, we decided to travel with Bill to Fredericksburg, where we saw the Lasermatic cutter, as Genesco calls it—a long, sleek gray-and-blue rectangular affair—sitting in lonely splendor in a vast room at the Greif plant. Bill had no sooner told us that it had four principal components—the laser itself, a positioning unit, a conveyor, and a computer (which was off by itself in a nearby room)—than a Hughes technician pushed a button and the Lasermatic cutter went into action. At one end of the machine, a single layer of azure Dacron-and-worsted unrolled from a bolt and moved along the conveyor until it reached the cutting area. Once the cloth had stopped, the computer turned the laser on, and the positioning unit focussed the laser's beam on the cloth, cutting pieces according to programmed instructions. The laser was stationary and its beam was invisible, but we watched the positioning unit going about its business of cutting out the assorted parts of a man's suit—size 40, regular. The positioning unit skittered across the material at a fast clip (thirty inches a second), making Donald Duck-type squawks and causing white sparks (destroyed particles) as the beam vaporized the cloth. Suit fronts, backs, and lapels appeared on the Dacron-and-worsted, and the material soon looked like a page in a child's book of paper-doll clothes. Presently, the Lasermatic cutter came to a stop.

"The laser beam cuts to a tolerance of up to the width of a single thread," Bill said, holding up a trouser leg for us to admire. "Clothes will fit better—no small advantage in this age of consumer awareness. The computer can store twenty thousand patterns in its memory, and the Lasermatic cutter can cut a man's coat, a woman's blouse, and a child's dress one right after another. With this new flexibility, manufacturers will be able to introduce new styles in midseason. Lasermatic cutters will work twenty-four hours a day, and manufacturers will be able to deliver exactly what retailers want and deliver it in half the usual time. Foreign competitors won't be able to fill orders as fast as domestic producers. The machine isn't patented; Genesco has ordered the first ones that Hughes turns out, but Hughes will also sell them to other apparel manufacturers. They'll cost between four and five hundred thousand dollars each. Genesco's policy is never to fire an employee because of technological advances. Cutters will be given other jobs at the same salaries or higher ones. Would you like to see the cutters at work while you still can?"

We nodded, and Bill opened a door that led from the Lasermatic cutter's rather antiseptic surroundings to a room covering nearly an acre, which was cluttered with long tables, sewing machines, hand cutting machines, and stacks of patterns. Several hundred women, most of them attractive, were busily folding cloth, chalking cloth, sewing cloth, and cutting cloth. Most of the women were wearing slacks, appeared to be in their thirties or forties, and talked to each other as they worked. From a distance, their chatter sounded as Donald Duck-like as the Lasermatic cutter. Each time we approached a cluster of women, they fell silent.

"Why do they clam up when we get near them?" we asked Bill.

"They think we're from Quality Control, and that makes them nervous," Bill said.

Censor

A Ten-Year-Old staffer on a school newspaper in Maryland brought home the following note the other day:

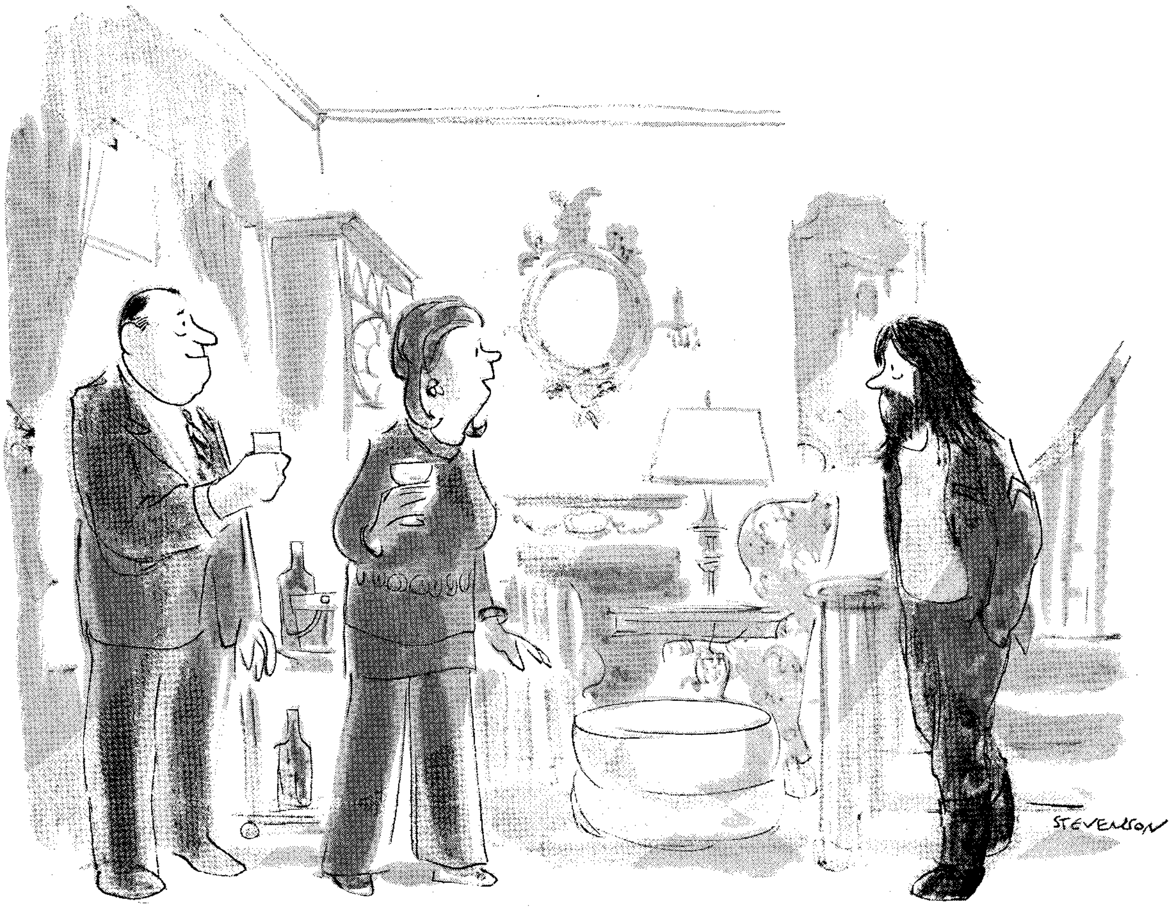
> The reason for the blank spots on our newspaper is because Mrs. Mills has gone over the paper and omitted all violence. This will not happen again!
>
> Your Editor-in-Chief

University Cheesecake

The best cheesecake in New York is made by a man named Emilio Brasesco, and it is not made for the general public. Emilio is the manager of a cafeteria that was opened as an experiment last October at the Graduate Center of the City University, on West Forty-second Street, to cater to hungry graduate students and their teachers and to the Graduate Center staff. The cafeteria is a jolly place that serves fine food, and it has been earning a growing, if clandestine, reputation in the midtown area. Ever since October, rumors about the place, and particularly about the excellence and tantalizing unavailability of Emilio's cheesecake, have been circulating through the offices of the neighborhood, and last week we decided to pay Emilio a visit.

Emilio is a well-groomed and well-turned-out man of forty-four, and we found him at a table going over his menus for the next three days. We told him we wanted to talk about cheesecake, and proceeded to do so, but the conversation drifted into other areas, because Emilio, it turned out, is an exceptionally knowledgeable man.

"There are two ways to run a restaurant in New York," said Emilio. "One is the commercial way. You buy so many steaks, so many slices of tomato, so many heads of lettuce. You give these to the cook—they often aren't of very good quality to begin with—and he makes them the same way every time. Nobody ever teaches him that there are different ways, so he thinks he knows already whatever there is to know. The second way to run a restaurant is the real way, the professional way. There is still money to be made that way. Sometimes it requires only a little extra. Suppose you said to that chef with the steaks and the tomatoes (after first making sure, of course, that he had good steaks and good tomatoes), 'Why don't you take some of that stale bread you were about to throw away, and put a few bread



"*Would you care to join your Daddy and me in a toast to Tricia and her young man?*"

crumbs on those tomatoes, and just a little garlic, and then grill them?' He would do it, and the customer would say 'Ahhh!' It's a stupid thing, a silly little trick, but it makes all the difference. And it costs you no more. Imagination costs nothing. It's the same slice of tomato, and you can make millions of different things out of it. The only thing it costs you is to make your mind work. I am amazed that people should not know these things in this country. When I first came here from Europe, in 1956, I was told the story of the two little American boys on the street corner selling orange soda. One was selling soda for five cents a glass. The other offered soda, five cents, with a cherry.

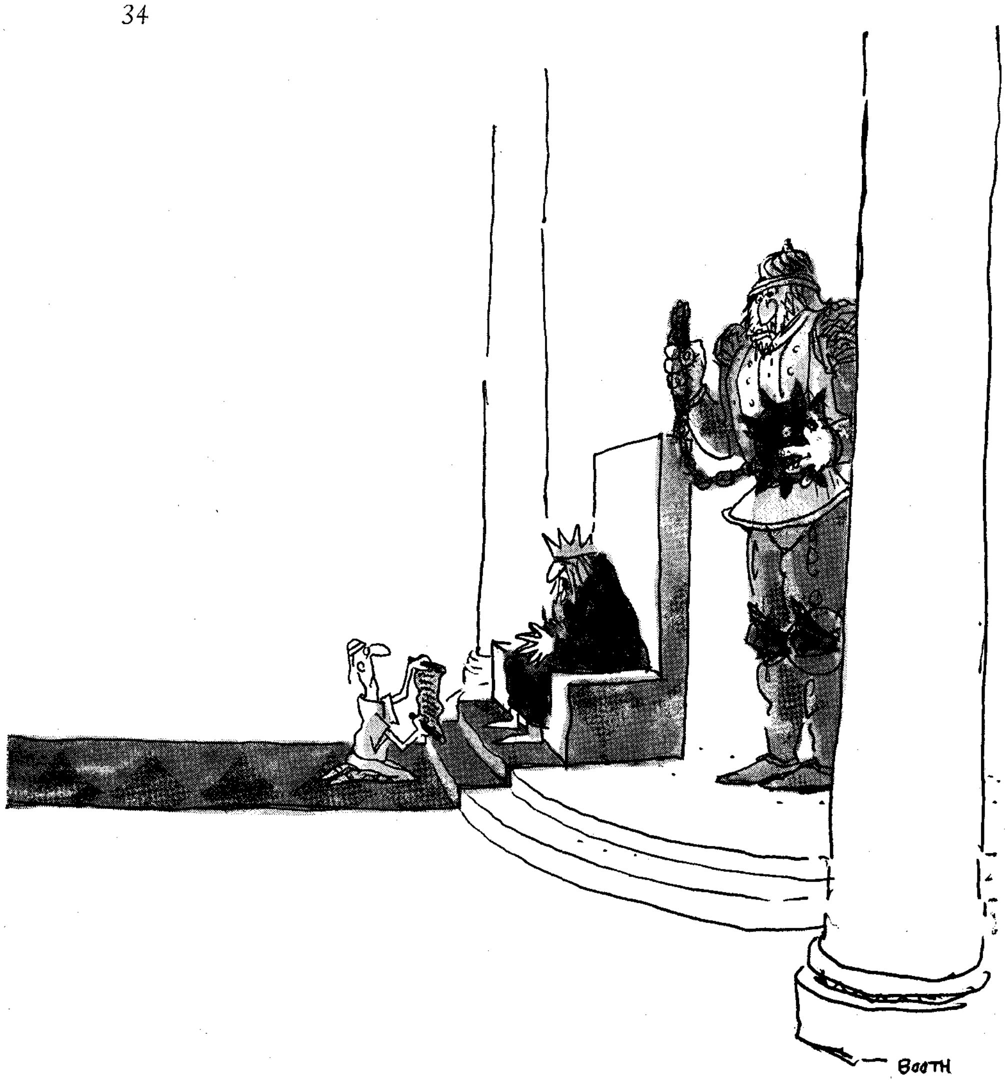
"My boss, whose name is Hank Mazzucca, is one of the owners of the Teheran Restaurant, on West Forty-fourth Street. Last October, Dean Marilyn Mikulsky, the lady who designed this cafeteria and thought up the idea, came to him and asked if he'd be willing to take on this assignment. She said she would give him a free hand, and would impose only two conditions: coffee would cost ten cents—it is an American way of life, that coffee—and the students would have to be able to buy a good lunch, a simple lunch, for under a dollar. She also said she had already approached Restaurant Associates and Union News and several other big outfits, and they had all told her the same thing: it couldn't be done—it would cost too much money. We said, 'It can be done, if you know how.' We said that we'd take a chance, and that we could break even if we served over six hundred people a day. Well, we're feeding more than that now, and bigger numbers every week, and we feed them right every day. Everything is fresh; nothing comes out of a can."

The flow of Emilio's conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Mazzucca, who had stopped by to see how things were going. Emilio introduced us to Mr. Mazzucca, an amiable gray-haired man with glasses, and filled him in on what had just been said. Mr. Mazzucca beamed. "My nephews always complained about the food they got in school," he told us. "Well, they were right. This cafeteria is part of the students' education. For less than a dollar they can buy a bowl of fresh-made soup that is all substance, and a nourishing sandwich. There are enough health-giving foods in that soup and that sandwich to hold them for a whole day. Some of them may not recognize this yet, but their stomachs are better off without their knowing it."

Mr. Mazzucca then excused himself, saying he had some business to attend to back at the Teheran, and when he had left we asked Emilio to tell us a little about his staff. "My chef is from Trieste," said Emilio. "The second chef and the assistant chef are Dalmatians—from Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs are going to take over the restaurant business in New York in the future. They are very handy, very hard-working, and very economical. A good chef can earn his salary every week from the amount of food he saves and uses instead of throwing out. The Yugoslav government has set up a school to train cooks for the tourist trade, and as soon as they get a little training the cooks come over here. In New York, they have to start by taking jobs as dishwashers, but out of ten dishwashers two or three are going to fall in love with the kitchen. In my opinion, you must be born a chef, have it in your blood, but you don't know that until you discover it. In ten years, the Yugoslavs will have worked their way up and will be taking over from the Italians, the way the Italians took over from the French. Every so often, we have a change. Fifteen years ago, the luncheonettes were Italian. Now ninety per cent of the pizza joints are owned by Greeks. After the Yugoslavs? I'd say the Portuguese. The assistant *garde-manger* in the kitchen here is a Portuguese. In another two or three years, he's going to be a good chef. There is only one way to become a good chef, and that is to work under a good chef. Move around. Work for different chefs, and catch the good from each one."

At this point, a girl approached and said, "Is there any more cheesecake? I'm dying for it."

Emilio looked pleased and excused himself to help find the girl some



"Messenger, dost thou bring me good news or dost thou bring me bad news?"

• •

cheesecake. When he returned, he gave us his recipe for cheesecake, as he had promised. Here it is:

Emilio's Cheesecake

2 pounds cream cheese
¾ pound sugar
¼ pound cornstarch
¼ pound sweet butter
½ quart heavy cream
6 eggs (whites and yolks)
Juice of two medium-sized lemons
Pinch of vanilla flavor

Beat the cream cheese slowly and well and thoroughly. Then add, still beating slowly and well and thoroughly, the sugar and, in turn, the butter, the starch, the lemon juice, the eggs, the cream, and the vanilla. This should take ten to fifteen minutes. Beat until everything is nicely amalgamated. Then take a baking pan with the dimensions 12" x 12" x 2" and grease it with Crisco. Fill this pan with the batter. Place the pan in another, larger baking pan filled with one inch of water. The cheesecake must cook this way—*bain-marie*, the French call it. Put the two pans in a preheated 350° oven and bake the cheesecake until it is a nice golden brown on top. This should take about another fifteen minutes. At this point, it is done. You may touch it, and even if it feels soft and pushy it is still done. Don't worry about it; just take it out and let it cool off. It will solidify as it cools. Otherwise, it will overcook and get granulated. Serves four to six.

•

DIALOGUE overheard in a Fifth Avenue music store, between a lady customer and a very young salesman:

Lady: Do you have a good recording of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"?

Salesman: What republic?

Old Muldoon

ON St. Patrick's Day, we went out looking for a friend of ours named Old Muldoon. We stopped in at half a dozen saloons around town—Charley O's, John Barleycorn (on East Forty-fifth Street), Costello's, Limerick's (on Second Avenue in the Thirties), and several Blarney Stones (at various locations). He wasn't in any of them, but he was expected at all of them. "He'll be in," the regulars said everywhere. "Never fear. You'll know when he comes in."

But we went back to the office, because we had some work to do, or thought we had, and Old Muldoon phoned us as soon as we got back. "I heard you were looking for me," he said. "The reason I'm not there is that I'm over here."

"Where's that?" we asked.

"In my own living room," he said. "Why don't you come over?"

We did, and there was Old Muldoon and his wife, Angie, and his Italian in-laws. They were eating. "I want you to try some homemade wine," said Old Muldoon when we came in. "My father-in-law made it—my father-in-law, Dom."

Dom is retired, and he was wearing a suit and a tie.

"Muldoon, it's St. Patrick's Day and you're staying home," we said.

"Well, we didn't go out New Year's, and it was still New Year's," said Old Muldoon.

"But you always used to go out, all day, every year," we said.

"What it was, I'm not sure of," he said. "St. Patrick's Day was always out, but it was always next door. When I was in high school—St. Aloysius High School—it was a day for singing and dancing, and there was room enough to be alone in, so I could be Irish. When you dance the jig, you dance with your elbows out, and in those days you didn't poke anybody, either. You made your own music, too."

"Didn't you even see the parade today?" we asked.

"Yes, I did," he said. "On television. Channel 11. I saw all the toy soldiers. The parade's at the wrong end of the day. The day should start with a song and finish with a parade, don't you think? And somewhere in there they should schedule eating, and that's what we're doing. It took my wife to remind me of that. Did you ever hear of anyone eating on St. Patrick's Day? You can sing on an empty stomach, but you can't march. That's why there was always so much fighting and fussing. Everybody is hungry. Now, a parade at the end of the day—that would be a parade. They'd be marching *both* ways on Fifth Avenue."

Muldoon drank a glass of wine. "Today, everyone's Irish," said Old Muldoon. "Where did they all come from? What do they all want? What they are isn't good enough? Or fun enough? St. Patrick's Day used to be for friends. Where do you find them? That's why I'm at home. Have something to eat. Have some pasta, and listen to me friend Angie and I sing 'Rigoletto.' "

LETTER FROM THE EAST

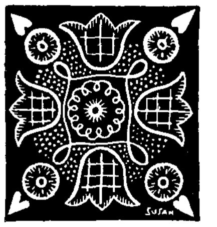
Allen Cove, March 9

SOMEBODY told me the other day that a seagull won't eat a smelt. Even if the gull takes the smelt by mistake, he will disgorge it. I find this hard to believe, but I haven't had a chance to experiment with a smelt and a live gull. I've always supposed a gull would eat anything. If Herbert Tapley were alive, I would put the question to him and be sure of a straight answer. But Herbert is dead, and I find people quite evasive when I ask them if a gull will eat a smelt. I raised a gull chick once, and it never refused anything I handed it. And once, years ago, when I worked in a ship, I used to empty garbage into a chute that discharged overboard. Gulls attended this rite in great numbers, screaming their appreciation. I can't recall ever seeing a gull reject anything that came out of that chute. There were never any smelts in the garbage, though, and this leaves the question wide open. A smelt has rather a sweet taste—there seems to be nothing of the salt sea in its flesh. Perhaps that's why a gull won't eat a smelt, if indeed it is true.

This has not been an ideal winter for pure experimentation here in the East—to see if a gull will eat a smelt. It has been more a time of simple survival, to see if a man can stay alive in the cold. The snows arrived early, before the ground froze. Storm followed storm, each depositing its load and rousing the plowman in the night. And then the cold set in, steady and hard. The ponds froze, then the saltwater coves and harbors, then the bay itself. As far as I know, the ground, despite the deep cold, remains unfrozen: snow is a buffer against the frost, an almost perfect insulating material. A fellow recently reported driving a stake into a snowbank, and when the point of the stake reached ground level it kept right on going. I haven't tested this—it's like the gull and the smelt, a matter of hearsay. But I would have to have a pretty long stake, so remote is the ground.

When snow accumulates week after week, month after month, it works curious miracles. Familiar objects simply disappear, like my pig house and the welltop near the barn door, and one tends to forget that they are there. Our cedar hedge (about five feet high) disappeared months ago, along with the pink snow fences that are set to hold the drifts. My two small guard dogs, Jones and Susy, enjoy the change in elevation and the excitement of patrol duty along the crusted top of the hedge, where they had never been before. They have lookout posts made of snow that the plow has thrown high in the air, giving them a chance to take the long view of things. For a while, the barnyard fence was buried under a magnificent drift. This delighted the geese, who promptly walked to freedom on their orange-colored snowshoes. They then took off into the air, snowshoes and all, freedom having gone to their heads, and visited the trout pond, where they spent an enjoyable morning on the ice. On several occasions this winter, we had to shovel a path for the geese, to make it possible for them to get from their pen in the barn to their favorite loitering spot in the barn cellar. Imagine a man's shovelling a path for a goose! So the goose can loiter!

The door of the woodshed hasn't been open since early in December, the snows having sealed it shut. The house, which always gets banked with spruce brush against the winter, never got banked. The flower beds never got covered. We were simply caught short: the snow arrived ahead of schedule and in large amounts. (I think we've had something like one hundred inches, all told.) We did manage to give the rosebushes decent burial; they are not only out of sight but almost out of mind. It takes an effort of the imagination to conjure up a rose. Only an inch or two of the tall stakes that mark the grave is visible. For most of the winter, the highway has resembled an enormous bobsled run: the passage of the plow builds towering walls of snow higher than the roof of your car, so that you travel through a great white trough, sealed against disaster. (Last summer, my car went off the road and I hit a pole and broke it. The accident was six months too soon—I should have waited till January, when a soft cushion of snow surrounded all poles. I passed my pole the other day and noticed that it had recovered fully from the blow, but I haven't.)



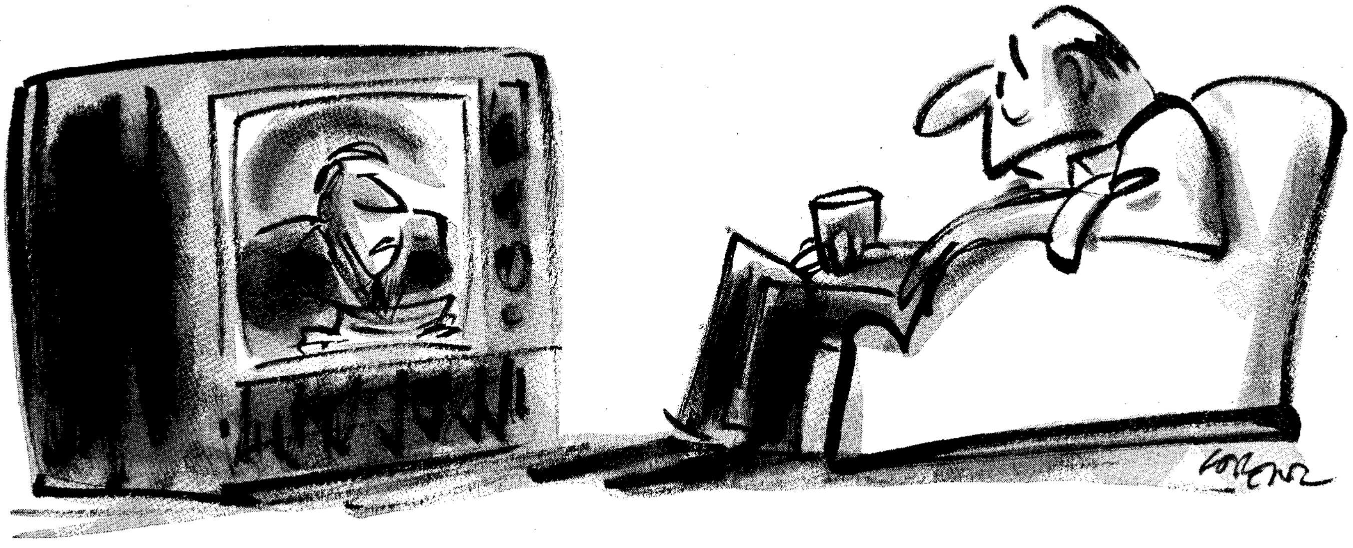
Maine towns take winter seriously. They are ready with money and trucks and men and sand and salt. Derring-do is in good supply, and the roads stay open, no matter what. The things that do *not* stay open are the driveways of the people. Every new swipe of the plow hurls a gift of snow into the mouth of a driveway, so that, in effect, the plowmen, often working while we sleep snug in our beds, create a magnificent smooth, broad highway to which nobody can gain access with his automobile until he has passed a private miracle of snow removal. It is tantalizing to see a fine stretch of well-plowed public road just the other side of a six-foot barricade of private snow. My scheme for town plowing would be to have each big plow attended by a small plow, as a big fish is sometimes attended by a small fish. There would be a pause at each driveway while the little plow removes the snow that the big plow has deposited. But I am just a dreamer. I have two plows of my own—a big V on the pickup and a lift-blade on the little Cub tractor. Even with this equipment, we were licked a lot of the time this winter and had to call for help. It got so there was no place to put the snow even if you were able to push it around. On the day before Christmas, the storm was so great, the wind so high, people were marooned in my house and had to spend the night. And a couple of days later I had to hire a loader to lift the snow from the mouth of the driveway, scurry across the road with it, and drop it into the swamp.

Except for winter's causing me to become housebound, I like the cold. I like snow. I like the descent to the dark, cold kitchen at six in the morning, to put a fire in the wood stove and listen to weather from Boston. My movements at that hour are ritualistic—they vary hardly at all from morning to morning. I steal down in my wrapper carrying a pair of corduroy pants under one arm and balancing a small tray (by de Miskey) that holds the empty glasses from the night before. The night nurse has preceded me into the living room and has hooked up the thermostat—too high. I nudge it down. As I enter the kitchen, my left hand shoots out and snaps on the largest burner on the electric stove. Then I set the glasses in the sink, snap on the pantry light, start the cold water in the tap, and fill the kettle with fresh spring water, which I then set atop the now red burner. Then comes the real warmup: with a poker I clear the grate in the big black Home Crawford 8-20, roll up two sheets of yesterday's Bangor *Daily News*, and lay them in the firebox along with a few sticks of cedar kindling and two sticks of stovewood on top of that. (I always put on my glasses before stuffing the *News* in, to see who is dead and to find out what's been going on in the world, because I seldom have time in these twilight years to read newspapers—too many other things to tend to. I always check on "Dear Abby" at this dawn hour, finding it a comfort to read about people whose problems are even greater than mine, like the man yesterday who sought Abby's advice because his wife would sleep with him only on Thursday nights, which was all right until his bowling club changed *its* night to Thursday, and by the time the man got home his wife was far gone in shut-eye.) I drop the match, open the flue to "Kindle," open the bottom draft, and wait a few seconds to catch the first reassuring sound of snap-and-crackle. (That's the phrase around here for a wood fire—always "snap-and-crackle.") As the first light of day filters into the kitchen, I set out the juicer, set out the coffeepot and coffee, set out the pitchers for milk and cream, and, if it's a Tuesday or a Thursday or a Saturday, solemnly mark the milk order blank and tuck it in the milk box in the entryway while the sub-zero draft creeps in around my ankles. A good beginning for the day. Then I pull my trousers on over my pajama bottoms, pull on my barn boots, drape myself in a wool shirt and a down jacket, and pay a call in the barn, where the geese give me a tumultuous reception, one of them imitating Bert Lahr's vibrato gargle.

The guard changes here at seven: the night nurse goes off (if her car will start) and the housekeeper comes on (if her brother-in-law's truck has started). I observe all this from an upstairs window. It is less splendid than the change at Buckingham Palace but somehow more impressive, the Palace guard never having been dependent on the vagaries of the internal-combustion engine in a sub-zero wintertime.

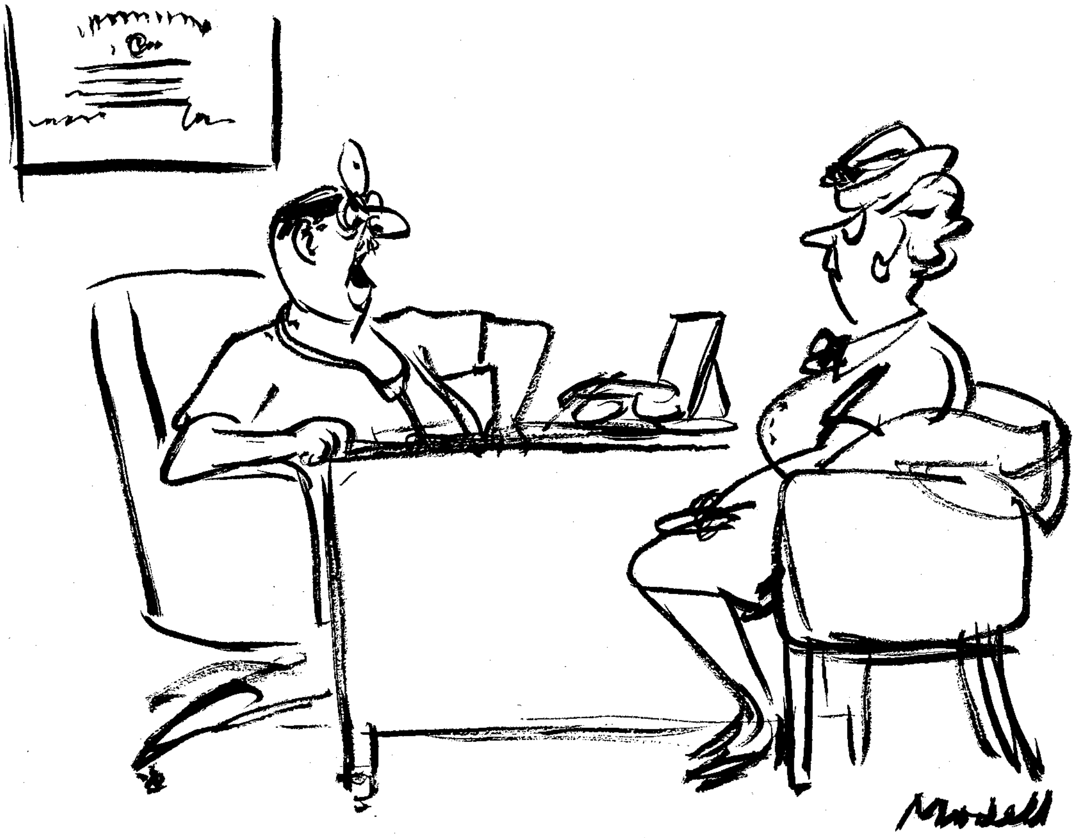
THE chief topics of conversation this winter have been the weather, the schools, and the shadow of oil. Quarrelling over the schools has split the town wide open, as it has neighboring towns here on the mainland and over on Deer Isle. Feeling ran so high some people stopped speaking to each other—which is one form of discourse. Forty years ago, when I landed here, we had five one-room or two-room schoolhouses scattered at strategic points. The scholars walked to school. We also had our high school, which was a cultural monument in the town along with the two stores, the Baptist church, the Beth-Eden chapel, and the Rockbound chapel. Times have changed. All through New England, the little red schoolhouse is on the skids, and the small high school that graduates only four or five seniors in June, in a gymnasium decked with lilac and apple blossoms, is doomed. The State Board of Education withholds its blessing from high schools that enroll fewer than three hundred students. Under mounting pressure from the state, the towns organized a school administrative district, usually referred to as SAD. Sad is the word for it. A plan was drawn for an area schoolhouse at a central point near the Deer Isle Bridge, but it was voted down. Too much money and too many frills. Another plan was drawn and failed. Meanwhile, schoolchildren were shuttled around, here and there, in an attempt to close the gap. We no longer have a high school in town; the building is used for the junior-high grades. Most of the children in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades are carried by bus across to the high school in the town of Deer Isle. A few travel in the opposite direction to a nearby academy. Sending their children over to an island irritated a lot of parents; some disapproved of the building, some had a deep feeling that when you leave the mainland and head for an island in the sea you are headed in the wrong direction—back toward primitivism. Other parents were violently opposed to dispatching their offspring to the academy town, on the score that the place was a citadel of evil, just one step short of Gomorrah. (There was also an ancient athletic rivalry, which left scars that have never healed.) The closing of our high school caused an acute pain in the hearts of most of the townsfolk, to whom the building was a symbol of their own cultural life and a place where one's loyalty was real, lasting, and sustaining. All in all, the schools are a mess.

Feeling about oil is now running high, but it lacks the acute pain of nostalgia that characterizes the school controversy. Oil is the pain of the future. A company called Maine Clean Fuels wants to build a refinery on Sears Island, at the head of Penobscot Bay, bringing barges and two-hundred-thousand-ton tankers slithering through the fog-draped, ledge-encrusted, tide-ripped waters of one of the most beautiful bodies of water in Maine or anywhere. The proposal sticks in all our



"And this, just in. A usually reliable Pentagon source, who declined to be identified, has vigorously denied suggesting that published speculation, admittedly based on fragmentary and unconfirmed reports not available to the press, regarding allied troop movements in or near unspecified areas of Indo-China and purportedly involving undisclosed numbers of South Vietnamese, Cambodian, Laotian, and perhaps American armed personnel is false, although he cautioned that such published speculation could be dangerously misleading and potentially divisive."

crops. Battle lines have been drawn, public meetings have been held. On one side, or in one corner, are Maine's Department of Economic Development, the executives of the oil company (full of joyous promises and glad tidings of a better life and a cheaper fuel), and some people in Searsport who hope that oil will bring jobs and elevate the economy of the town. On the other side, or in the other corner, are Ossie Beal and his Maine Lobstermen's Association, the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, various conservation groups, the *Maine Times*, several action groups hastily formed for the purpose of beating oil, and thousands of property owners (usually described as "rich" property owners) who just have a feeling in their bones that oil is bad news any way you look at it. A two-hundred-thousand-ton tanker makes an aircraft carrier look like a dory, and if there were to be a bad spill, it could mean the end of marine life and bird life in the bay.



"I'll do the diagnosing, if you don't mind. Just tell me what ails you."

• •

Searsport was host to a public meeting last week to give the oilmen a chance to present their case. It must have been a barrel of fun. The constabulary was out in full force, C.B.S. News turned up with its cameras, and a carefully selected group of concerned citizens was admitted. The meeting was set up in such a way as to prevent the anti-oil people from releasing their wrath when they rose to speak. It was a powder-keg meeting that failed to explode. Week after next, a hearing is scheduled at which the state's Environmental Improvement Commission will listen to testimony. This body, I believe, now has kingmaking authority and can turn thumbs down on an industrial newcomer if he looks and smells like a pollutant.

Pollution stirred our town a couple of years ago when our harbor became filthy as a result of sewage discharged from a school of theology that had magically turned up in our midst. The school had inherited a big old pipe when it bought the property; at low water the pipe lay on the stinking flats, exposed, broken in three places, and discharging. The town was powerless to act, having no ordinance on the books covering any nuisance of the sort. So the Environmental people were called and came over from Augusta. Testimony was offered by clamdiggers, boat owners, the health officer of the town, and concerned citizens. It took a long while, but the nuisance was finally abated and theology acquired a long-overdue septic tank. (The waste had been backing up into the school's swimming pool, it turned out, making the pool probably the largest and most spectacular tank in the whole county—a real tomato surprise.) Anyway, the water of the harbor is clear again, a classic case of cleanliness next to godliness. Clamming is still restricted.

Town Meeting came early this year—March 1st. I wasn't able to attend but have studied the report. One birth was reported in 1970, and twelve deaths. It would appear from this that although the population explosion is still an issue worldwide, we have it licked locally. The town appropriated seven thousand dollars for snow removal and sanding, in addition to three thousand dollars from unappropriated surplus—a total of ten thousand dollars to get the snow removed. There was no argument. If there's one thing people are agreed on, it's this: the snow must get removed. A century ago in New England, the approach to snow was quite different. When snow began to fly, people switched to runners. Roads were not plowed out, they were rolled down. A giant roller pulled by horses packed the surface to a fine, smooth glaze. Then the sleighs came out, with their bells. And sleds, to haul wood out from the woodlots. Wheels were laid away for the season. The old pleasure in runners hasn't died, though. The snowmobile is the big new thing—life on runners. It pollutes in two ways: with its exhaust fumes and with its noise.

The town voted to enact an ordinance regulating the taking of shellfish. It is now illegal for a non-resident to dig clams, except that he may dig not more than a peck in any one day for the use of himself and his family. A year ago, the town voted to enact an ordinance regulating the use of the town dump. At that meeting, I suggested an ordinance prohibiting the discharge of human waste into ponds and salt water, but it got laid to rest. The selectmen investigated the matter and reported that such an ordinance would be "very complex, extremely difficult to enforce, and possibly declared to be unconstitutional." It seems sad that the town can regulate the taking of shellfish but can't regulate the discharge of the waste that makes the shellfish inedible. But that's the way it is. Years ago, I was sized up as a man who was amiable, honest, and impractical, and I've always agreed with that estimate. Now, it would appear, I'm not just impractical, I'm unconstitutional.

And I still don't know whether a gull will eat a smelt. —E. B. WHITE

A SECRET GRATITUDE

Eugen Boissevain died in the autumn of 1949. I had wondered already, at the time of our visit, what would happen to Edna [St. Vincent Millay] if he should die first.—*Edmund Wilson.*

I

She cleaned house, and then lay down long
On the long stair.

On one of those cold white wings
That the strange fowl provide for us like one hillside of the
sea,
That cautery of snow that blinds us,
Pitiless light,
One winter afternoon,
Fair near the place where she sank down with one wing
broken,
Three friends and I were caught
Stalk still in the light.

Five of the lights. Why should they care for our eyes?
Five deer stood there.
They looked back, a good minute.
They knew us, all right:
Four chemical accidents of horror pausing
Between one suicide or another
On the passing wing
Of an angel that cared no more for our biology, our pity,
and our pain
Than we care.

Why should any mere multitude of the angels care
To lay one blind white plume down
On this outermost limit of something that is probably no
more
Than an aphid,
An aphid—one of the angels whose wings toss the black
pears
Of tears down on the secret shores
Of the seas in the corner
Of a poet's closed eye?

Why should five deer
Gaze back at us?
They gazed back at us,
Afraid, and yet they stood there,
More alive than we four, in their terror,
In their good time.

We had a dog.
We could have got other dogs.
Two or three dogs could have taken turns running and
dragging down
Those fleet lights, whose tails must look as mysterious as the
Stars in Los Angeles.
We are men.
It doesn't even satisfy us
To kill one another.
We are a smear of obscenity
On the lake whose only peace
Is a hole where the moon
Abandoned us, that poor
Girl who can't leave us alone.
If I were the moon I would shrink into a sand grain
In the corner of the poet's eye
While there's still room.
We are men.
We are capable of anything.
We could have killed every one of those deer.
The very moon of lovers tore herself with the agony of a
wounded tigress
Out of our side.
We can kill anything.
We can hill our own bodies.
Those deer on the hillside have no idea what in hell
We are except murderers.
They know that much, and don't think
They don't.
Man's heart is the rotten yolk of a blacksnake egg
Corroding, as it is just born, in a pile of dead
Horse dung.
I have no use for the human creature.
He subtly extracts pain awake in his own kind.
I am born one out of an accidental hump of chemistry.
I have no use.

II

But
We didn't set dogs on the deer,
Even though we know,
As well as you know,
We could have got away with it,
Because
Who cares?

III

Boissevain, who was he?
Was he human? I doubt it,
From what I know
Of men.

Who was he,
Hobbling with his dry eyes
Along in the rain.

I think he must have fallen down like the inimitable plumes
of new snow,
I think he must have fallen into the grass, I think he
Must surely have grown around
Her wings, gathering and being gathered,
Leaf, string, anything she could use
To build her still home of songs
Within sound of water.

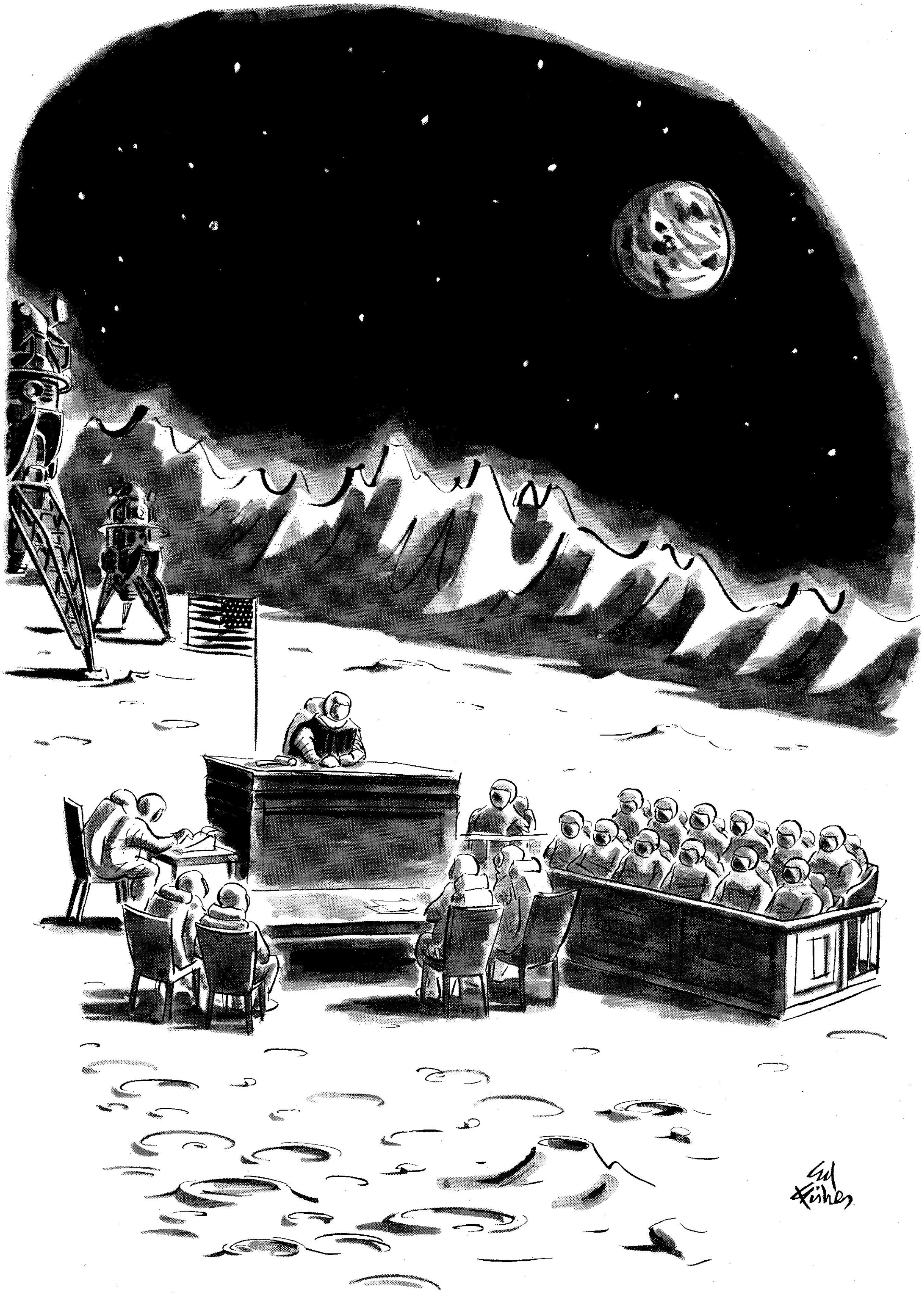
IV

By God, come to that, I would have married her, too,
If I'd got the chance, and she'd let me.
Think of that. Being alive with a girl
Who could turn into a laurel tree
Whenever she felt like it.
Think of that.

V

Outside my window just now
I can hear a small waterfall rippling antiphonally down
over
The stones of my poem.

—James Wright



“Not another change of venue, Counsellor!”

JUAN MURAÑA

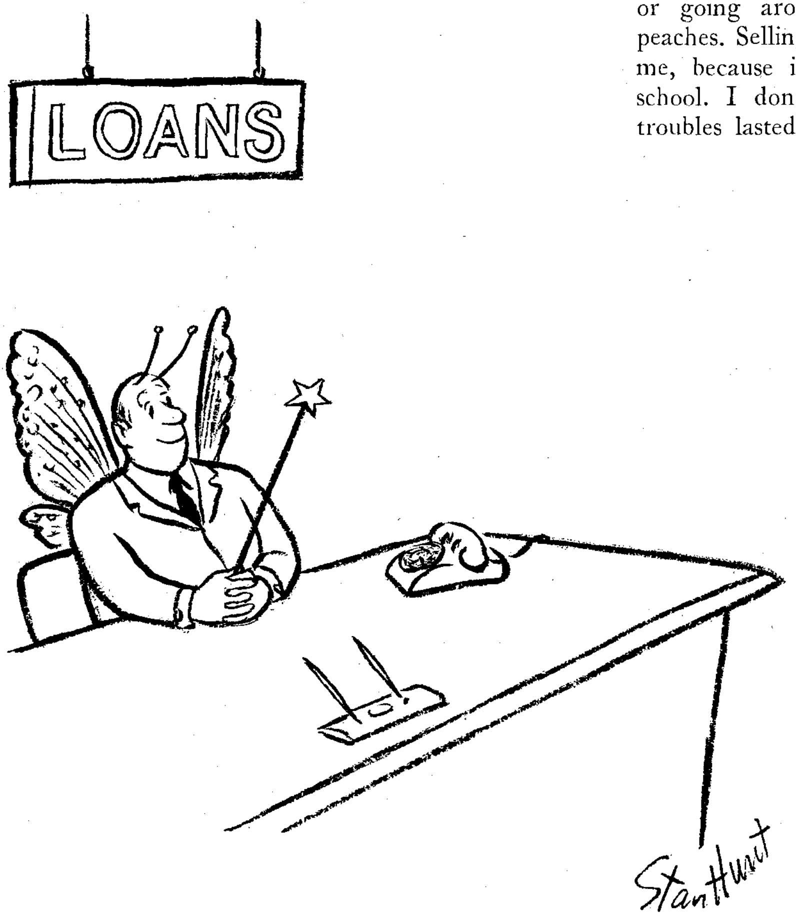
FOR years now, I have been telling people I grew up in that part of Buenos Aires known as Palermo. This, I've come to realize, is mere literary bravado; the truth is that I really grew up on the inside of a long iron picket fence in a house with a garden and with my father's and his father's library. The Palermo of knife fights and of guitar playing lurked (so they say) on street corners and down back alleys. In 1930, I wrote a study of Evaristo Carriego, a neighbor of ours, a poet and glorifier of the city's outlying slums. A little after that, chance brought me face to face with Emilio Trápani. I was on the train to Morón. Trápani, who was sitting next to the window, called me by name. For some time I could not place him, so many years had passed since we'd been classmates in a school on Thames Street. Roberto Godel, another classmate, may remember him.

Trápani and I never had any great liking for each other. Time had set us apart, and also our mutual indifference. He had taught me, I now recall, all the basic slang words of that day. Riding along, we struck up one of those trivial conversations that force you to unearth pointless facts and that lead up to the discovery of the death of a fellow-schoolmate who is no longer anything more than a name. Then, abruptly, Trápani said to me, "Someone lent me your Carriego book, where you're talking about hoodlums all the time. Tell me, Borges, what in the world can you know about hoodlums?" He stared at me with a kind of wonder.

"I've done research," I answered.

Not letting me go on, he said, "Research is the word, all right. Personally, I have no use for research—I know these people inside out." After a moment's silence, he added, as though he were letting me in on a secret, "I'm Juan Muraña's nephew."

Of all the men around Palermo famous for handling a knife way back in the nineties, the one with the widest reputation was Muraña. Trápani went on, "Florentina—my aunt—was his wife. Maybe you'll be interested in this story."



Certain devices of a literary nature and one or two longish sentences led me to suspect that this was not the first time he had told the story.

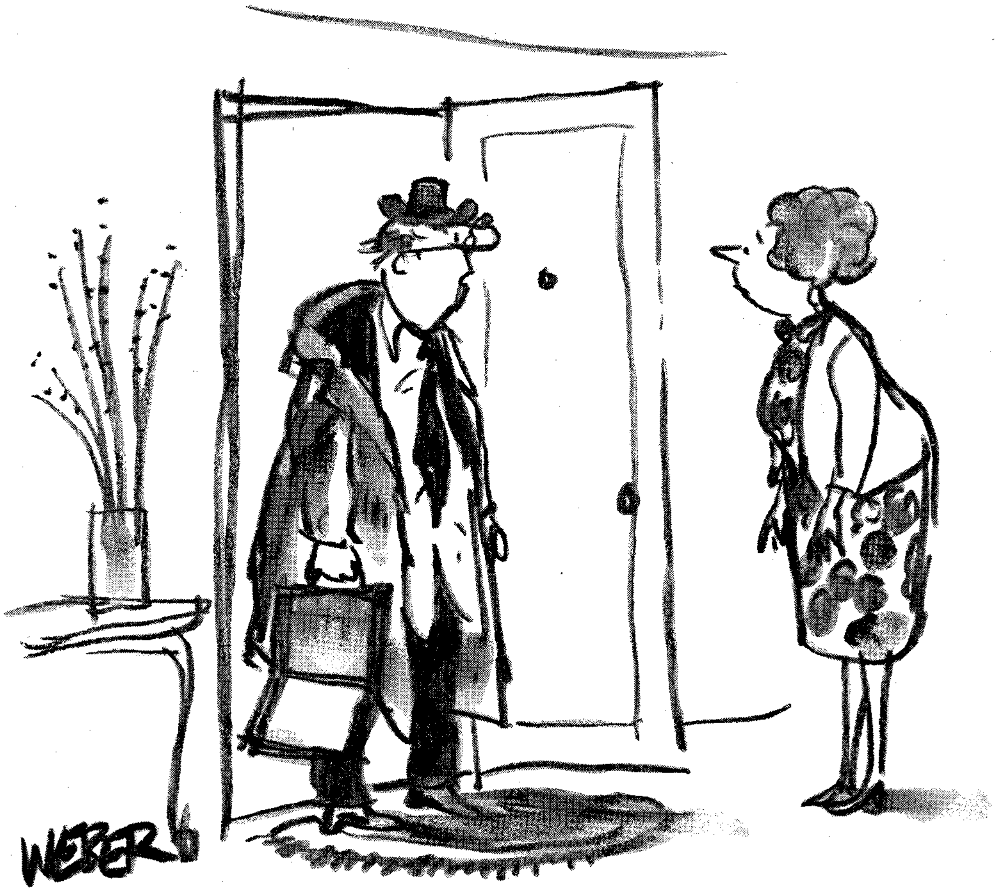
MY mother [Trápani said] could never quite stomach the fact that her sister had linked herself up with a man like Muraña, who to her was just a big brute, while to Aunt Florentina he was a man of action. A lot of stories circulated about my uncle's end. Some say that one night when he was dead drunk he tumbled from the seat of his wagon, making the turn around the corner of Coronel, and cracked his skull on the cobblestones. It's also said that the law was on his heels and he ran away to Uruguay. My mother, who couldn't stand her brother-in-law, never explained to me what actually happened. I was just a small boy then and have no memories of him.

Along about the time of the Centennial, we were living in a long narrow house on Russell Alley. The back door, which was always kept locked, opened on the other side of the block, on San Salvador Street. My aunt, who was well along in years and a bit queer, had a room with us up in our attic. Big-boned but thin as a stick, she was—or seemed to me—very tall. She also wasted few words. Living in fear of fresh air, she never went out; nor did she like our going into her room. More than once, I caught her stealing and hiding food. The talk around the neighborhood was that Muraña's death, or disappearance, had affected her mind. I remember her always in black. She had also fallen into the habit of talking to herself.

Our house belonged to a certain Mr. Luchessi, the owner of a barbershop on the Southside, in Barracas. My mother, who did piecework at home as a seamstress, was in financial straits. Without being able to understand them, I heard whispered terms like "court order" and "eviction notice." My mother was really at her wit's end, and my aunt kept saying stubbornly that Juan was not going to stand by and let the gringo, that wop, throw us out. She recalled the incident—which all of us knew by heart—of a big-mouthed tough from the Southside who had dared doubt her husband's courage. Muraña, the moment he found out, took all the trouble to go clear across the town, ferret the man out, put him straight with a blow of his knife, and dump his body into the Riachuelo. I don't know if the story's true; what matters is that it was told and that it became accepted.

I saw myself sleeping in empty lots on Serrano Street or begging handouts or going around with a basket of peaches. Selling on the streets tempted me, because it would free me from school. I don't know how long our troubles lasted. Your late father once told us that you can't measure time by days, the way you measure money by dollars and cents, because dollars are all the same, while every day is different and maybe every hour as well. I didn't quite understand what he meant, but the words stuck in my mind.

One night, I had a dream that ended in a nightmare. I dreamed of my Uncle Juan. I had never got to know him, but I thought of him as a burly man with a touch of the Indian about him, a sparse mustache and his hair long. He and I were heading south, cutting through huge stone quarries and scrub, but



"They kicked me upstairs."

• •

these quarries and thickets were also Thames Street. In the dream, the sun was high overhead. Uncle Juan was dressed in a black suit. He stopped beside a sort of scaffolding in a narrow mountain pass. He held his hand under his jacket, around the level of his heart—not like a person who's about to pull a knife but as though he were keeping the hand hidden. In a very sad voice, he told me, "I've changed a lot." He withdrew the hand, and what I saw was the claw of a vulture. I woke up screaming in the dark.

The next day, my mother made me go with her to Luchessi's. I know she was going to ask him for extra time; she probably took me along so that our landlord would see her helplessness. She didn't mention a word of this to her sister, who would never have let her lower herself in such a way. I hadn't ever set foot in Barracas before; it seemed to me there were a lot more people around than I imagined there'd be, and a lot more traffic and fewer vacant lots. From the corner, we saw several policemen and a flock of people in front of the house we were looking for. A neighbor went from group to group telling everyone that around three o'clock that morning he had been awakened by someone thumping on a door. He heard the door open and someone go in. Nobody shut the door, and as soon as it was light Luchessi was found lying there in the entranceway, half dressed. He'd been stabbed a number of times. The man lived alone; the authorities never caught up with the murderer. Nothing, it seems, had been stolen. At the time, somebody recalled that the deceased had almost lost his sight. In an important-sounding voice, someone else said, "His time had come." This judgment and the tone made an impression on me; as the years passed I was to find out that any time a person dies there's always somebody who makes this same discovery.

At the wake, we were offered coffee and I had a cup. In the coffin there was a wax dummy in place of the dead man. I mentioned this to my mother; one of the undertaker's men laughed and explained to me that the dummy dressed in black was Mr. Luchessi. I stood spellbound, staring at him. My mother had to yank me away.

For months afterward, nobody talked of anything else. Crimes were so few in those days. The one person in all Buenos Aires who showed no interest whatever was Aunt Florentina. She kept on saying, with the persistence of old age, "I told you Juan would never let that gringo put us out in the street."

One day, it rained buckets. As I could not go to school that morning, I began rummaging through the house. I climbed up to the attic. There was my aunt, sitting with her hands folded together; I could tell that she wasn't even thinking. The room smelled damp. In one corner stood the iron bedstead, with her rosary beads attached to one of the bars, in another a wooden chest where she kept her clothes. A picture of the Virgin was pinned to one of the whitewashed walls. On the table by the bed was a candlestick. Without lifting her eyes, my aunt said, "I know what brings you up here. Your mother sent you. She just doesn't seem to understand that it was Juan who saved us."

"Juan?" I said, amazed. "Juan died over ten years ago."

"Juan is here," she told me. "Do you want to see him?" She opened the drawer of the night table and took out a dagger, then went on speaking in a soft, low voice. "Here he is. I knew he would never forsake me. In the whole world there hasn't been another man like him. He didn't let the gringo get out a word."

It was only then that I understood. That poor raving woman had murdered Luchessi. Driven by hate, by madness, and maybe—who knows—by love, she had slipped out by the back door, had made her way block after block in the dead of night, had found the house she was after, and, with those big, bony hands, had sunk the dagger. The dagger was Muraña—it was the dead man she had gone on worshipping.

I never knew whether she told my mother the story or not. She died a short time before the eviction.

HERE Trápani—whom I have never run across again—ended his account. Since then, I have often thought about this bereft woman and about her man. Juan Muraña walked the familiar streets of my boyhood; I may have seen him many times, unawares. He was a man who knew what all men come to know, a man who tasted death and was afterward a knife, and is now the memory of a knife, and will tomorrow be oblivion—the oblivion that awaits us all.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.*)

•

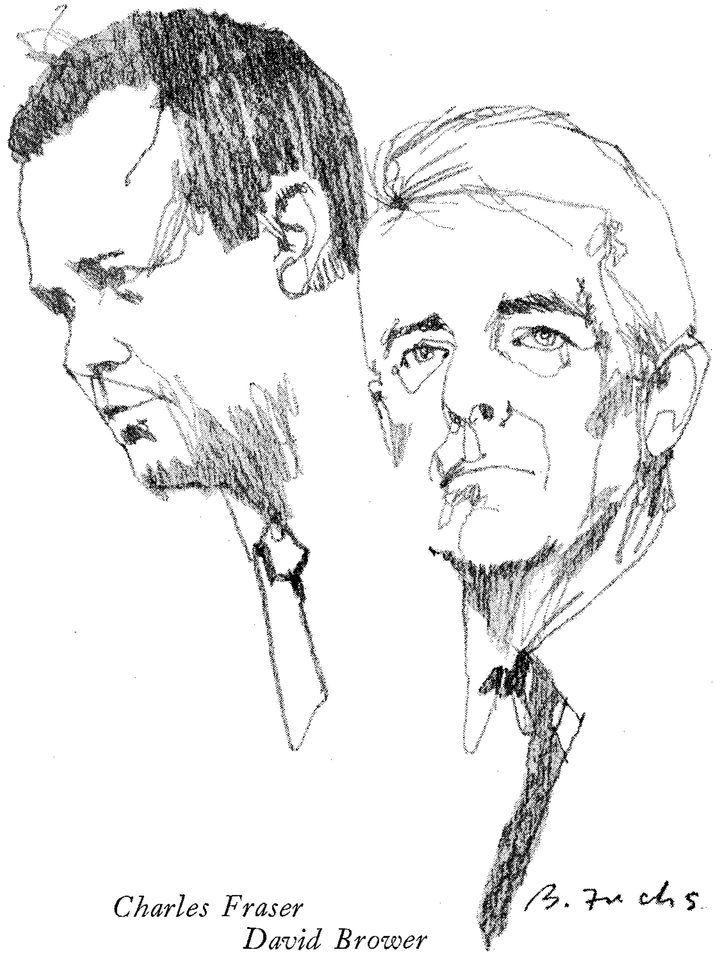
Housing for the primates has come under sharp attack from Rodney Fertel, an unsuccessful candidate for mayor who kept his campaign promise anyway by purchasing two guerillas for the zoo.
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Well, a promise is a promise.

PROFILES

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ARCHDRUID

II—AN ISLAND



Charles Fraser
David Brower

David Brower, who talks to groups all over the country about conservation, refers to what he says as The Sermon. He travels so light he never seems far from home—one tie, one suit. He calls it his preacher suit. He has given the sermon at universities, in clubs, in meeting halls, and once in a cathedral (he has otherwise not been in a church for thirty years), and while he talks he leans up to the lectern with his feet together and his knees slightly bent, like a skier. He seems to feel comfortable in the stance, perhaps because he was once a ski mountaineer.

Sooner or later in every talk, Brower describes the creation of the world. He invites his listeners to consider the six days of Genesis as a figure of speech for what has in fact been four billion years. On this scale, a day equals something like six hundred and sixty-six million years, and thus "all day Monday and until Tuesday noon, creation was busy getting the earth going." Life began Tuesday noon, and "the beautiful, organic wholeness of it" developed over the next four days. "At 4 P.M. Saturday, the big reptiles came on. Five hours later, when the redwoods appeared, there were no more big reptiles. At three minutes before midnight, man appeared. At one-fourth of a second before midnight, Christ arrived. At one-fortieth of a second before midnight, the Industrial Revolution began. We are surrounded with people who think that what we have been doing for that one-fortieth of a second can go on indefinitely. They are considered normal, but they are stark, raving mad."

Brower holds up a photograph of the world—blue, green, and swirling white. "This is the sudden insight from Apollo," he says. "There it is. That's all there is. We see through the eyes of the astronauts how fragile our life is, how thin is the epithelium of the atmosphere."

Brower has computed that we are driving through the earth's resources at a rate comparable to a man's driving an automobile a hundred and twenty-eight miles per hour—and he says that we are accelerating. He reminds his audiences that buffalo were shot for their tongues alone, and he says that we still have a buffalo-tongue economy. "We're hooked on growth. We're addicted to it. In my lifetime, man has used more resources than in all previous history. Technology has just begun to happen. They are *mining* water under Arizona. Cotton is subsidized by all that water. Why grow cotton in Arizona? There is no point to this. People in Texas want to divert the Yukon and have it flow to Texas. We are going to fill San Francisco Bay so we can have another Los Angeles in a state that deserves only one. Why grow to the point of repugnance? Aren't we repugnant enough already? In the new subdivisions, everybody can have a redwood of his own. Consolidated Edison has to quadruple by 1990. Then what else have you got besides kilowatts? The United States has six per cent of the world's population and uses sixty per cent of the world's resources, and one per cent of Americans use sixty per cent of that. When one country gets more than its share, it builds tensions. War is waged over resources. Expansion will destroy us. We need an economics of peaceful stability. Instead, we are fishing off Peru, where the grounds are so rich there's enough protein to feed the undernourished of the world, and we bring the fish up here to fatten our cattle and chickens. We want to build a sea-level canal through Central America. The Pacific, which is colder than the Atlantic, is also higher. The Pacific would flow into the Atlantic and could change the climate of the Caribbean. A dam may be built in the Amazon basin that will flood an area the size of Italy. Aswan Dam, by blocking the flow of certain nutrients, has killed off the sardine fisheries of the eastern Mediterranean. There is a human population problem, but if we succeed in interrupting the cycle of photosynthesis we won't have to worry about it. Good breeding can be overdone. How dense can people be?"

More than one of Brower's colleagues—in the Sierra Club, of which he was for seventeen years executive director, and, more recently, in his two new organizations, Friends of the Earth and the John Muir Institute for Environmental Studies—has compared him to John Brown. Brower approaches sixty, but under his shock of white hair his grin is youthful and engaging. His tone of voice, soft and mournful, somehow concentrates the intensity of his words. He speaks calmly, almost ironically, of "the last scramble for the last breath of air," as if that were something we had all been planning for. "There is DDT in the tissues of penguins in the Antarctic," he says. "Who put the DDT in Antarctica? We did. We put it on fields, and it went into streams, and into fish, and into more fish, and into the penguins. There is pollution we know about and pollution we don't know about. It took fifty-seven years for us to find out that radiation is harmful, twenty-five years to find out that DDT is harmful, twenty years for cyclamates. We're getting somewhere. We have recently found out that polychlorinated biphenyls, a plastic by-product, have spread throughout the global ecosystem. At Hanford, Washington, radioactive atomic waste is stored in steel tanks that will have to be replaced every fifteen years for a thousand years. We haven't done *anything* well for a thousand years, except multiply. An oil leak in Bristol Bay, Alaska, will put the red salmon out of action. Oil exploration off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland will lead to leaks that will someday wreck the fisheries there. We're hooked. We're addicted. We're committing grand larceny against our children. Ours is a chain-letter economy, in which we pick up early handsome dividends and our children find their mailboxes empty. We must shoot down the SST. Sonic booms are unsound. Why build the fourth New York jetport? What about the fifth, the sixth, the seventh jetport? We've got to kick this addiction. It won't work on a finite planet. When rampant growth happens in an individual, we call it cancer."

To put it mildly, there is something evangelical about Brower. His approach is in some ways analogous to the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham's exhortations to sinners to come forward and be saved now because if you go away without making a decision for Christ coronary thrombosis may level you before you reach the exit. Brower's crusade, like Graham's, began many years ago, and Brower's may have been more effective. The clamorous concern now being expressed about conservation issues and environmental problems is an amplification—a delayed echo—of what Brower and others have been saying for decades. Brower is a visionary. He wants—literally—to save the world. He has been an emotionalist in an age of dangerous reason. He thinks that conservation should be "an ethic and conscience in everything we do, whatever our field of endeavor"—in a word, a religion. If religions arise to meet the most severe of human crises, now and then religions may come too late, and that may be the case with this one. In Brower's fight to save air and canyons, to defend wilderness and control the growth of population, he is obviously desperate, an extreme and driven man. His field, being the relationship of everything to everything else and how it is not working, is so comprehensive that no one can comprehend it. Hence the need for a religion and for a visionary to lead it. Brower once said to me, "We are in a kind of religion, an ethic with regard to terrain, and this religion is closest to the Buddhist, I suppose." I have often heard him speak of "drawing people into the religion," and of being able to sense at once when people already have the religion; I also remember a time, on a trail in the Sierra Nevada, when he said, "We can take some cues from other religions. There is something else to do than bang your way forward."

Throughout the sermon, Brower quotes the gospel—the gospel according to John Muir ("When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe"), the gospel according to Henry David Thoreau ("What is the good of a house if you don't have a tolerable planet to put it on?"), the gospel according to Buckminster Fuller ("Technology must do more with less"), and the gospel according to Pogo ("We have met the enemy and he is us"). A great deal of the sermon is, in fact, a

"Let's face it. You got plugged in the first episode, so what can you expect in the way of residuals?"

chain of one-liners from the thinking sector: "The only true dignity of man is his ability to fight against insurmountable odds" (Ignazio Silone), "Civilization is a thin veneer over what made us what we are" (Sigurd Olson), "Despair is a sin" (C. P. Snow), "Every cause is a lost cause unless we defuse the population bomb" (Paul Ehrlich), "The wilderness holds answers to questions man has not yet learned how to ask" (Nancy Newhall).

Brower has ample ideas of his own about what might be done. He says, "Roughly ninety per cent of the earth has felt man's hand already, sometimes brutally, sometimes gently. Now let's say, 'That's the limit.' We should go back over the ninety and not touch the remaining ten per cent. We should go back, and do better, with ingenuity. Recycle things. Loop the system." When he sees an enormous hole in the ground in the middle of New York City, he says, "That's all right. That's part of the ninety." In non-wilderness areas, he is nowhere happier than in places where the ninety has been imaginatively gone over—for example, Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco, a complex of shops and restaurants in a kind of brick Xanadu that was once a chocolate factory. When someone asks him what one person can do, Brower begins by mentioning Rachel Carson. Then he tells about David Pesonen, a young man in California who stopped a nuclear-power station singlehanded. Then he sprays questions. "Are you willing to pay more for steak, if cattle graze on level ground and not on erodable hills? Are you willing to pay more for electricity, if the power plant doesn't pollute air or water?" He taunts the assembled sinners. "You are villains not to share your apples with worms. Bite the worms. They won't hurt nearly as much as the insecticide does. You are villains if you keep buying automobiles. Leave these monsters in the showroom." Invariably, he includes what must be his favorite slogan: "Fight blight, burn a billboard tonight!"

The cause is, in a sense, hopeless. "Conservationists have to win again and again and again," he says. "The enemy only has to win once. We are not out for ourselves. We can't win. We can only get a stay of execution. That is the best we can hope for. If the dam is not built, the damsite is still there. Blocking something is easiest. Getting a wilderness bill, a Redwoods Park bill, a Cascades Park bill, is toughest of all."

Brower is somewhat inconvenienced by the fact that he is a human being, fated, like everyone else, to use the resources of the earth, to help pollute its air, to jam its population. The sermon becomes confessional when he reveals, as he almost always does, that he has four children and lives in a redwood house. "We all make mistakes," he explains. His own mistakes don't really trouble him, though, for he has his eye on what he knows to be right. After he gave a lecture at Yale once, I asked him where he got the interesting skein of statistics that six per cent of the world's population uses sixty per cent of the world's resources and one per cent of the six per cent uses sixty per cent of the sixty per cent. What resources? Kleenex? The Mesabi Range?

Brower said the figures had been worked out in the head of a friend of his from data assembled "to the best of his recollection."

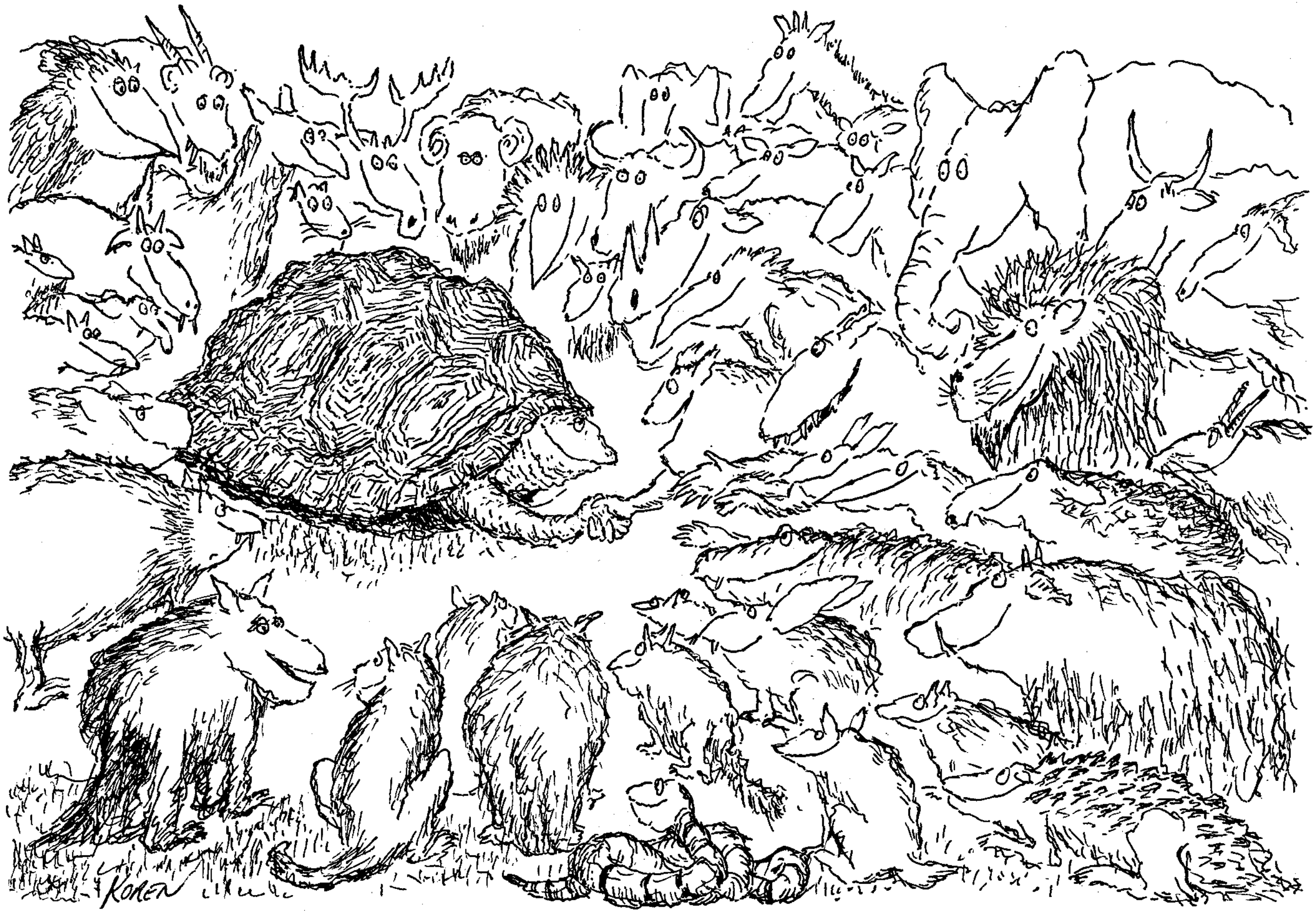
"To the best of his *recollection*?"

"Yes," Brower said, and assured me that figures in themselves are merely indices. What matters is that they feel right. Brower feels things. He is suspicious of education and frankly distrustful of experts. He has no regard for training per se. His intuition seeks the nature of the man inside the knowledge. His sentiments are incredibly lofty. I once heard him say, "It's pretty easy to revere life if you think of all the things it's done while it was onstage." He is not sombre, though. Reading a newspaper, he will come upon a piece by a conservation writer and say, "I like that. He's neutral the right way."

Brower is a conservationist, but he is not a conservative. I have heard him ask someone, "Do you like the world so much that you want to keep it the way it is?"—an odd question to be coming from David Brower, but he was talking about the world of men. The world of nature is something else. Brower is against the George Washington Bridge. He is against the Golden Gate Bridge. He remembers San Francisco when the bridge was not there, and he says the entrance to the bay was a much more beautiful scene without it. He would like to cut back the population of the United States to a hundred million. He has said that from the point of view of land use the country has not looked right since 1830. There are conservationists (a few, anyway) who are even more vociferous than Brower, but none with his immense reputation, none with his record of battles fought and won—defeater of dams, defender of wilderness. He must be the most unrelenting fighter for conservation in the world. Russell Train, chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, once said, "Thank God for Dave Brower. He makes it so easy for the rest of us to be reasonable. Somebody has to be a little extreme. Dave is a little hairy at times, but you do need somebody riding out there in front."

THE office of Charles Fraser, the developer, is in a small building about halfway between an undeveloped jungle and an alligator pond on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. Alligators sometimes crawl along the sidewalk between the jungle and the pond. The alligators are natives and Fraser is not. Fraser was anxious lest the alligators be disturbed when, in 1957, he began building roads and golf courses and clearing homesites on some five thousand acres of the island, so he fed them great hunks of raw beef to lull them into acceptance of his bulldozers. The alligators swallowed it. They live now in water hazards and other artificial ponds throughout Fraser's Sea Pines Plantation. On his office wall Fraser has a picture of himself, in a white suit and a panama hat, walking an alligator. Signs along the fairways say, "Please do not molest the alligators." Fraser tried something similar with the bald eagles that were there, but the eagles would have none of it, and they flew away.

Fraser is a short man, heavyset, prominent in the forehead, dark curly hair wisping out behind. The first time I saw him, he was standing on a floating dock at his Sea Pines marina, drinking Portuguese rosé and wearing tennis shoes, white trousers, and a blue striped shirt. Those who know him would not instantly recognize such a snapshot, for although Fraser has built one of the creamiest resorts in America, he himself is not the resort type. He drinks little and plays less. Recreation is his business, and business seems to be his recreation. He almost always wears a plain dark suit. He tucks his chin in and sits straight when he is saying



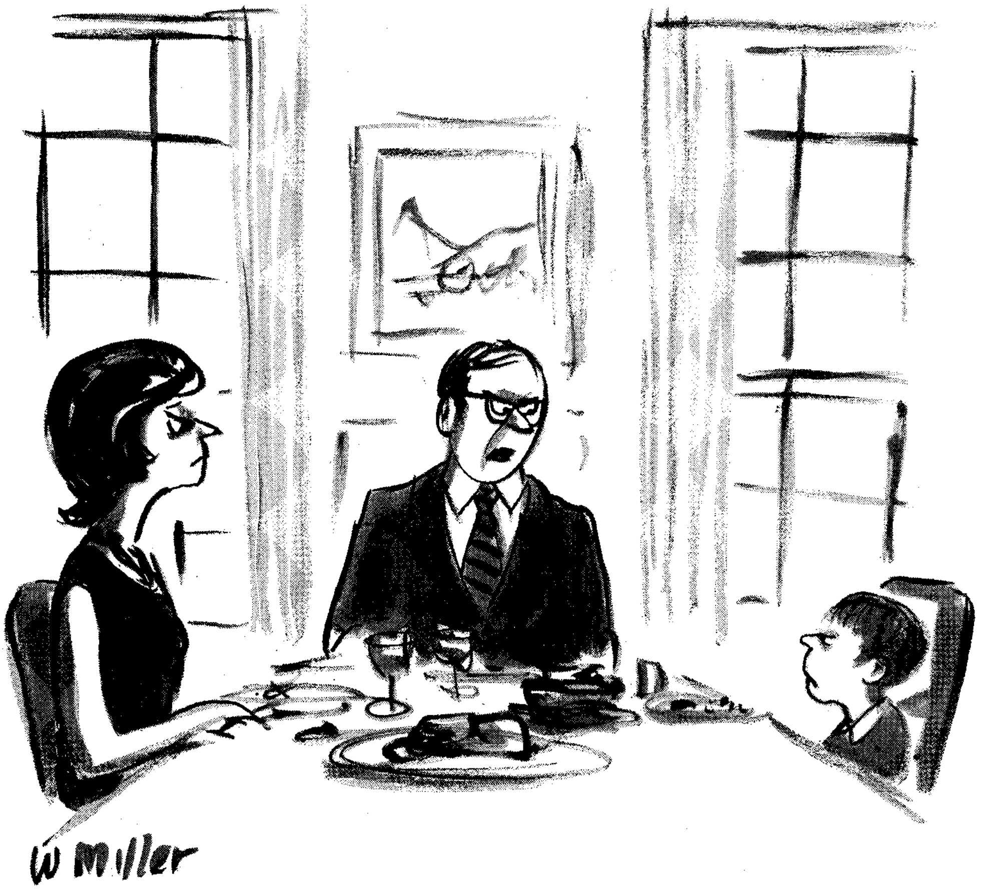
"He's one thousand years old today!"

• •

something important, and the more important it is, the straighter he sits. He talks about "marketing-acceptance factors" and about how "public money floats better than joint-venture money." His conversation is predominantly about money—its flows, its freezes, its cataracts, its sources, its deltas. He speaks in a clear, authoritative voice, very slowly, as if he were writing a contract as he goes along.

When Fraser first saw Hilton Head Island, rimmed with beaches and the ocean, it was a wilderness of palmettos, live oaks, Sabal palms, egret rookeries, and tupelo swamps shimmering with rattlesnakes and cottonmouths. What he saw there horrified him. Fraser is a visionary. He did not see the rattlesnakes. He saw Coney Island rising from the swamps. He saw what he calls "visual pollution." He saw Myrtle Beach, Asbury Park, Seaside Heights, and Atlantic City. He saw the whole sorry coastline of the Atlantic states—two thousand miles of used flypaper. The flies had missed here and there—Blackbeard Island, Cape Fear, Hilton Head—leaving pristine and visible some segments of one of the longest and most beautiful chains of barrier beaches in the world. Fraser, who was twenty-one, felt that development of some kind was inevitable at Hilton Head, and that it need not look like Myrtle Beach, and need not be done in dissonance with nature. He went to Yale Law School, and the course that most absorbed him was Myres McDougal's Land Use Planning and Allocation by Private Agreement. The gist of what McDougal had to say was that the use of property ought to be planned, because when development is allowed to occur without control the result can be a form of destruction. Throughout his years in New Haven, Fraser was obsessed with a desire to create on Hilton Head Island a resort community over which he would retain absolute aesthetic control, and he was in a position to do so, since his family owned much of the island.

Fraser's father, Lieutenant General Joseph B. Fraser, was a lumber king in Hinesville, Georgia, whenever there was not a war. He and several partners had bought the island for its timber and its speculative potentialities. Charles Fraser worked in summer with the timbering teams and successfully urged that no cutting be done in oceanfront stands of virgin pine. He also drove up and down the coastline from Virginia Beach to Miami seeking out the original developers of beachfront properties wherever he could find them and asking, "If you had it to do over again, what would you do differently?" From *haut monde* to honky-tonk and back again, they told him what a short-sighted mistake it had been to line up a row of houses along a beach and then put a road just behind the houses, creating a safety hazard and reducing the value of all the lots on the inland side of the road. They told him that large houses have a way of becoming boarding houses. They told him that control is quickly lost if it is not ironclad. Fraser regularly read almost all the journals of architecture. He went to the National Archives, in Washington, and looked up surveyors' notebooks from the eighteen-sixties, because he wanted his development to be of a piece with history, and he tried to locate old cotton fields, wartime fortifications, and vanished Taras. In 1956, with no development experience and not much money, he returned permanently to Hilton Head, where he began to sketch in the air with his hands scenes that he alone could see. Locally, he was considered a major and absolute nut. To his mother he confided, "I may never



"It so happens, Gregory, that your Grandfather Sloan was detained by an agency of our government over an honest misunderstanding concerning certain anti-trust matters! He was not 'busted by the Feds'!"

* *

make any money, but I want to create something beautiful." She told him he was going to waste his time and his legal talent. She says now, "Of course, a person doesn't often have a chance to take wilderness and make something of it. Charles has a sense of beauty and balance. He saw the possibilities there. I think he would have been a painter if he hadn't chosen to do something else."

Sea Pines Plantation appears to be something painted by a single hand, in greens, grays, and browns. Its roads, meandering among the live oaks and Sabal palms, were bent wherever necessary to miss the big trees. All stop signs are green. Private roadside mailboxes are all green. Fireplugs are green. So far there are five hundred and fifty private houses, built by five hundred and fifty individual owners, yet most of the houses have cedar-shake roofs and bleached-cypress siding, the intention being that they should blend into their environment like spotted fawns. Some houses are set back in the woods along the fairways. (There are fifty-four fairways.) Other houses are on narrow drives that lead toward the beach from the principal roads, which are considerably inland. No one in the plantation lacks convenient access to the sea, because Fraser left dozens of fifty-foot public swaths between his arterial roads and the beach, and he has built walkways through the swaths. Neither the beach nor the line of primary dunes behind it has been built upon. Fraser spent fifty thousand dollars to save one live oak when he built a seawall for a harbor he dredged. Trees crowd the roads—dangerously in some places—but Fraser will not remove a tree until automobiles have crashed into it at least twice. He has one section of about a thousand acres that he calls the Main Wildlife Sanctuary and Woodland Recreation Area, and he has legally committed himself to leave twenty-five per cent of the plantation in its natural state. When prospective buyers used to ask about snakes, Fraser would say amelioratively, "Snakes? We'll show you a couple this afternoon." But the snakes eventually received the message, and now they do not show anymore. Alligators are packed up and sent to zoos when they become six feet long. Fraser has a private police force that spends most of its time protecting alligators and deer from poachers. The alligator hides are worth a hundred dollars apiece. Fraser's live oaks were once Methuselan with moss, but after he discovered that rain-soaked Spanish moss can get so heavy it cracks limbs, crews of barbers were sent into the trees to create an overhead garden of Vandykes.

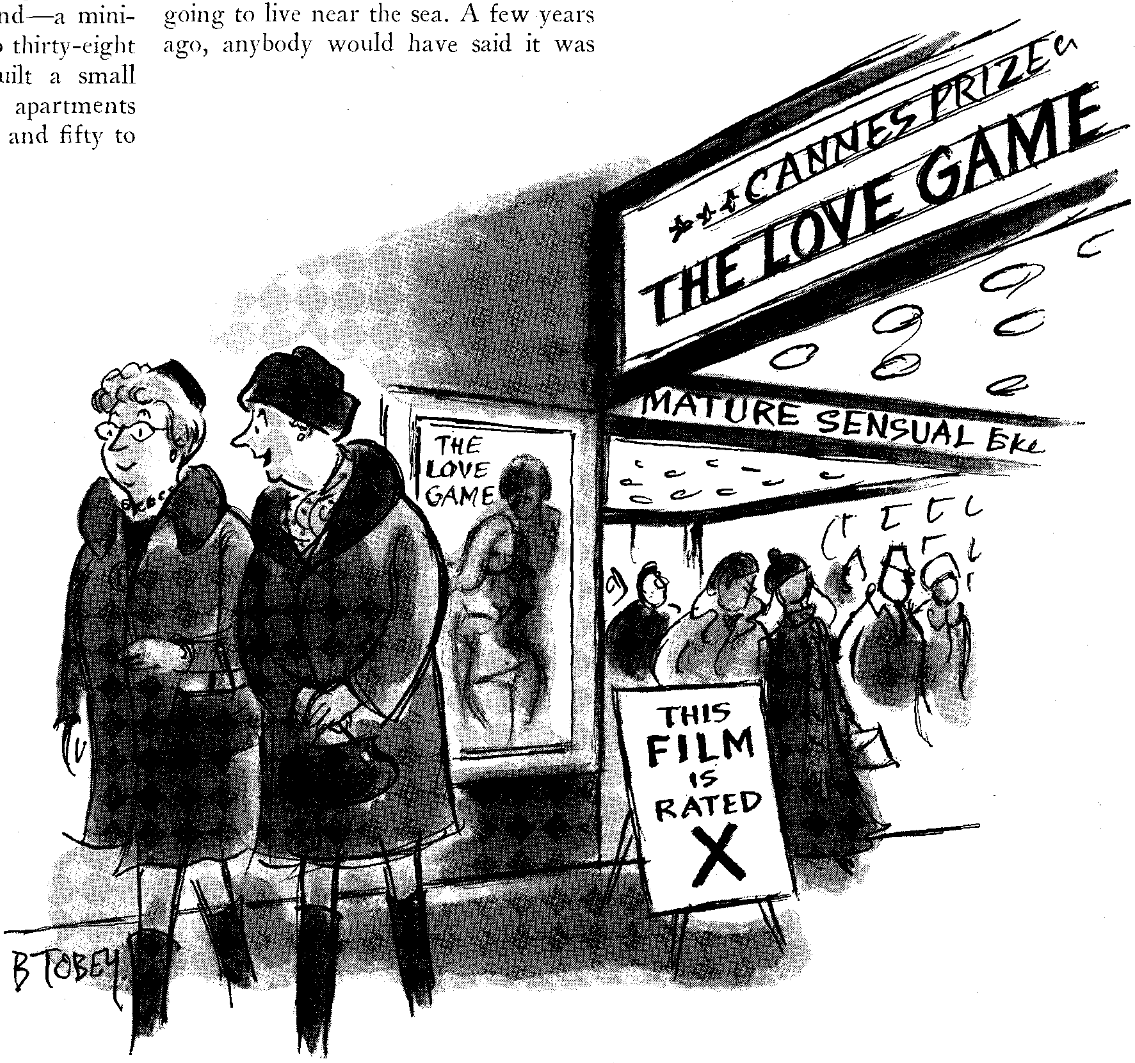
An aerial view of Sea Pines Plantation reveals the great number of houses there, and how close to one another they really are, whereas an observer on the ground—even in the most densely built areas—feels that he is in a partly cleared woodland with some houses blended into it, nothing more. Fraser accomplished this in a region where people have traditionally liked to proclaim their prominence by piling red bricks into enormous cubes and placing before them rows of white columns. He did it—although he occasionally met strong opposition from buyers, bankers, and even subordinates in his own organization—by writing some forty pages of restrictions to attach to every deed. It was a reverse bill of rights (ironclad), a set of ten times ten commandments—take it or leave. The first restriction in the long list gives a suggestion of the whole: it says that any plan or specification can be disallowed by Fraser for any reason whatever. In the early days, when Fraser was operating more on hope than on money (and in full knowledge that half the bankers in South Carolina thought he would soon go under), he was nonetheless so uncompromising that he was ready without hesitation to reject the house plans even of a textile king. If the king refused to conform, Fraser bought back his land. One giddy homeowner tried to paint his house yellow—a historic moment at Sea Pines Plantation—but Fraser backed him down, blending him into the landscape along with his house.

Fraser is cruising through Sea Pines in an air-conditioned green Dodge. A man who is opening a green mailbox marked "H. F. Scheetz, Jr." looks up and waves hello. Fraser lowers the window. "Hi, Henry!" he says as he glides by. Up goes the window. "I operate as nonelected mayor, so I have to act as if I were elected," he explains. "There is democracy of communication here but autocracy of decision-making. Our corporate contracts and deed covenants are the constitution and bylaws of the community. The only way you can have aesthetic control is through the power of ownership. We have more power than a zoning board has. I have centralized the decision-making process, but I'll listen to anybody." The marvel is not whom he listens to but who listens to him. The car passes some of the nation's most authoritative mailboxes—McCormack of Comsat, Hipp of Liberty Life, Taylor of New York State wine, Twining of the Air Force, Simmons of the mattress, Close of Springs Mills. Fraser calls the plantation "a high-quality destination resort," and it has proved to be the destination of a fairly extensive variety of people—not just the barons of war and commerce but also retirees with wan incomes, golfers of most incomes and all handicaps, tennis players of the wider levels, a few painters, a few writers, and rich widows from the North, who bring their late husbands to Fraser's graveyard and then build homes for themselves in the plantation. What these people have in common is Fraser. He is Yahweh. He is not merely the mayor and the zoning board, he is the living ark of the deed covenant. He is the artist who has painted them into the corners he has sold them. A few owners have put sums like two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand dollars into their houses, but most are in the forty- to fifty-thousand-dollar range, and Fraser has also built condominium villas that sold originally for as little as nineteen thousand—a minimum that has since risen to thirty-eight thousand. He has also built a small town, shops and all, with apartments that rent for two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars a month. He figures he can blend fifteen hundred more houses into the trees, and one more golf course.

The chairman of the Continental Mortgage Forum recently introduced Fraser as "one of the two finest developers in the United States," not mentioning his peer. Lyndon Johnson appointed him to the Citizens' Advisory Committee on Outdoor Recreation and Natural Beauty. Fraser is also Commissioner of Parks, Recreation, and Tourism for the South Carolina coast. Now forty-one, he has made twenty million dollars in the past ten years, but he, his friends, and his enemies all agree that personal profit is not paramount among his motives. Fraser's drive seems to have been directed toward accomplishment for its own sake, toward aesthetics for the sake of an aesthetic criterion. Sea Pines has evolved, perhaps, as a kind of monument.

Fraser considers himself a true conservationist, and he will say that he thinks of most so-called conservationists as "preservationists" but that he prefers to call them "druids." "Ancient druids used to sacrifice human beings under oak trees," he says. "Modern druids worship trees and sacrifice human beings to those trees. They want to save things they like, all for themselves." He is aware of the importance of the larger environment. He says he would like to establish a College of the Oceans—"you know, pot, ecology, the whole bag." He reads the newsletter of the Conservation Foundation. He knows the vital position of salt marshes in marine ecology. "Salt marshes are productive feeding grounds for seafood," he says. "In the immediate marsh boundaries of Hilton Head Island, in the marsh flood plain, we save seventy-five per cent of the marsh, as a balanced approach between the interests of recreation and the interests of the druids. Man has to use some of the salt marsh if he is going to live near the sea. A few years ago, anybody would have said it was O.K. to build anything in a salt marsh. Now the society has so much money that we can afford to wonder. The druids get emotional and say you are upsetting ecology if you as much as touch the salt marsh, and you *have* to be polite. But you can't take the position that production of seafood is the most important issue in America. The druids dismiss me as a quote developer unquote, and that makes me mad."

THERE must be a very remarkable druid at Hammond, Inc., in New York, for Hammond has published a large map that seems particularly notable for what can only be a deliberate omission. It happens that the longest undeveloped beach on the Atlantic coast of the United States forms the eastern shoreline of a very large island, no part of which appears on this map—Hammond's Superior Map of the United States, four feet wide, one inch to seventy miles—although the map shows clearly such islands as Ocracoke, Hatteras, Assateague, Long Beach, and Manhattan, all of which are smaller. The name of the missing island is Cumberland. Virtually uninhabited, it lies off the coast of Geor-



"*Live and learn, Clarabelle.*"

"I must say I've never seen the gods so angry."

• •

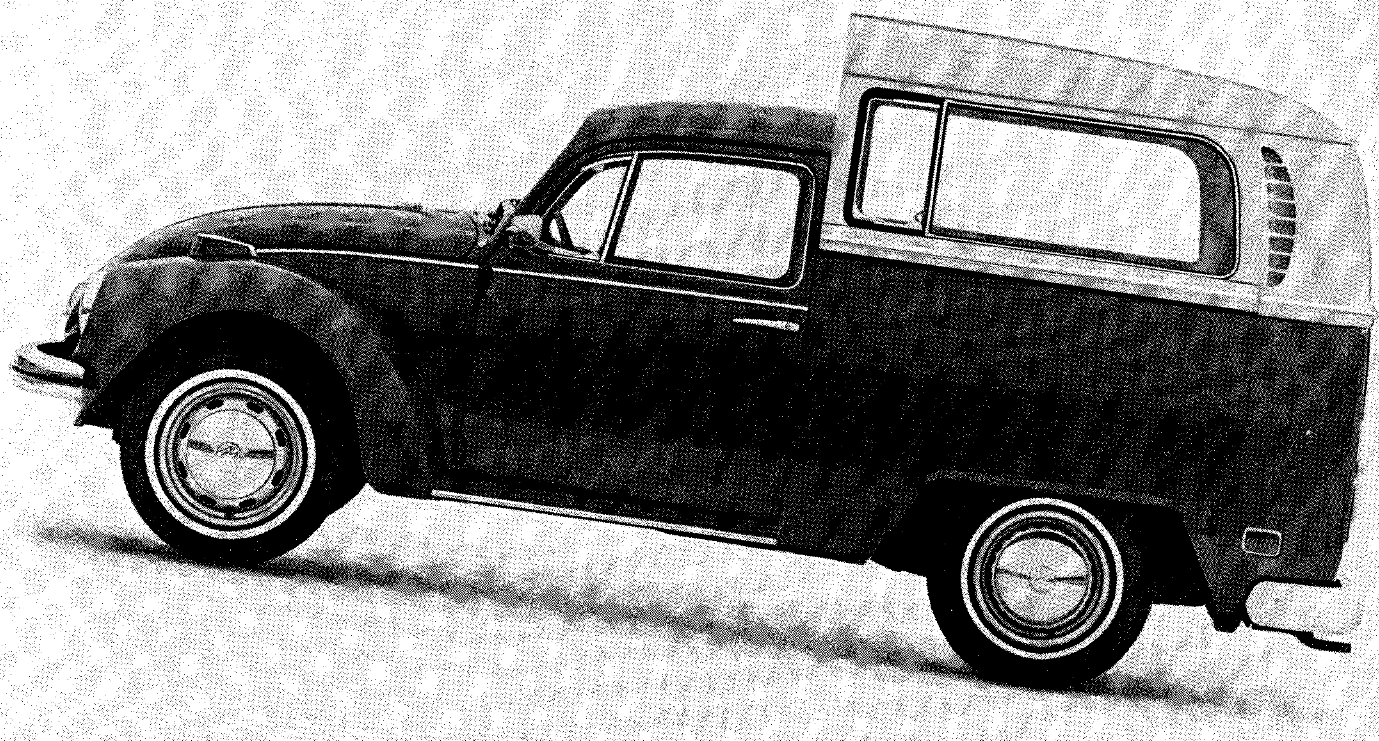
gia. It is the largest and the southernmost of the Georgia sea islands, and on the map the place where Cumberland Island should be is filled with nothing but blue Atlantic, although other sea islands—St. Simons, Sapelo, Ossabaw—stand forth in bold outline to the north. Clearly the work of a druid cartographer.

Cumberland Island, a third larger than Manhattan, has a population of eleven. Its beach is a couple of hundred yards wide and consists of a white sand that is fine and soft to the touch. The beach is just under twenty miles long, and thus, although there are no obstructions whatever, it is impossible to see from one end of it to the other, because the beach itself drops from sight with the curve of the earth. Wild horses, gray and brown, roam the beach, apparently for the sheer pleasure of the salt air. Poachers round them up from time to time and sell them to rodeos for fifteen dollars apiece. Wild pigs seem to like the Cumberland beach, too. The figure of a man is an unusual thing there. New, young dunes rise behind the beach, and behind the dunes are marshes, fresh or tidal. In some of the marshes and in ponds and lakes elsewhere on the island live alligators fourteen feet long. The people of the island will not say specifically where the alligators are. They are fond of their tremendous reptiles. Poachers, commando-fashion, come for them by night, kill them, and take just the hides. Behind the marshes stand the old dunes, high, smooth as talc, sloped precipitously like lines of cresting waves, and covered with pioneer grasses. At the back of the dunes begins a live-oak forest. The canopies of the oaks nearest the beach have been so pruned by the wind that they appear to have been shaped by design in a medieval garden. Among the oaks are slash pines and red cedars—trees also tolerant of salt. Sand-lane roads wind through the forest. Poachers use them in pursuit of white-tailed deer. Hotels in Jacksonville pay thirty-five dollars a deer. Through the woods run thousands of wild pigs. Now and again, a piglet is stopped by a diamondback.

A generally high bluff rims the western shore of the island, and along it are irregular humps—Indian burial mounds that have never been opened. Watched from the bluff, sunsets gradually spread out over a salt marsh five miles wide. This distance from the mainland in part explains why Cumberland Island remains as it is at this apparently late date in the history of the world. There is no bridge. The salt marsh is the most extensive one south of the Chesapeake. It is dominated by cord grass that rises higher than a man's head. The higher the tide, the higher the grass in a tidal marsh, and the Georgia coast has seven-foot tides. An acre of that marsh is ten times as fertile as the most fertile acre in Iowa. Roots of the cord grass reach down into the ooze and mine nutrients. When the grass dies and crumbles, it becomes high-protein detritus. Shrimp spend a part of their life cycle in there eating the crumbled grass. In the marsh, too, is a soup of microscopic plants, of phosphorus, nitrogen, calcium. Oysters grow there. Fish feed in the marshes and on marsh foods washed by the tides. If a quarter acre of marsh could be lifted up and shaken in the air, anchovies would fall out, and crabs, menhaden, croakers, butterfish, flounders, tonguefish, squid. Bigger things eat the things that eat the marsh, and thus the marsh is the broad base of a marine-food pyramid that ultimately breaks the surface to feed the appetite of man.

Tidal creeks penetrate Cumberland

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



The idea behind the Volkswagen Squareback Sedan.

Twenty-three years ago, we had an idea for a small economy car.

And it came out looking like a bug.

Twenty years ago, we had an idea for a giant station wagon.

And it came out looking like a box.

Then we had an idea for a sedan that combined all the economy of our bug with a lot of the capacity of our box.

So you'd expect it to come out looking half bug, half box. Right?

Wrong.

Our Squareback Sedan looks like a small station wagon.

But by squaring off its back and adding a trunk in front, our little sedan can give you over twice as much carrying space as the biggest domestic sedan.

Years ago, we learned the important thing isn't the way a car looks on the outside, but how it works on the inside.

And so it's just as true today as it was then: You can't judge a Volkswagen by its cover.

Island, and along their edges, when the tide is low, hundreds of thousands of oysters are exposed to view. Shrimp, fast-wiggling and translucent, feed between the beds of oysters. No wonder the Indians wanted to be buried on Cumberland Island. The only wonder is that the island now is much as it was when the Indian mounds were built. It has not always been so. There are stands of virgin pine and virgin live oak on Cumberland, but the island as a whole is a reclaimed wilderness. Orange and olive groves stood there once, and plantations of rice, indigo, and cotton. At the outbreak of the Civil War, the sea islands were abandoned. Later, rich Yankees began competing with one another in the acquisition of Georgia islands, and nearly all of Cumberland was bought by a Carnegie—Andrew's brother Thomas. His family, as it increased, built several enormous houses, and two or three of these are still in fair condition, but the others make Cumberland the world's foremost island in salt-sprayed baronial ruins. The Carnegie heirs are in the third, fourth, and fifth generations, and their number is so large that they went to court not long ago and had the island divided. Conservationists, noting this, and realizing that not all Carnegies could afford to hold land anymore, began to move toward finding a way to keep the island from being developed. They spoke of Cumberland as—in the words of one of Brower's colleagues in the Sierra Club—"a spot in our eyes, a dream that may not come true." Then, in October, 1968, three Carnegies—Tom, Andrew, and Henry—sold three thousand acres of Cumberland Island for one and a half million dollars to Charles E. Fraser.

There was an expression that had been in the air there since the days of the rice and indigo plantations, and now it rose again to currency: "The Devil has his tail wrapped around Cumberland Island."

WITH "the purchase of lands on Cumberland Island," as Fraser termed the event, the issue was joined for one of the great land-use battles of recent times. Remaining Carnegie heirs closed ranks against him. All over the coast and, in fact, all over the South—particularly in Atlanta, Augusta, Columbia, and Athens (the University of Georgia)—people began talking intensely about Fraser.

"He walked into the Cloister at Sea Island and he said, 'I'm the golden boy of the Golden Isles, and I've just bought three thousand acres of Cumberland Island.' "

"I want to shoot the son of a bitch."

"He is a visionary young man who has learned that conservation can pay."

"No. Charlie is a conservationist in the real sense. He wants to harmonize a modern environment with all the endowments of nature."

"Conservation to Charlie means, in great part, that Charlie should not be bitten by a mosquito."

"He thinks he's a home boy with a lot of clout in Georgia, but he'll find out what he can do with his pink-sock golfers."

"Charles himself is interested in power. That's what motivates him. Everybody thinks he will go into politics."

"He would dearly love to be governor of South Carolina, and he would be fabulous."

"He doesn't have the stomach for it. In politics, there's a lot you can't control. Where he is, he controls everything."

"I'm an ecosystems man. It's not the island alone that interests me. It's the island, the marsh, and the sea. If the marshes are saved, there would not be much ecological loss with development. If you're going to have a developer, I'm all for Fraser. Unplanned development would spoil it."

"I don't think his declared intentions are always his true intentions."

"He's a demon. He has no principles."

"He is a little man walking empty with a cartoon balloon before his mouth, talking and talking as if to create a Charles Fraser who isn't there."

"Fraser says he wants to make these islands available to the people. Horse manure. He means taking it from the old rich and giving it to the new rich. Let's just be straight. A fifty-thousand-dollar investment ain't too many of the people."

"He does things no other developer would. Those concrete bulkheads at Hilton Head cost him three-quarters of a million dollars. He could have had steel for two hundred thousand."

"Steel bulkheads are an eyesore."

"Mr. Fraser does preserve environment. The university hopes that most of Cumberland can become a National Seashore, so people can enjoy it. It can't be all wilderness. We think it should be a mix—people in nature."

"The guy is tearing off an island just as if it were a postage stamp. He's behaving like a hunter knocking off buffaloes. We'll challenge anyone who wants to be the Buffalo Bill of the Georgia coast."

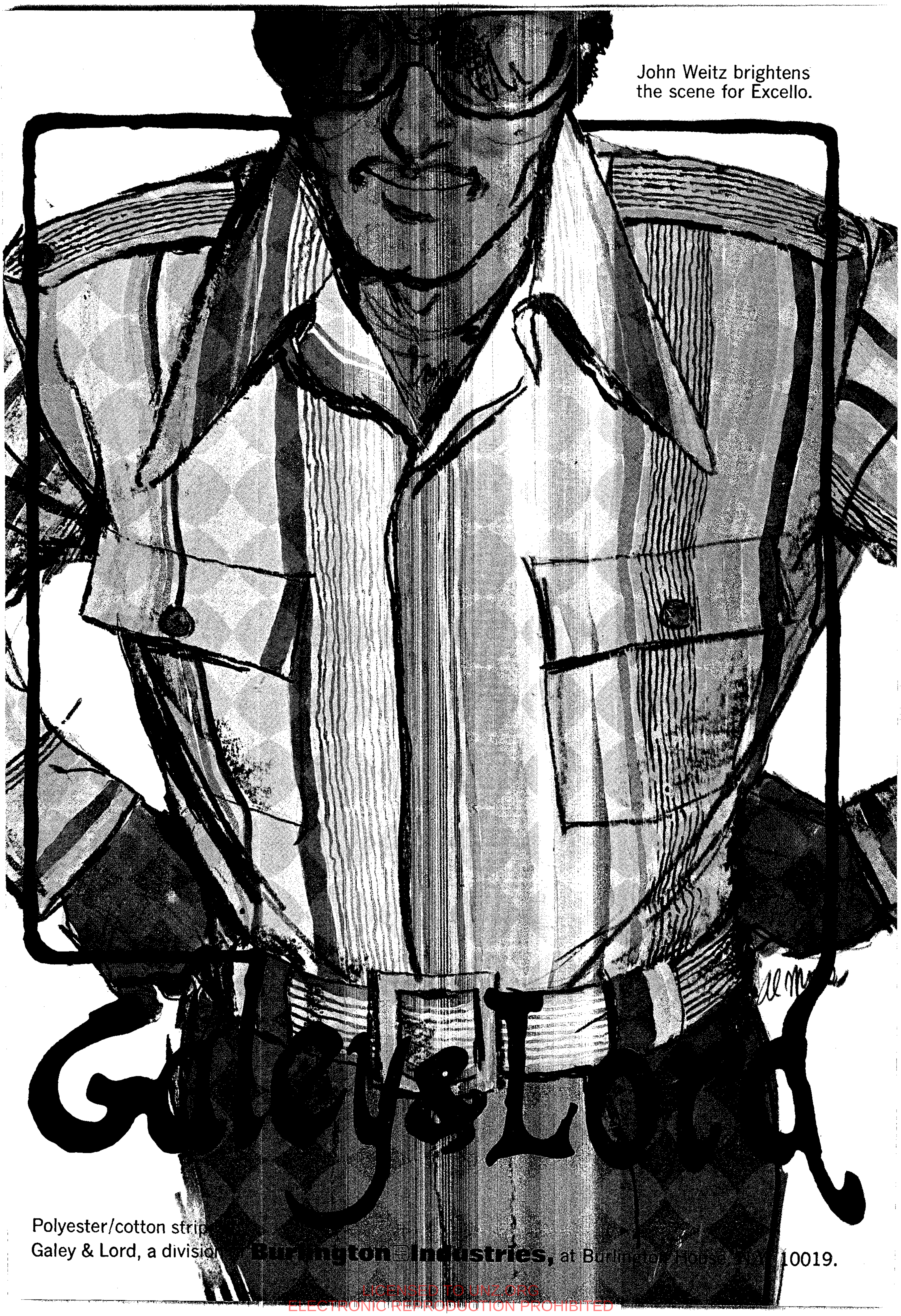
"He has half-baked, two-bit ideas. He's thinking very small. I challenge Charlie Baby to come up with something exciting. We are going to come into an age when people want more than a bag of sticks and some white balls."

"We can't afford to think in Colonial land-grab terminology anymore. We could set a precedent on Cumberland Island for recreational land use in America. Let's do something imaginative. Fraser's plans are not big enough. The golf-course bit should go to the mainland. There could be three planned communities on the mainland, with Cumberland their open space."

"You come in to the coast slowly. It grows on you. River mouths, marshes, tidal creeks, islands, the continental shelf, and the continental slope are really an integral unit, a single system. We have had integration of the races in the sixties, and we are going to have integration of man and the land in the seventies, or we'll all be gone in the eighties."

ON a cold but sunlit November day, a small airplane, giving up altitude, flew down the west shore of Cumberland, banked left, crossed the island, and moved out to sea. Sitting side by side behind the pilot were Brower and Fraser. The plane turned, still descending, and went in low over the water and low over the wind-pruned live oaks and down into a clearing, where the ground was so rough that the landing gear thumped like drumfire. A man in khaki trousers and a wild-boarskin shirt waited at the edge of the woods. The aircraft wheeled around at the far end of the clearing and taxied back toward him through waist-high fennel.

Fraser and Brower had met only the evening before, at Hilton Head, and Fraser, in his direct way, had begun their relationship by giving Brower a dry Martini and then telling him what a conservationist is. Fraser said, "I call anyone a druid who prefers trees to people. A conservationist too often is just a preservationist, and a preservationist is a druid. I think of land use in terms of people. At Hilton Head, we have proved that you can take any natural area and make it available to people while at the same time preserving its beauty." Brower listened and, for the moment, said nothing. He had not expected so young a man. Fraser's dynamism impressed him, and so



John Weitz brightens
the scene for Excello.

Polyester/cotton strip[illegible]
Galey & Lord, a divisio[illegible] **Burlington Industries,** at Burling[illegible] Hous[illegible] 10019.

Two things tell you much about a man... One is his scotch.

Forgive the Scots if they talk a bit too reverently of their scotch. But it is their life and love. And they do have a point.

Let's face it, you should be proud of the label... on the bottle... of the scotch... on your bar.

And Pipers never forgets that. Pipers is finer; Pipers tastes better. Pipers is the scotch you can ask for proudly, enjoy proudly, serve proudly. Thank you, Scots.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS (SCOTLAND) LTD.
ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

100 Pipers

It's made proudly.
Drink it that way.

100 PIPERS · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

did Sea Pines Plantation. Fraser, for his part, was surprised by what he took to be, in Brower, an absence of thorns. Expecting an angry Zeus, he found instead someone who appeared to be "unargumentative, quiet, and shy."

Now, on Cumberland Island, the pilot cut the props, and into the resulting serenity stepped Fraser and Brower. Fraser wore a duck hunter's jacket and twill trousers that were faced with heavy canvas. Brower had on an old blue sweater, gray trousers, and white basketball shoes. The name of the man in the boarskin shirt was Sam Candler. Hands were shaken all around. Brower said it was "nice to be aboard the island." The weather was discussed. Amiability was the keynote.

Candler, who was thirty-eight, had spent much of his life on the island. He grew up on its oysters and shrimp. His children were doing the same. Candler knew where the alligators were, and he had a boxful of diamondback rattles, from snakes he had killed with a hackberry stick. Notches on the stick corresponded to rattles in the box, and Candler would have dearly loved to be able to make an additional notch that corresponded to Charles E. Fraser. There was native gentility in Candler, however, and he did not permit his darker sentiments to surface in the presence of his new neighbor. Candler spoke even more softly than Brower did, and the accents of Atlanta were in his voice. He was a slim man of medium height, with dark hair. He owned, with others in his family, the part of Cumberland Island that Thomas Carnegie did not buy. The Candler property, about twenty-two hundred acres at the north end, was the site of a rambling wooden inn (now Candler's house) in which business flourished around the turn of the century but atrophied after causeways were built to other islands. Candler's great-grandfather was the pharmacist who developed and wholly owned the Coca-Cola Company; his son, Candler's grandfather, bought the Cumberland property in 1928.

The pilot said goodbye. The airplane waddled into position and took off.

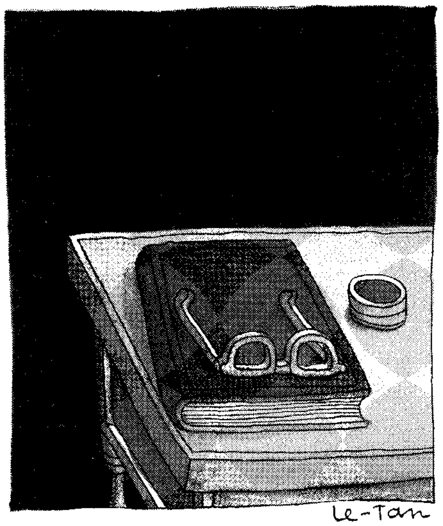
"An airport is essential here," Fraser said.

"But it's not a nice neighbor," Brower told him.

"Yes, but ours would be just large enough for small private jets, no more," Fraser said. "Let's go see Cumberland Oaks."

Cumberland Oaks was Fraser's working title for the development he intended to build on Cumberland Island. To get to the site, we drove about ten miles on narrow sand-lane roads, Fraser at the wheel of a Land Rover that belonged to his company. Sunlight came down in slivers through the moss in the canopies of huge virgin oaks. We stopped near one, and Brower paced the ground under it. The limbs reached out so far that, bent by their own weight, they plowed into the ground, from which they emerged farther out, leafily. Yucca grew in a crotch twenty feet high. Brower computed that the canopy covered fifteen thousand square feet of ground.

We drove on, through long stretches that were straight to the end of perspective. "This is a vast island," Fraser said. "It can absorb dozens of different kinds of uses. You won't even be able to *find* the uses, it's so vast—if it is handled with discretion." Brower was silent. "By going into islands, I tarnish my shining image, because I irritate so many druids," Fraser said. Brower smiled. The Land Rover raced along at forty miles per hour and occasionally bounced over a corduroy bridge. Eventually, Fraser said, with both humor and sarcasm in his voice, "Now we're on my property. Don't it look lovely?" Brower said sincerely that lovely was how it looked, with its palmettos, its live oaks, its slash and longleaf pines. To Fraser, it was obviously raw and incomplete, but even now he could clearly see before his eyes finished villas and finished roads. So complete was this vision, in fact, that Fraser turned off the existing road and began to zip through the trees, rounding imaginary corners and hugging subdivisional curves. Spiky palmettos rattled against the Land Rover's sides like venetian blinds. Pine branches smacked against the windshield, making explosive noises and causing us all, instinctively, to blink and cover our heads with our arms. A buck and two does leaped away from the oncoming vehicle, and Candler, raising his voice above the din, commented pointedly that on an island heavy with deer they were the first we had seen. "Variety of wildlife increases sharply with variety of food," Fraser said, accelerating. "A place like Sea Pines Plantation has more wildlife than an untouched forest—more browsing, more habitat variation."



The western edge of Fraser's property was a high bluff over the Cumberland River, a tidal lagoon separating the island from the broad marsh, and as we stood there looking down at the water and across to the distant mainland Fraser said, "We'll have slides here, so kids can slide down the bluff."

"You could have swings here on these cedars," Brower offered.

Fraser said that some of the cedars on his property had been planted by Scottish soldiers who had built and manned a stockade there in the early eighteenth century. Development was thus nothing new around Cumberland Oaks. Looking west across the water and the marsh, he confided that he was envisioning a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar system of towers, cables, and aerial gondolas to carry people to Cumberland Oaks from the mainland. "Brunswick Pulp & Paper owns those forests over there," Fraser said. "I would describe Brunswick Pulp & Paper as 'friendly.' "

Wild grapevines as thick as hawsers hung from the high limbs of Fraser's pines, and as we moved east through the woods Brower found them irresistible. Fraser stopped the Land Rover so Brower could get out and swing on one—fifty feet in an arc through the air. He crashed into a palmetto.

Between the deep woods and the beach, among the secondary dunes of Cumberland Oaks, was a freshwater lake—Whitney Lake—so clear and lustrous that it gave Fraser's property a slight edge over all other parts of the island. Set in all the whiteness of the big hills of powder sand, the lake was so blue that day it paled the blue sky. Near the north end of the lake, three skeletal trees protruded from the slopes of sand—branches intact, but spare and dead. A buzzard sat in each tree. The trees were dead because the dunes were marching. Slowly, these enormous hills, shaped and reshaped by the wind, were moving south. They had already filled up half of Fraser's lake, and, left alone, they would eventually fill it all. Five buzzards stood at the edge of the water. Fraser stood there, too, with the unconcealed look on his face of a man watching a major asset disappear. "We've got to stabilize these dunes," he said.

Brower, for his part, was moved by the lyricism of the scene. If destruction is natural, Brower is for it. "I think it's just fine to see it happen," he said.

Fraser said, "I've got to restore dune-grass vegetation here. I've got to put the lake back to its original size. I'm an advocate of lakes."

"There's a place for development and there's a place for nature," said Candler.

"What would you move the dunes with?" I asked Fraser.

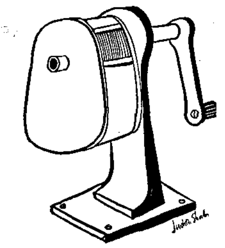
"Spoons, hoes, shovels—earthmoving equipment. You change natural gradings very cheaply with a bulldozer," he said.

Fraser went on to tell us that the lake had been named for Eli Whitney. Planters on the island had given Whitney financial support toward the development of the cotton gin. "This lake shouldn't be allowed to disappear," Fraser said. "There should be canoes on it for children. Children should be fishing here for brim. There is nothing here now but buzzards and dead trees."

Thinking of his three thousand acres as a whole, I asked him privately what he would like to build there by Whitney Lake.

"Houses!" he whispered.

The northernmost tip of the ocean beach was a long spit owned by Candler. We drove up there, inadvertently filling the sky with sandpipers and gulls. Then we turned and, in the late-afternoon light, went south all the way. The big beach ran on and on before us, white and dazzling in the clear sunlight. No other human beings were there. Of the several houses on Cumberland Island, the one nearest to the beach was a half mile back in the woods. We had been driving for a while when Candler remarked that we were nearing the end of his property. He has two and a half miles of beach. He said, "The only thing wrong with this beach—the traffic's so bad." Shells crunched under the wheels and salt foam flew out behind us. Plastic jugs, light bulbs, bottles, and buoys had drifted up along the scum line, but nowhere near enough of them to defeat the wild beach. I remembered the shoreline of the Hudson River at Barrytown, New York. A photographer from *Sports Illustrated* had caught up with Brower near there, and they had gone to some difficulty to get down to the river's edge, so that Brower could be photographed with the wind tousling his white hair against a background of natural beauty. For the occasion, Brower had changed from a topcoat into a ski parka, and the picture was successful—this ecological Isaiah by the wide water. It was just a head-and-shoulders shot, so it did not include the immediate environment of Brower's feet. The shore of the Hudson River, a hundred miles upstream from Manhattan, was literally obscured by aerosol cans, plastic bottles, boat cushions, sheets of polyethylene, bricks, industrial scum, globs of asphalt, and a tattered yacht flag. Now, on the Cumberland beach, Fraser, for the moment, was sounding much like a hard-line real-estate man. He was saying that we had beside us "the finest, gentlest breakers on the Atlantic coast." Brower said that where he came from such ripples were not called breakers. We got out of the Land Rover and walked for a while. Brower paused and studied the reflection of the falling sun on the surfaces of the breakers. This was what mattered to him—the play of light. He saw a horseshoe crab and had no idea what it was. He picked up a whelk shell and a clamshell and asked the names of the creatures that had lived in them. He wondered what made the holes of fiddler crabs. Shrimp boats were working offshore. Brower said he liked the look of them, bristling with spars. Brower seems to think in scenes. He seems to paint them in his mind's eye, and in these scenes not everything made by man is unacceptable. Shrimp boats on a bobbing sea are O.K. On the waterfront in San Francisco, he and I once drove at dusk past a big schooner that is perennially moored there, and its high rigging was beautiful in the fading light. "There should be more masts against the sky," Brower said. And now, back in the Land Rover, he looked up at high cumulus that was assembling over the ocean and he spoke of "sky mountains," while Fraser looked the other way and said that the primary dunes were in a process of severe disintegration, and the Land Rover moved on at forty miles per hour, crunching Paisley-spotted shells of the tiger crab.



"Have you ever been on a shrimp boat to see how they work?" Brower said.

"I have—when I was twelve," said Fraser. "I want a shrimp boat out of Cumberland Oaks, taking four or five kids a day."

The distance was so great across the beach and the dunes to the woods that I asked Fraser how far back he thought the nearest of his houses ought to be.

"The mainland," said Candler.

"That's a real dilemma here," Fraser said. "If the houses are set back in the trees, it's bad for recreation. What we need is an extensive tree-planting program to build up destroyed areas by the shore."

"Destroyed?"

"Destroyed. These dunes are not ordinary."

"They have always looked all right to me," Candler said.

"Pine trees grow exceedingly fast down by the ocean," Fraser went on.

Brower was silent.

"Within thirty years, there need to be fifty thousand more points for a week's visit on the Georgia coast," Fraser said. "You don't decrease the number of Americans taking a vacation by sealing off a particular land area. Surveys show that seventy-five per cent of Americans prefer beaches to all other places of recreation. I believe in human enjoyment of beaches, but, of course, the druids think it would be a shame and a crime to have people on this beach—a shame and a crime."

Acres of ducks darkened the swells of the ocean. A wild brown mare and her gray colt stood ankle-deep in a tidal pool. "Sam, why didn't you buy the property I bought?" Fraser said.

"I didn't have enough money," Candler said.

A line of pelicans—nineteen of them—flew south just seaward of the breakers. Pelicans fly single file, and Candler said he could remember them going by in lines a hundred pelicans long. That was in an era that seems to be gone. DDT has got into the bodies of pelicans and eventually into the shells of their eggs, and its effect on the shells is that they come out so thin they crack before chicks are ready to be born. Brower remarked that the pelican is one of the earth's oldest species. He quoted Robinson Jeffers, saying that pelicans "remember the cone that the oldest redwood dropped from." We were nearing the end of the beach, and we could see Florida across the mouth of the St. Mary's River. The pelicans kept going, like flying boxcars, across the river. "They're doomed," Brower said. "Maybe we're lined up behind those pelicans."

FRASER is descended from the Frasers of Inverness and the Bacons of Dorchester, who began their existence in the New World as Puritans of seventeenth-century New England and gradually moved in a southerly direc-

Our president is out behind counters seeing that Avis becomes No.1. If we don't make it, he may stay there.

Our president usually works here.

All Avis executives, including our president, are spending several shifts behind our counters renting cars. Seeing where and how we can improve.

They've done this for four years, but it never mattered so much as it does now.

Because if we don't make you happy with our service, you won't move us up from No. 2 to No. 1.

So the next time you're at an Avis counter, if the guy who helps you doesn't look like a smiling Avis girl, it may be a trying Avis president.

Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.

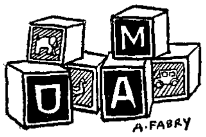
© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Avis rents sparkling new Plymouths and other fine cars.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

S.F.A.'s Pinafore of polyester-and-cotton is really one piece checkermated to look like two. An entertaining stay-at-home in black-and-white with red rick-rack. for 8 to 14 sizes, $17. Young Elite® Robe Collections. Please add 75c handling charge for mail and phone orders.

tion, establishing Dorchester, Massachusetts; Dorchester, South Carolina; and, eventually, Dorchester, Georgia. The Bacons and the Frasers were on the original roll of the Midway Church Settlement, a seat of Presbyterian enlightenment important in the history of Georgia and the South. The Frasers regularly sent their sons to Edinburgh to be educated. The 1810 census showed the Frasers to be among the ten foremost slaveholders in the state. One distinguished Fraser voted against secession, and another used a slingshot against troops of General Sherman. For two hundred years, the family has had what Fraser calls "substantial amounts of land," and the family's "social antennae" (as he would phrase it) have developed a length and sensitivity commensurate with the family's history and standing. Consequently, nothing makes Fraser sit straighter and tuck his chin in deeper than the assertion—often repeated in gossip—that his acquisition of property on Cumberland Island was something straight out of Chekhov: the capitulation of a fine old family under inexorable pressure from a *nouveau-riche* developer.



Having returned to the middle of the island, Fraser stopped at a small graveyard, not by chance. Its walls were made of tabby—lime, sand, and oyster shells—and it was only twenty feet square. Dusk had come and was now heavy, and Brower grew rhapsodic about the penumbral grays, the deep shafts of varied gloom under the high trees. Fraser, meanwhile, was intently pointing to a stone, and there was still enough light to reveal what was written there: "Thomas Morrison Carnegie, born Dunfermline, 1843, died Pittsburgh, 1886." What Fraser wanted us to note was that the Carnegies are comparatively recent immigrants. He referred to them as "upstarts," and said, "I have no patience with them. They have no sense of history. They think the history of the island is the history of their occupancy. They think history began when they arrived. Look there." He was pointing to another stone. The inscription said, "In memory of Catherine Miller, widow of Major General Nathaniel Greene, Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolutionary Army in the Southern Department, 1783, who died November 2, 1814, aged 59 years. She possessed great talents and exalted virtues." "More talents and more virtues than all the Carnegies put together," Fraser said. "Her friend General Lighthorse Harry Lee died here on Cumberland Island. Did you know that, Sam?"

"Yes, I did, Charles."

"The family of my friend Brailsford Nightingale, in Savannah, owned parts of this island when the Carnegies were still herding sheep. The Nightingales have been elegant for more generations than you can count. They are descendants of General Greene. They had subdivided this island and were going to make it a rich man's retreat before the Carnegies had ever heard of it, but the Nightingales were thwarted by history. Reconstruction was a brutal wipeout. And now the Carnegie druids do not wish to share the island with other people. They think only Carnegie eyes are sensitive enough to appreciate the beauties of that beach out there. On any list of America's hundred most selfish families these poor new-rich Carnegies must be placed very high."

On the way in from the beach we had passed another kind of graveyard—a place where at least twenty automobiles and pickup trucks were disintegrating in flakes of rust. It was this scene that had set off Fraser's ridicule and fulminating scorn. Here, he said, was a family posing as conservationists, attempting at this very moment to enlist the support of the federal government in protecting their island with them on it, and this junk heap was their idea of preserving natural beauty. He said he would like to bring a bulldozer to the island and cover the junk up. And he said, "How about your place, Sam? You must have some things up there that need covering up. Could I give you a neighborly hand?"

"I have nothing to hide," Candler said.

"You haven't got anything one day with a bulldozer won't cure."

Fraser's relationship with the Carnegies had not always been as clearly defined as it now appeared to be. The Carnegie heirs were a diffuse group. Most of them spent little or no time on the island. Two or three of them lived there. During early negotiations, the Carnegies' attitudes toward Fraser varied considerably. Then a social event framed the nature of things to come. A few days after Fraser was given the deed to his new lands, one of the Carnegie heirs, a pretty girl in her twenties, was married on Cumberland Island. The groom, a junior executive in Fraser's Sea Pines Plantation Company, had been assigned to the Cumberland Island project and had met his bride there. That should be plot enough for a Deep South Lorca, but there was

Announcing too much for your money. Again.

Last year, 80,000 Americans bought Eurailpass—and got three weeks or more of unlimited First Class Travel on over 100,000 miles of railroads in 13 European countries*... from $110. Too much!

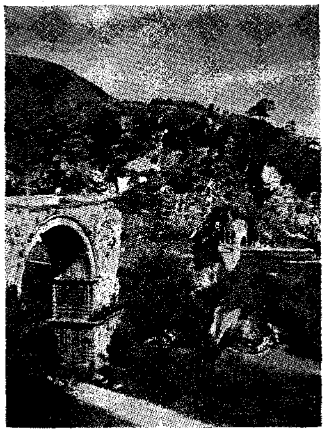
Enjoy fine meals aboard.

All those Americans discovered Europe's best travel bargain. And if the three-week $110 Eurailpass isn't a big enough bargain for you, there's a one month version for $140, a two month one for $200, and three months for $230, which is altogether too much for your money.

In addition to unlimited First Class train travel, your Eurailpass also entitles you to free or reduced fares on many river and lake cruises, and sea ferries, also on certain motor coach routes.

The trains of Europe are superb. They provide you with what is often the quickest and most convenient method of travel. Express trains commonly exceed 100 miles an hour, and the schedules give you frequent and punctual trains from city center to city center. The trains are also clean, comfortable, and modern. And First Class is downright luxurious. Express trains carry dining cars, bar cars and sleeping cars on overnight journeys. And the crack Trans Europe Express trains are air conditioned and some even have vistadome cars with reclining seats.

Not visible from 27,000 feet.



Wine and dine at 100 mph.

Students! Here's 1971's greatest travel bargain! Our new Student-Railpass gives two months of unlimited Second Class travel for a modest $125. And there's very little second class about Second Class in Europe.

You can't get Eurailpass or Student-Railpass in Europe. So see your Travel Agent. Ask about Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. And clip coupon for Eurailpass folder with map.

City center to city center.

Lake, river, sea trips too!

EURAILPASS **The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.**

*Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 90, Lindenhurst, New York 11757.

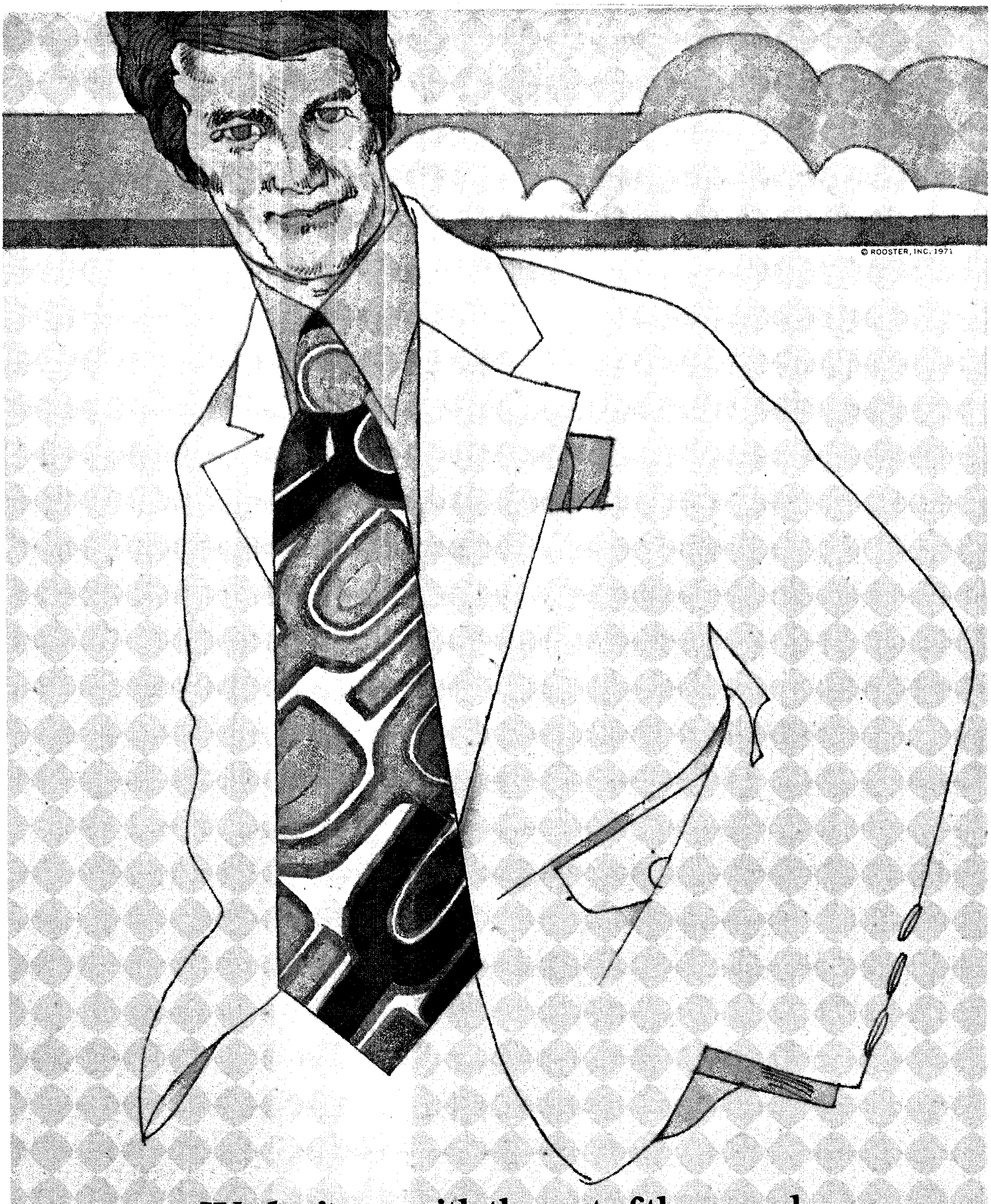
Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐ Or your free Student-Railpass folder with order form. ☐

Name________________ Street________________

City________________

State________ Zip________

1538



© ROOSTER, INC. 1971

We don't run with the rest of the crowd.

RUFFLER

Free-spirited neckwear for the new way you live.
Strikingly handsome. Often adventurous. Always original.
At very good stores. $5. to $7.50.
by rooster

more: The bride was the author of a Sierra Club book. Fraser arrived for the wedding, as various Carnegies recall the scene, wearing an ascot and carrying an enormous leather map case. They say that he unstrapped his case in the middle of the reception and displayed plats and plans for his new utopia on Cumberland Island. They say he called them idiots not to understand the concept of conservation easements. Moreover, they say, he burped in front of ladies. According to the bride, Fraser "galvanized the Carnegies into unanimity." They united in order to block Fraser in any way possible, most notably by promoting a Cumberland Island National Seashore, with "inholding" or "lifetime-estate" provisions for established residents. The groom, for his part, defected. He quit the Sea Pines Plantation Company, the better to live happily ever after.

And now, by the little graveyard, in the near-darkness, Fraser said to Candler, "Sam, what do you think of that line about the hundred most selfish families? Do you think I can get some mileage out of that? Shall I hone it?"

Candler said, "You don't want to develop that line, Charles. You might spoil it."

"All right, I'll leave it as it is, but did you know that one of the older Carnegie ladies told Stewart Udall that only blooded heirs of Thomas and Lucy Carnegie should ever be allowed to set foot on this island?"

"How do you know that?"

"I was told by someone present. She wagged her finger under Udall's nose and said, 'Only blooded heirs of Thomas and Lucy Carnegie should ever set foot on Cumberland Island.' You know, during all the present talk about National Parks and National Seashores the Carnegies have been keeping something under the table. A few years ago, most of them were in favor of strip-mining the beach. The sand is full of ilmenite, zirconium, and rutile. I have no patience with the Carnegies. All they want to do is maximize their dollar, either through the mining industry or through the federal government or by piggybacking on me. Now look at one more headstone."

The inscription said, "Thomas Hutchison, Golf Professional, eldest son of William and Helen H. of St. Andrews, Scotland. Born October 6, 1877. Died December 8, 1900."

"He was surely the first golf pro to be buried in America," Fraser said. "When this property was bought by the Carnegies, there were no golf courses in the United States. A golf club had once been in operation in Charleston and another in Savannah, but they had long since ceased. The oldest continuing golf organization in the United States is St. Andrews of Yonkers. It was built in 1888, and from then to 1900 golf swept the country. Hundreds of courses were built, including one here on Cumberland Island—where we landed in the airplane. The Carnegies brought this young man from St. Andrews, Scotland, and he died here when he was twenty-three."

Fraser had already made something out of his research into the history of golf in the South. He had arranged with the Professional Golfers Association a new hundred-thousand-dollar tournament, to be held at Sea Pines, and to be called the Heritage Classic, because the first golf club in America had been built in South Carolina. The first Heritage Classic was won by Arnold Palmer, and because Palmer had not won a tournament in three years this was major news in the sporting world, and the names of Sea Pines and Hilton Head were publicized throughout the United States. As we stood there in the graveyard on Cumberland Island, I looked at the tombstone and then at Fraser, feeling a kind of awe for his luck. Someday, if he had his way, there would surely be a hundred-thousand-dollar First Pro Classic on the Thomas Hutchison Memorial Golf Course, Cumberland Oaks.

Reflectively, Fraser placed a hand on the tombstone and said, "Druids hate golf. I keep telling them golf was here seventy-five years ago. Dave, you wouldn't mind if I built a little golf course here on Cumberland Island, would you?"

"I suppose not, if you don't take too many trees," Brower said.

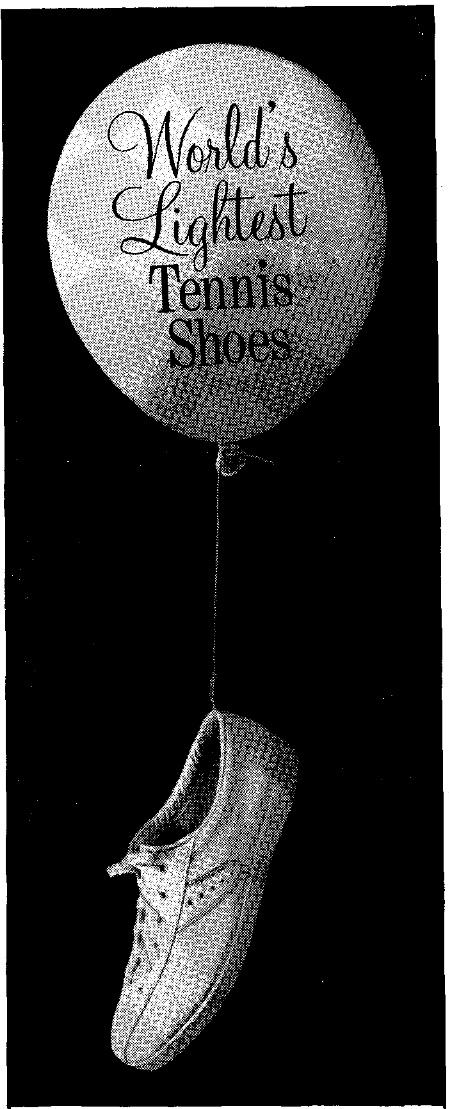
"You know I don't take too many trees, Dave," Fraser said. He turned to Candler. "Sam, Dave is going to let us have a golf club here."

"He is?"

"Yes."

"That's damned white of him."

THAT night, in a place called Greyfield, before a big fireplace that glowed with burning logs and coals of oak, Fraser and Brower spread out on the floor a map of Cumberland Island twelve feet long. Together they crawled around on it, pushing cocktails from one part of the island to another. Antlers hung above them, and portraits of Carnegies, and a portrait



So light, you'll actually lift over 1000 pounds less in an average tennis hour!

A full 25% lighter than the lightest sneaker, the Bancroft/Tretorn Tennis Shoe is made of genuine glove leather. Tough. Durable. Handsome . . . *and incredibly comfortable.*

The Shoe has a light, cellular-foamed sole that resists abrasion. The Shoe is sure-footed and will not pick up court dressing.

Full-length cushioned innersoles give firm support. Lateral side vents keep feet cool and dry. Special through-the-tongue lacing keeps the Shoe tight. Prevents cutting. No other shoe has that.

The Shoe is available in men's and women's sizes at only $25 (also available in canvas). Be sure to see other fine Bancroft/Tretorn products, including the sensational Tennis Trainer and the Pressureless Ball, wherever fine sporting goods are sold. Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R.I.

Bancroft
TRETORN

She's got the denimy-blues.

(And pinks!)

The softness of spring in a light knit pants set of polyester and rayon. Blue or pink, flecked to look like denim. 8 to 16, 40.00*

Peck & Peck

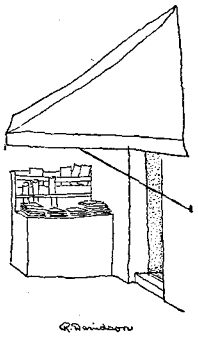
Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

of George Washington, while the skull of a loggerhead turtle, huge and primordially human—or so it seemed—faced them from a cluttered shelf. The map was about twenty years old and bore the names of quick and dead Carnegies—Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., Florence Carnegie Perkins, Carter C. B. Carnegie, Lucy Ricketson Ferguson, Nancy Carnegie Johnston, Andrew Carnegie II. Greyfield, with high porch and high columns and a need of paint, belonged to Lucy Ferguson's son Rick, who once ran a plastics factory in Jacksonville and was now running Greyfield as an inn for selected guests. Fraser could hardly be said to have been selected, but he was made welcome at Greyfield, and nearly all the inimical things said about him were said behind his back. Meanwhile, on his hands and knees on the big map, a Martini at his fingertips, Brower was saying, "When you get onto a floor with a big map, something happens. You think you're in an airplane."

Fraser said to Brower, "Dave, suppose you owned this island. Suppose you were the dictator and were under no financial pressure whatever. How do you think this island ought to be used in the last thirty years of this century?"

Brower said, "I'd have one feeder point to the beach per mile."

Fraser seemed to levitate, to float above the map. He might have been a skin diver who had just picked up a doubloon. The excitement he felt was almost, but not quite, palpable. Was this the David Brower of Friends of the Earth and the Sierra Club—the slayer of environmental dragons, the uncompromising defender of wilderness? Fraser's face was a mask. He tucked in his chin and said unflickeringly, "I call them 'beach social points.' "



The conversation was semi-private. Several duck hunters and the odd Carnegie or two moved around it. Beyond the firelit room was a long hall, and off this was a small room where Rick Ferguson had set up a self-service bar. He was there, a short man, wiry and strong, in tennis shoes, khaki trousers, an old blue oxford-cloth button-down shirt—the great-grandson of Thomas Carnegie. Ferguson's wife, in a long hostess gown, was with him.

"Cumberland Island is going down the drain," Ferguson said.

"Fraser's drain," said his wife.

"I feel like a man who has just been told his block is up for urban renewal. We seem to be on the sidelines while this big show is going on. All I want to protect here is my children's inheritance."

"We have no rights except what the majority lets us do."

"I was giving Charles the benefit of the doubt once when I called him insensitive. I think his rudeness is an inherent characteristic."

"Charles is over-self-righteous. He thinks he is absolutely right and is doing good—and that is his mistake."

"No one is interested in this island but the family, basically."

Ferguson excused himself and went off to slice a roast of beef.

On the floor in the big room, Brower was leaning on his elbows. Fraser was on his knees.

"How many people would you, as dictator, permit on the island July 4, 1980?" Fraser asked.

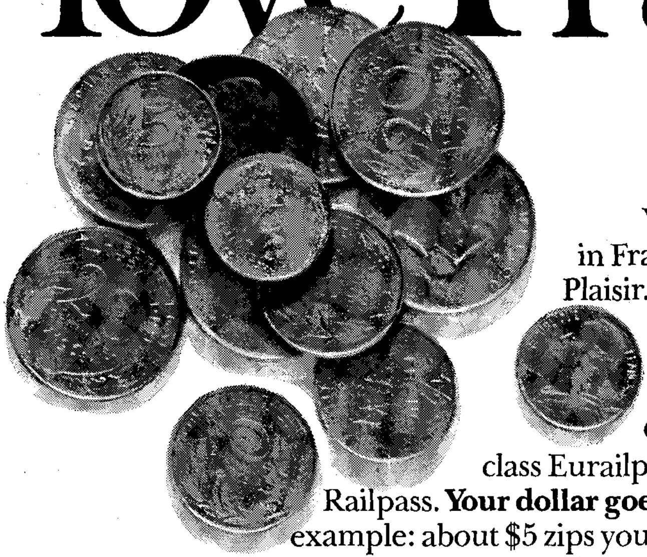
"I don't know," Brower said. "An answer is needed, but if on the evening I come here I come up with an answer, I'm an ass."

"Ninety per cent of Americans want bedrooms when they are on vacation," Fraser went on. "Ten per cent want to camp with automobiles. Only five per cent of that ten per cent—or five people in a thousand—want wilderness camping. How many would you permit on this island, and how would you accommodate them?"

"Let's keep Cumberland Island for the five per cent of the ten per cent who want wilderness," Sam Candler said.

"I think I'd recommend the Yosemite formula," Brower said. "Seven square miles of Yosemite bears heavy and concentrated use. The rest is open."

Brower has deep affection for the Yosemite, which is, or was once, the most beautiful valley in the Sierra Nevada. He has spent whole years there, and a great deal of time in or around the valley throughout his life. When he is in the Yosemite, he seems to be packed in nostalgia, and he appears to be unaffected by the valley's peeled-log Levittowns, its tent cities, its bumper-to-bumper traffic, and its newsstands—all results of what has been described as the fatal beauty of Yosemite. In all likelihood, he accepts Yosemite whole because the valley was already urbanized when he was young. And now, on Cumberland Island, he was recommending something similar. "I would cluster all development in one place," he said to Fraser. "People could



Francly, you'll love France.

Your dollar buys more in France. Parfum. Patisserie. Plaisir.

Particularly when you take one of the 210 trains a day that leave Paris for France. Or take advantage of a 1st class Eurailpass or new 2nd class Student Railpass. **Your dollar goes farther by train.** Par example: about $5 zips you (at about 90 mph) to Epernay. Spend a day wending your way through its 16 miles of champagne cellars; the night back in Paris wandering along the Champs Elysees. After a morning with the impressionists at the Jeu de Paume Musee, board Le Mistral, France's most impressive train. You'll spend $44.50 and nine nice hours getting to Nice.

Be coiffed in its Salon de Beautee. Shop in its Boutique. Then dine (for about $6) on five, fabulous courses of French cuisine, while drinking in the moonlit Mediterranean beauty of the Riviera coast.

With a ski tow in Chamonix just 4 hours and a few francs from a cabana in Cannes, it's no wonder they say "for travelling in France, the right way is by railway". All 25,000 miles of it.

Tickets and reservations at travel agents or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; 11 East Adams St., Chicago 60603; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills 90212; 323 Geary St., San Francisco 94102. Also at our Canadian office.

Please send me your "Under $30 Guide To France" plus other money-saving tips on how to make my dollar go farther by train.

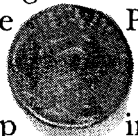
Name____________________

Address____________________

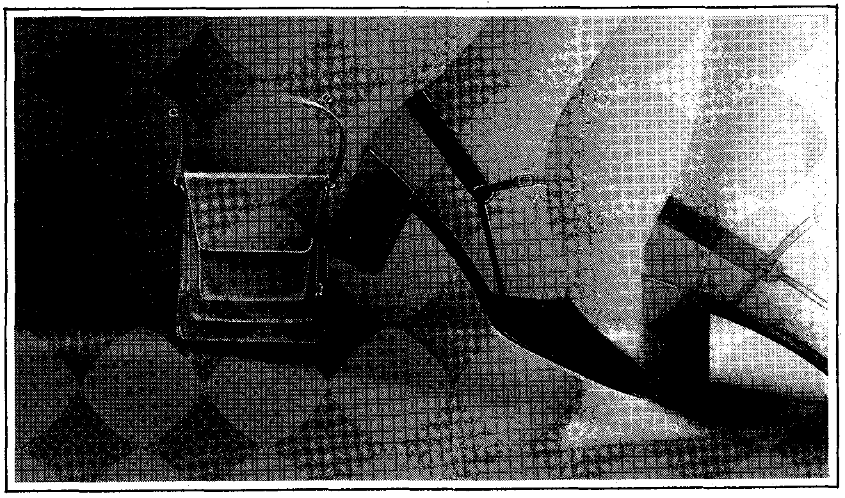
City__________State________Zip______

Dept. 51, Box 80, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

French National Railroads

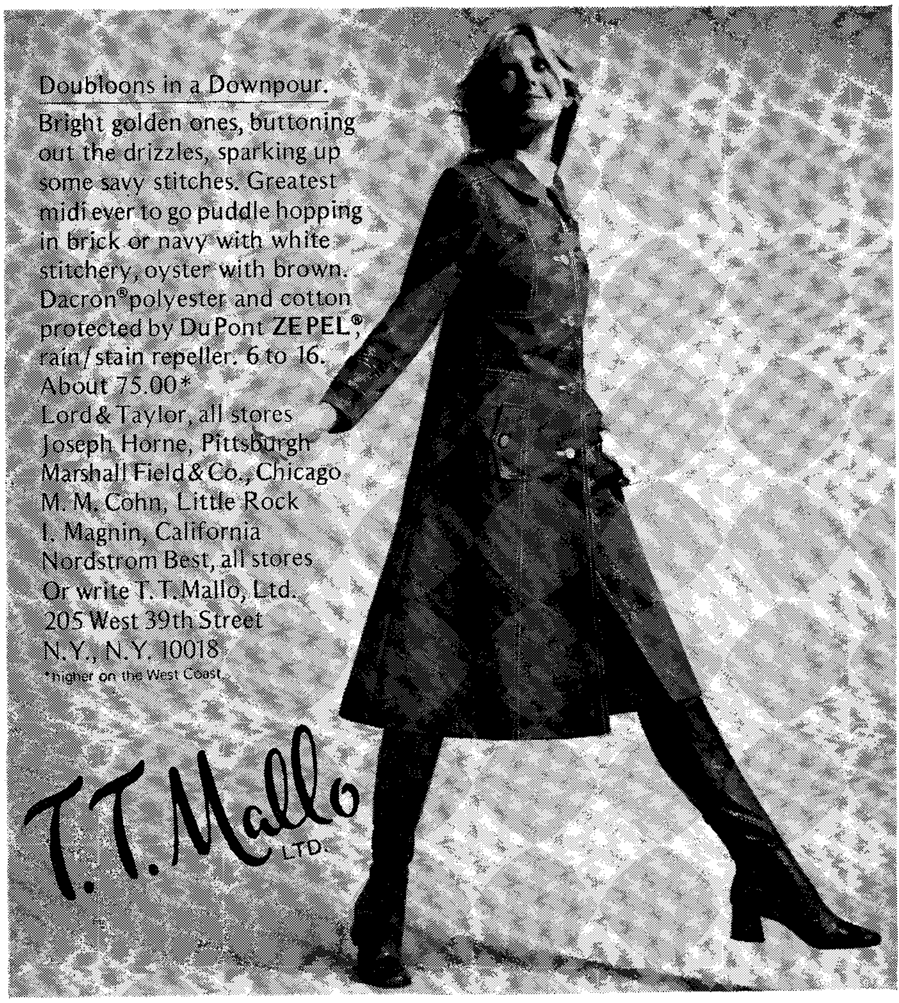


beautify city streets wear C.J.



GAMIN - $38 - bag 7203 - $81
navy, blue, green, pink, bone, red, mandarine, white kid - For all information and color-charts, phone 541-8440 or write for catalog - Charge accounts accepted.

CHARLES JOURDAN SALON
700 Fifth Avenue, New-York, N.Y. 10019



Doubloons in a Downpour.
Bright golden ones, buttoning out the drizzles, sparking up some savy stitches. Greatest midi ever to go puddle hopping in brick or navy with white stitchery, oyster with brown. Dacron® polyester and cotton protected by DuPont ZEPEL® rain/stain repeller. 6 to 16.
About 75.00*
Lord & Taylor, all stores
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago
M. M. Cohn, Little Rock
I. Magnin, California
Nordstrom Best, all stores
Or write T. T. Mallo, Ltd.
205 West 39th Street
N.Y., N.Y. 10018
*higher on the West Coast

walk elsewhere. Walking on the beach is the most important thing a person can do here. If you were going to develop just one spot on the entire island, where would that be?"

"To be very explicit, my tract has tremendous diversity," Fraser said. "I have Whitney Lake, the Scotch fort, the marching dunes. But we're pretending *you're* the dictator. The island as a whole is twenty miles long. How many people can your area of concentration absorb?"

"You mean at night?"

"Yes, at night."

"They do have to be there at night," Brower mused. "People will want to see what the sky is saying. It's their last contact with Mother Earth."

"How many people?" Fraser said again.

"It's their last chance to listen to the sun and the moon."

"How many people?"

Brower shrugged. He said, finally, "I wouldn't mind having a population of twenty thousand here."

"Twenty thousand?"

"Twenty thousand."

Brower got up and went in to make himself another drink. When he came back, he and Fraser agreed that if a National Park or Seashore could surround Fraser's place on Cumberland Island, that would be very good. Brower said that what worried him was that if Fraser were to go ahead and develop his land without some such federal protection of the rest of the island, the value of the remaining properties would rise so sharply that the neighbors might have to let the land go to less capable developers. Fraser said that worried him, too.

"Whatever happens to this island, the automobile should be ruled out," Brower went on.

"I agree," said Fraser.

"No tourist vehicles. No bridge. No private automobiles or other vehicles on the beach."

"I agree."

"How would you get people around?"

"Perhaps jeep trains."

"How would you bring in food and services?"

"In sky vans—mini flying boxcars."

"Whatever you do, don't give the island to Detroit. Zermatt is carless. Stehekin, in the state of Washington, is carless. It is good conservation practice, if you are going to develop, to concentrate people and leave wild land around them. People need earning territory—territory they have to earn by walking, limping, crawling, or whatever they can do. With that around them, the concentrated area is important, and I wouldn't mind so many people. Not at all. When you get out of the city, you hear the planet talk, and here it is talking. If the dunes want to march, they ought to march. I know how you feel, but the land itself should not be controlled."

"The Brower Plan is economically sound," Fraser said. "I could live within the constraints imposed by the Brower dictatorship. As the island is now, birds enjoy it but nobody's swimming here. Nobody's in the woods. There are no people. The island's stable population is eleven. That comes to one person per mile and three-quarters of beach."

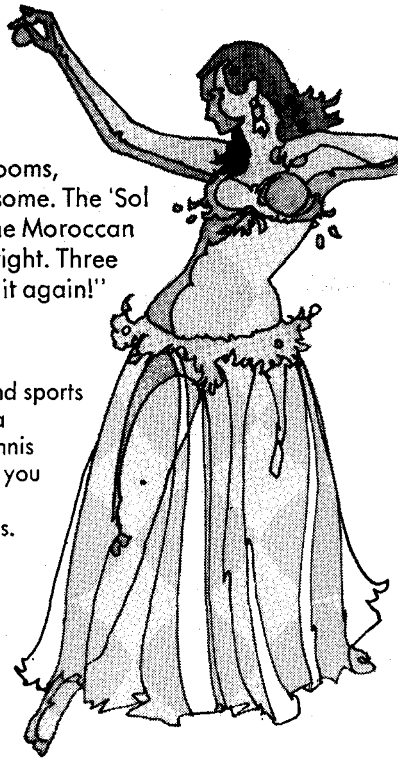
Rick Ferguson had come into the room to say the roast beef was ready. "One person per mile and three-quarters of beach is just about right," he said.

"Why do you think the family have kept it this way?" said Mrs. Ferguson. "Because they *feel* so strongly."

"If you can keep it the way it is, fine," Brower told her. "But I don't think that is one of your choices."

NOT long after Fraser acquired his property on Cumberland Island, he established a public campsite there. He admitted privately that he had several motives. For one thing, it was a way to acquaint the public with the island. For another, it would set a precedent for public use of the island at a fee. Finally, and most ingeniously, it would put Stewart Udall in a position where he might have to criticize camping—for Udall had been employed by the Carnegies as a conservation consultant, or, as Fraser insisted on putting it, as "a hired mudslinger." Udall said of Fraser, "I want to push Charlie into a corner where he has to face the truth. He is good news as a developer and bad news for Cumberland Island. He is not interested in having a reputation as a spoiler, but he can't have it both ways. He tries to incorporate conservation with economic development, but it doesn't work."

One motive Fraser emphatically did not have for establishing his campsite was a desire to camp on Cumberland Island himself. Fraser is not in any sense a woodsman or a man of the outdoors, as he will acknowledge without shame. Nonetheless, under urging from Brower and from me, he had agreed to sleep in his own campsite. And now, after dinner at Greyfield, the three of us went out into the black, cold night and headed for the campsite, which Brower was eager to see. After we had gone some distance through the woods,



MARBELLA HILTON
(COSTA DEL SOL)
"We loved the resort hotel. Rooms, tasteful. Public rooms, handsome. The 'Sol Y Sombra,' a real delight. The Moroccan show, unique and the price right. Three cheers, Hilton—you've done it again!"
Mr. & Mrs. Paul L. Downs
Bear Creek, Wisconsin

There's more fun and games and sports per square foot at the Marbella Hilton than you can shake a tennis racquet at. If that isn't enough, you can refresh your interior in our famous restaurants and lounges. And enjoy Spanish nights with flamenco dancers around the pool. All in the delightful tradition of Andalusia.

CASTELLANA HILTON
(MADRID)
"This hotel service was the best in our entire eight-country trip. And first fresh orange juice since home greatly appreciated."
Eleanor B. Osborn, Inglewood, Calif.

Go Spain-hopping from the Castellana Hilton or communicate with Madrid's elegant internationals at cocktail time. We're right in the middle of the fashionable embassy section and close to shopping, entertainment, and the Prado National Museum. For reservations call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.

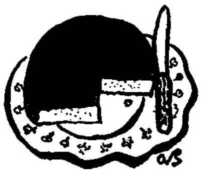
Once you stay at a Hilton International you'll find your own reasons for coming back.

Mr. Dino cultivates flowers on Belleseta nylon in a wild profusion of hot pinks, aqua, greens and golds against a field of black. . .pant dressing of the loveliest kind. 8-16 sizes. $80.

Jacobson's
MICHIGAN
Yankee Traveler
Saint Armands Circle Sarasota, Florida

Fraser said, "I'm most happy to go along with this, but, frankly, you are taking me out of my element."

It would be difficult to say whose element the campsite was. It consisted of fifteen so-called recreation vehicles—tent-covered, two-wheeled automobile trailers, with electric lights, electric heat, and four-burner gas stoves. A central toilet facility had hot showers, an ice machine, and a cedar-shake roof in the Sea Pines manner. Fraser said he believed in "use," and that this was a good way to start. He said he planned to build a small store at the campsite and, eventually, to rent jeeps by the day. Meanwhile, he was charging five dollars a night for the mobile tents—loss leaders if ever there were any, for they cost him fifteen hundred dollars apiece.



Two of the vehicles had been set up for us, and they faced each other, like canvas tourist cabins, across an area filled with palmettos and cast-iron grills that were mounted on galvanized pipes. Brower went into one tent and Fraser and I into the other. While we were unrolling our sleeping bags, Fraser said, "Very interesting, his views. They're so different from what I thought they would be." Spreading out the contents of a briefcase on a Formica-topped table, Fraser looked through them. Then he got out a pen and began to read and make marginalia. He read an article in the *Yale Law Journal* on large-lot zoning; he read a piece from the Beirut *Daily Star* on a new kind of sewage-disposal system; and in an issue of *American Forests* he read something called "The Destiny of Conservation Depends Upon Truth." "At the moment, I am rather aggravated about the distrust of statements made by certain druids," he commented. "But Dave is not a druid—not the way he was talking. Arthur D. Little would get ninety thousand dollars for the consultancy Dave did tonight." For morning, Fraser set aside a copy of *Audubon Magazine*, a book called "Land, People, and Policy," and the first draft of a prospectus for the first public issue of stock in his company. He shut off the light. "The highest and best use of this island is for children," he said as he was settling to sleep. "I believe, however, that the struggle here is too complicated, and therefore hopeless, and that no reasonable development will ever go on here."

Brower called out from across the palmettos, "Good night, and sleep well if your conscience is good."

Fraser called back, "My conscience is always bad, and I always sleep very well. Good night."

"Good night."

SLEEP was not all that easy, in part because the bunks folded out and were cantilevered from either end of the mobile unit. Fraser and I were balanced on a kind of rubber-tired seesaw. Every time he rolled to his right, I went up a little, and every time he rolled to his left I went down. I lay there long into the night thinking mainly about the peculiar pattern of the relationship developing between him and Brower.

A beach is for children, Fraser had said. I didn't think he was just groping for a key to a bank vault. I had seen swings of various kinds all over Sea Pines Plantation—swings hanging from the eaves of covered walkways, swings hanging from the limbs of trees. He had bought tricycles and scattered them around. He had strung hammocks at the height of children. Walking among the fresh foundations of his new town, he had once said to me, "Landscape architects won't hang swings. They say swings are not a strong enough design statement. I'll wait until the landscape architects are finished, and then I'll hang a hundred swings from the live oaks. I'll have a vender selling watermelon, too—roasted oysters in the winter, ice-cold slices of watermelon in the summer." Fraser and his wife, Mary, lived in a glass-and-cypress Sea Pines house. Gardeners took care of the environment. The Frasers had two daughters, aged four and two. The Frasers believed that the direction of a life was established almost at the beginning—that no years were as telling as the earliest ones. Hence, among other things, the Montessori School (where Mary Fraser worked) and the swings all over the plantation.

Brower was reverent toward the young. His faith had told him that the young would do better with the earth. He did not associate lumber companies, motor companies, chemical companies, or mining companies with youth. He admired Young Turks while he attacked Old Philistines. By his ready admission, he had learned a great deal from his own children, all of whom were college age or older. Brower himself looked almost unnaturally young, his white hair notwithstanding. He sometimes seemed to trust young people's judgment over his own. He often said, "I'm impressed with what young people can do before older people tell them it's impossible." Any number of

New approach to Italy

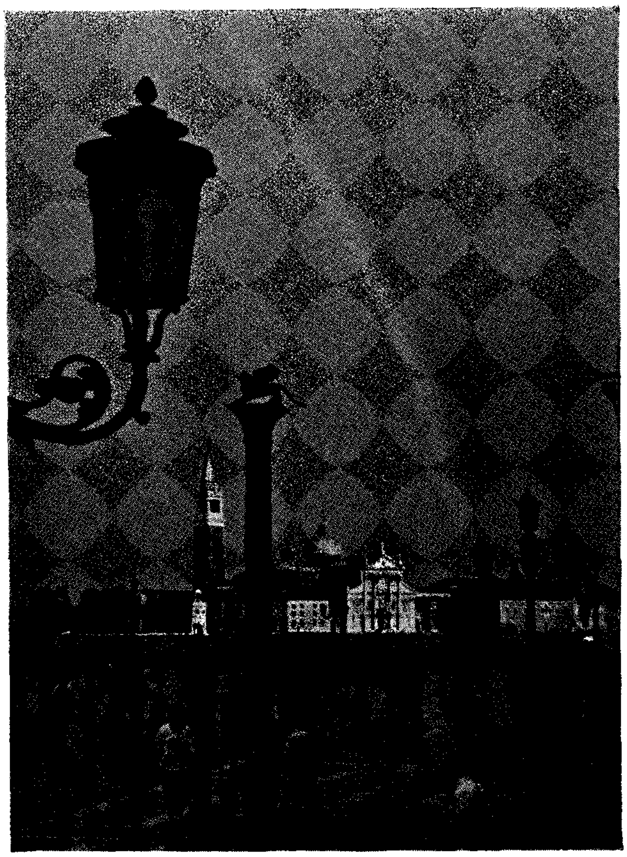
Oh, bella Italia. Oh, Italy... the center of all civilizations, the center of world travel. The pleasure seekers come by new, super-fast, transoceanic airliners like Alitalia's. They come by grand steamships like the hospitable, distinguished Italian Line flag ships.

Italy welcomes you with open arms and surrounds you with over twenty centuries of history and culture.

If you ever dreamed of the tradition of the past and the excitement of the future you are ready for the new approach to Italy. Now, Italy's network of ultra-modern autostrade is a nation-wide highway of wonders.

You glide from a 2300 year old amphitheater in Sicily to a 2,300 meters high new, luxury hotel in the Italian Alps. And if you like to drive, here's good news. You can enjoy a special, tourist, gasoline discount-card anywhere in Italy. It includes free assistance on all highways from the Italian Automobile Club.

No matter how you want to travel in Italy... hydrofoil, helicopter, plane, car, ferry or ox-cart — Italy will enchant you. Imagine skiing in the Italian Alps in July and swimming in December in southern Italy. Like a dream come true. There's a new approach to Italy in the cities, too. In Milan there are the world's most modern art galleries a few steps away from 14th century masterpieces.



In Venice you'll find the immortal beauty of Piazza San Marco near the exciting place where today's swingingest people meet. All this and more throughout Italy. And the natural beauty of Italy remains unsurpassed in all the world. See the spectacular landscapes of Sardinia... the wild beauty of the island of Garibaldi right next to the luxurious Costa Smeralda... and don't miss Calabria's cool, lush inlets which stretch endlessly into the sunset. Only sunny Italy offers you so much. So much of the glorious past and so much of the exciting present.

Enjoy the new approach to Italy, this year.

For further information, please contact
ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE (E.N.I.T.)
New York - Chicago - San Francisco - Montreal
Or Your Travel Agent

ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE (E.N.I.T.)
630 Fifth Avenue–New York, N.Y. 10020.
500 North Michigan Avenue–Chicago, Illinois 60611
St. Francis Hotel, Post Street–San Francisco, Calif. 94102
3 Place Ville Marie - Suite 22 - Montreal 113 - Canada

Please send me your FREE brochures on Italy. I am interested in the following places ______________________________

____

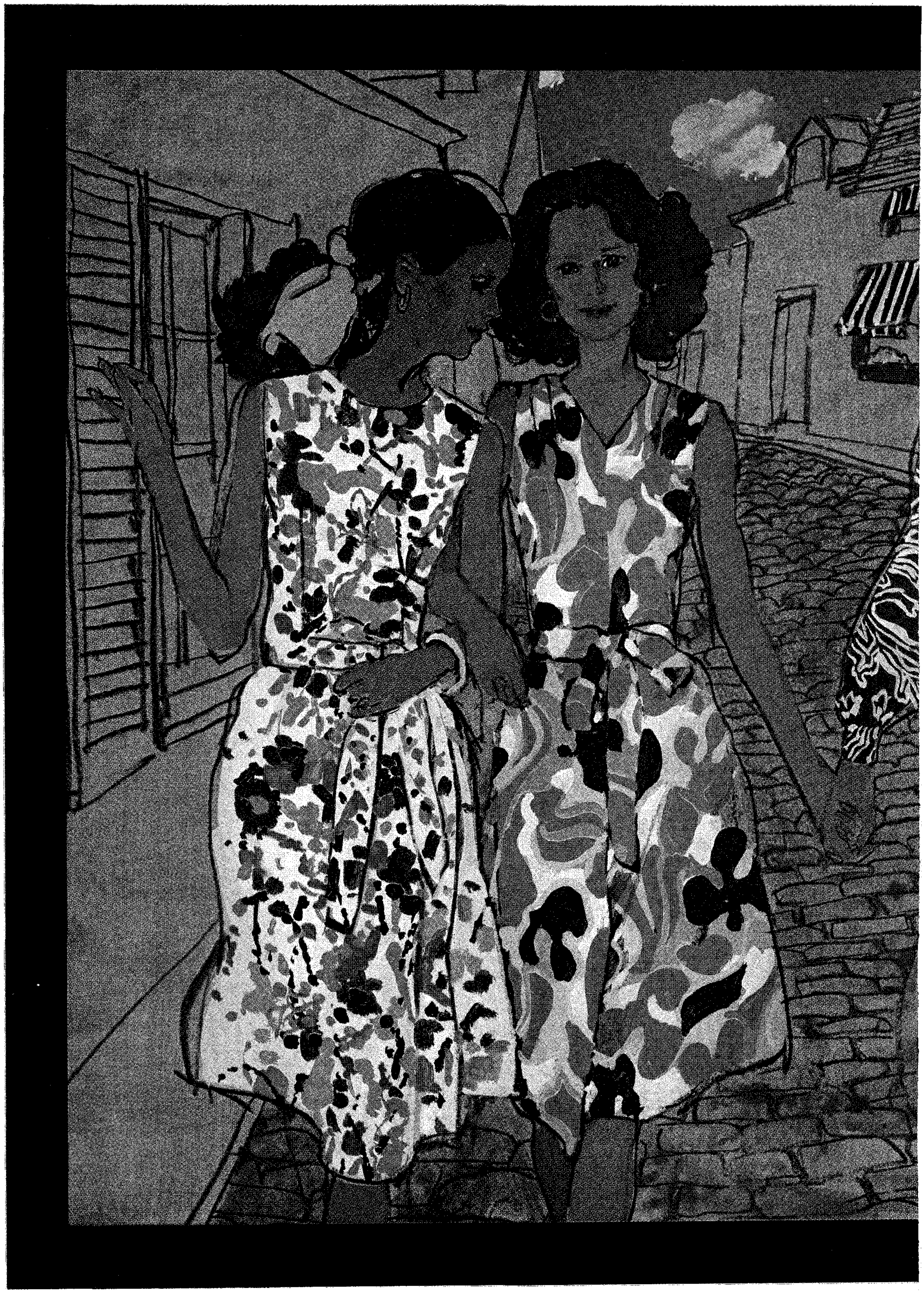
NAME ______________________________________

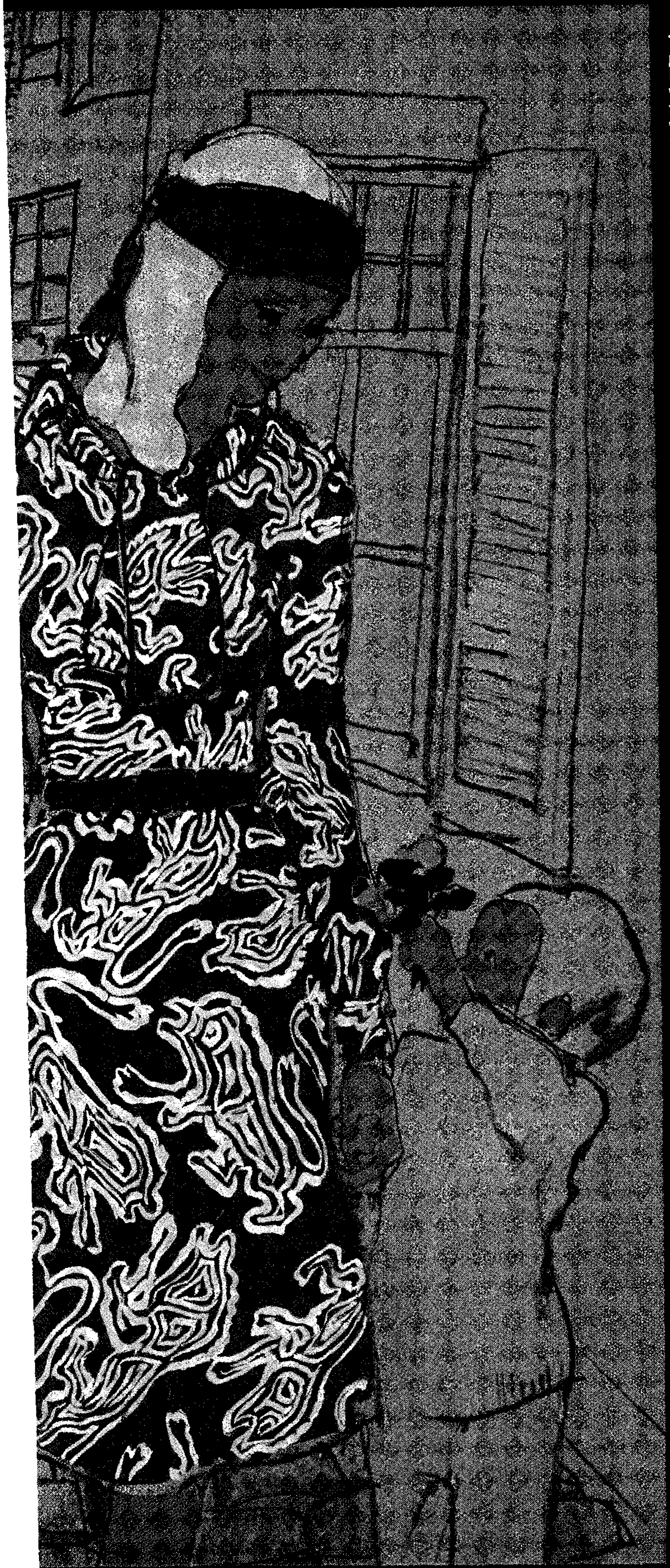
ADDRESS ___________________________________

CITY ______________________________________

STATE _____________________________________ ZIP CODE

1B





The Print Tannerism: Tanner puts Spring in prints made of Dupont Qiana® nylon for a wonderfully radiant silk-like fabric that's wrinkle resistant, washable and so luxurious. Left to right: MATISSE II. Dreamy print, twin pleated on one side in lilac or red. MATISSE I. Impressionist print double pleated at the shoulder in blue or taupe. Both in sizes 8-18, about $56.00 each. LIONS AT LARGE. Shirtdress in red or navy, sizes 8-20, about $65.00.

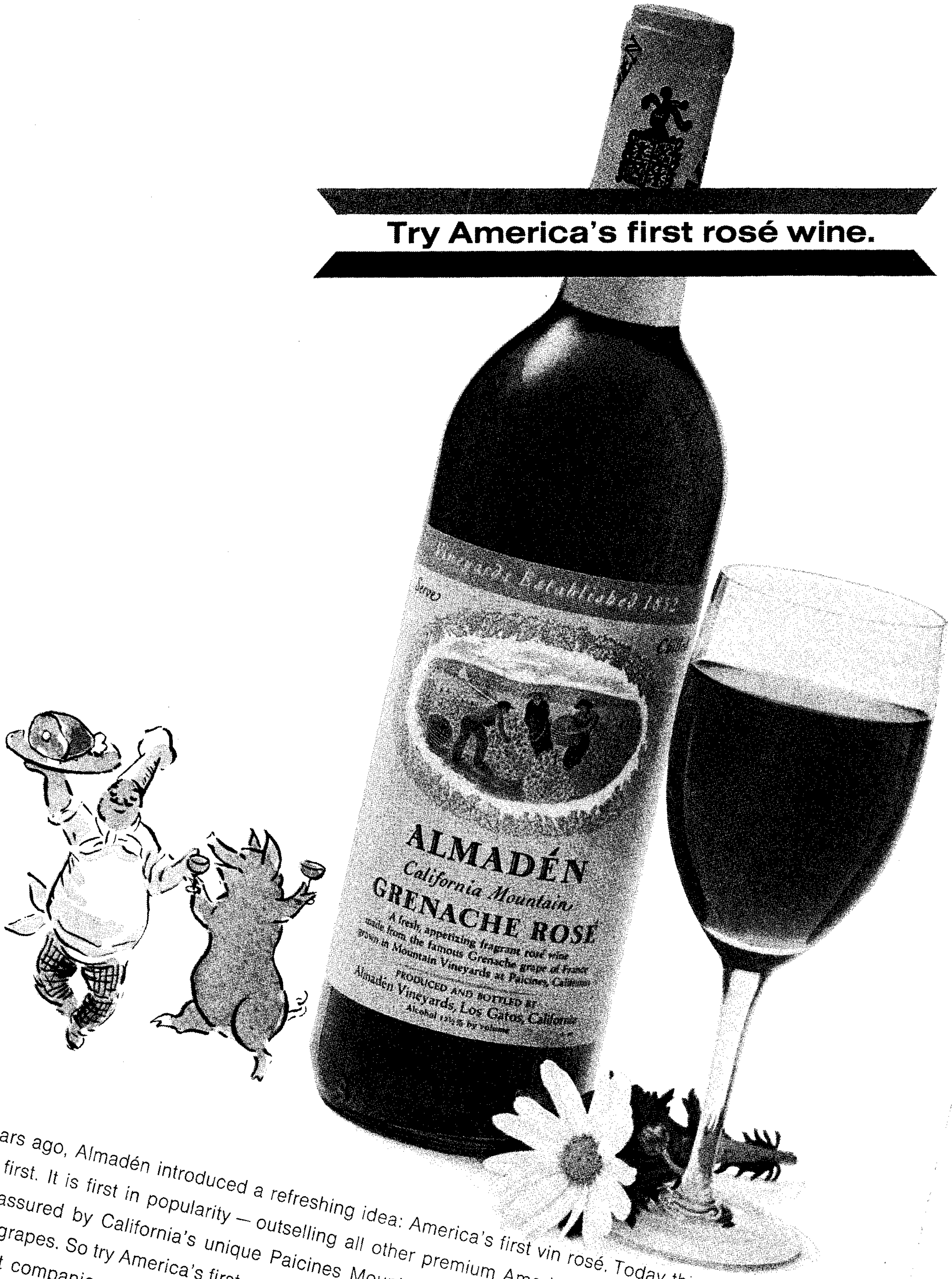
NEW YORK CITY, Abercrombie & Fitch
ATLANTA, Rich's
BOSTON, R. H. Stearns
CHICAGO, Marshall Field
CINCINNATI, Gidding-Jenny
CLEVELAND, Halle Bros.
INDIANAPOLIS, L. S. Ayres
MIAMI, Jordan Marsh
MINNEAPOLIS, Harold, Inc.
NEW ORLEANS, Godchaux
PORTLAND, ORE., Nordstrom Best
ROCHESTER, McCurdy's
ST. LOUIS, Famous Barr
SEATTLE, Nordstrom Best
WASHINGTON, D.C., Julius Garfinckel

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM, Jane Meade
ARIZONA
PHOENIX, Goldwater's
TUCSON, Dorothy Rice
ARKANSAS
LITTLE ROCK, Clothes Horse
CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY, Sather Gates
BEVERLY HILLS, Alice Weisser
COLORADO
DENVER, Denver Dry Goods
CONNECTICUT
DARIEN, Margo Moore
NEW CANAAN, Gladys Skillings
W. HARTFORD, Modern Woman
WOODBURY, Jean Hutchinson
FLORIDA
Francis Brewster, All Stores
BOCA RATON, Alice John Rogers
CORAL GABLES, Minna Lee
FORT LAUDERDALE, Alice John Rogers
NAPLES, Johnston of Florida
POMPANO BEACH, Inga Cherise
SARASOTA, Westmoreland's
GEORGIA
COLUMBUS, Ruth Patterson
SAVANNAH, L. Adler; Fine's
ILLINOIS
DECATUR, Carol's
GENEVA, Little Traveler
HIGHLAND PARK, E. Stevens
LAKE FOREST, Lake Forest Sports Shop
SPRINGFIELD, John Bressmer
WINNETKA, Aimee's
INDIANA
TERRE HAUTE, Import Shop
IOWA
DAVENPORT, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
DES MOINES, Younker Bros.
KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON, Embry & Co.
LOUISVILLE, H. P. Selman
LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS, Liberty Shop
SHREVEPORT, Hearne's
MARYLAND
BALTIMORE, Lohmeyer's
TOWSON, Lohmeyer's
MASSACHUSETTS
GLOUCESTER, Adasko's
SALEM, Adasko's
SPRINGFIELD, Miss Kerby
WORCESTER, Richard Healy
MICHIGAN
DETROIT, B. Siegel
GRAND RAPIDS, Duddery
GROSSE POINTE, Walton Pierce
MINNESOTA
DULUTH, Oreck's
ST. PAUL, Frank Murphy
MISSISSIPPI
GREENVILLE, Nelms & Blum
MISSOURI
CLAYTON, Woolf's
KANSAS CITY, Swanson's
NEBRASKA
LINCOLN, Hovland Swanson
OMAHA, Topp's
NEW HAMPSHIRE
HANOVER, Town & Country
NEW JERSEY
PRINCETON, Mayme Mead
RED BANK, Wilhelmina Dobbins
RIDGEWOOD, Jenny Banta
SUMMIT, Miss Nellie
WESTFIELD, Jane Smith
NEW YORK
BINGHAMTON, McLean's
BRONXVILLE, Miss Ida Gowns
BUFFALO, L. L. Berger
COLD SPRING HARBOR, Window Shop
LARCHMONT, Sylvia Claxton
SYRACUSE, Helmer
WHITE PLAINS, Hays Black
NORTH CAROLINA
CHARLOTTE, Gilmer's
GREENSBORO, Vanstory
RALEIGH, Tyler House
WAYNESVILLE, Hales
WINSTON-SALEM, Ideal Dry Goods
OHIO
CLEVELAND, Virginia Lagarde
HUDSON, Grey Colt
TOLEDO, La Salle Koch
OKLAHOMA
OKLAHOMA CITY, Everest
TULSA, Virginia Garrison
PENNSYLVANIA
PITTSBURGH, Joseph Horne
WEST CHESTER, Jane Chalfant
SOUTH CAROLINA
BEAUFORT, Low Country Shop
COLUMBIA, Mary Lowe
GREENFIELD, Amy Pride
TENNESSEE
CHATTANOOGA, Miller's
MEMPHIS, Minor-Francis
NASHVILLE, Grace's
TEXAS
AUSTIN, Ivey Wade
DALLAS, Handel's
VIRGINIA
HOT SPRINGS, Homestead Salon
NORFOLK, Barber's
ROANOKE, John Norman
WEST VIRGINIA
CHARLESTON, Stone & Thomas
WHEELING, Stone & Thomas
WISCONSIN
MADISON, MacNeil & Moore
MILWAUKEE, MacNeil & Moore

Or write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

In The Tanner Manner

Try America's first rosé wine.


Vineyards Established 1852
Serve
ALMADÉN
California Mountain
GRENACHE ROSÉ
A fresh, appetizing fragrant rosé wine made from the famous Grenache grape of France grown in Mountain Vineyards at Paicines, California
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos, California
Alcohol 12½% by volume

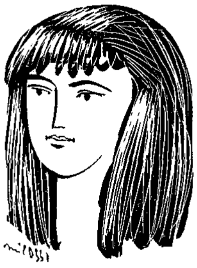
Over 25 years ago, Almadén introduced a refreshing idea: America's first vin rosé. Today this informal, friendly wine is still first. It is first in popularity – outselling all other premium American rosés. And it is first in quality – a quality assured by California's unique Paicines Mountain Vineyards, the world's largest vineyards of fine varietal wine grapes. So try America's first rosé wine – Almadén Grenache. ❦ And for just a hint of sweetness, try the newest companion to our Grenache – Almadén's Mountain Nectar.

ALMADÉN

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California.

times since we had come to Cumberland Island, he had commented on the youth of Charles Fraser. "I didn't know he was so young. . . . What energy! I didn't expect so young a man."

Out through a picket fence and down a deeply shaded street Fraser, as a boy, had walked every day to school. He was blond then, and had curly hair. His mother and father used to buy athletic equipment for him, but he would give it all away and sit on the porch reading books while his friends—endangering the camellias—played football or baseball on his family's lawn. His family owned nearly half of Hinesville. Their house had been the first in Liberty County to have running water, inside toilets, and two pianos. The land for the First Presbyterian Church had been a gift from his grandmother. His father had been moderator of the Presbyterian Church of the State of Georgia and president of the Men of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. The church was the Frasers' locus of being. "Holy, holy, holy," Fraser had chanted one day at Hilton Head, waving his hands like a choir leader as he revealed these credentials. "As a Calvinist, I was told that you're not supposed to do all the pleasurable things in life. But eventually I realized that I would be part of the elect no matter what sins I might commit." He said that at the age of thirteen he had been a newspaper entrepreneur. Under his ironclad managerial control, his entire Boy Scout troop sold papers. He fished the creeks, hunted squirrels, collected buckeyes. He became the first Eagle Scout in the history of Liberty County. Now the executives of the Sea Pines Plantation Company included a high proportion of former Eagle Scouts. On the Sea Pines boardroom wall was a life-size portrait of Fraser's father, in uniform, and beside this portrait stood two flags—a United States flag and the three-star flag of a lieutenant general. General Fraser commanded the first ground troops to land on New Guinea. He went into France with Patton. Charles Fraser, at the age of ten, had been quite relieved when his father's unit was converted from cavalry to anti-aircraft. Charles hated horses and did not want to ride them. His interests were elsewhere. In becoming an Eagle Scout, he won merit badges in birds, reptiles, conservation. He loved beautiful objects and had a gift for design. He painted his family's coat of arms on a mug, applying the paint with toothpicks. His brother, Joe, was an athlete. Liberty was a coastal county, and one thing Charles particularly liked to do was to go to the beaches and build castles in the sand.



Fraser's mother-in-law, before she became that, used to send newspaper clippings about him and his plantation to her daughter wherever she might be—at Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri, for example, or, later, in Washington, D.C., where she worked for Senator Thurmond. "Mary's mother is a very sensible Southern mother, who knows that her daughter's standard of living depends on her husband's income," Fraser once explained. "Mary was accustomed to a very elegant standard. She had a Cadillac to drive to school when she was sixteen—and that was just the leftover car around the place." Mary, in her college days, had not so much as met him. He was twelve years older than she, and he lived two hundred miles from Greenville, her home town. Nonetheless, she dutifully read and saved the clippings. Eventually, she would more or less save Fraser. Small details not being his forte, she had assumed responsibility for looking after them. He forgot everything—his money, his briefcase, his topcoat, his whereabouts. He lost every hat he ever owned. "Hats are a nuisance and an absurdity," he complained. He was not absentminded, his wife decided. He was simply not interested in petty detail. He read all the time. He read walking upstairs, he read until his food was cold, and he rigged up extra lights in the car so he could read while she drove. He forgot his raincoat but remembered facts. Three minutes after he walked into a room, it was a shambles. "Have you read this? What did you think of it? What do you think about that?" Newspapers hit the floor. Sixteen books came off the shelves. "Charles says there is so little time, and never a convenient time for anything, so if you want to do something you have to just do it," Mary once said. "He applies this to a trip to Europe, to conceiving a child—to anything." Mary, dark-haired, dark-eyed, slender, was collaterally descended from a family named Lawton that once grew cotton on Hilton Head Island—in fact, on the site of Sea Pines Plantation. When Fraser's archival researches yielded this fragment, he was most pleased. He and Mary began to refer to it as "the heritage." He would talk about it with a detached grin, but he was obviously happy that he had

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner

The Tyrrhenian Passage

MAY 8th TO MAY 29th

You are invited to fly to Rome on the morning of May 8th and join a limited party of 150 travellers that night aboard the ARGONAUT, built as the world's largest private yacht, to sail the loveliest of all seas at the very best time of the year.

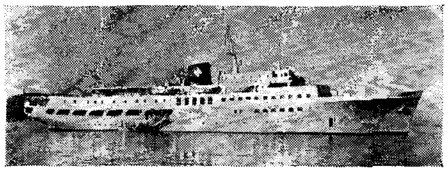
Each day will provide relaxed access to rewarding new experiences, some in strange lands, others in places given new perspective, appropriately approached from the sea, free from the interruptions of packing, unpacking, and the turmoil of transportation terminals.

A rare array of sights and sharply contrasting ways of life will be enjoyed during calls at the islands of

PONZA, SICILY, JERBA,
SARDINIA, IBIZA, MALLORCA,
CORSICA, LA MADDELENA
and visits on the mainlands of
TUNISIA, ALGERIA, MOROCCO,
SPAIN, FRANCE and ITALY.

New York to New York rates are from $1,350 to $2,250 per person, double, including the wide selection of activities ashore, with rooms alone at higher rates. For reservations and additional information, call, visit or write:

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017—212 PLaza 9-3960
"First In Travel Since 1879"



M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece

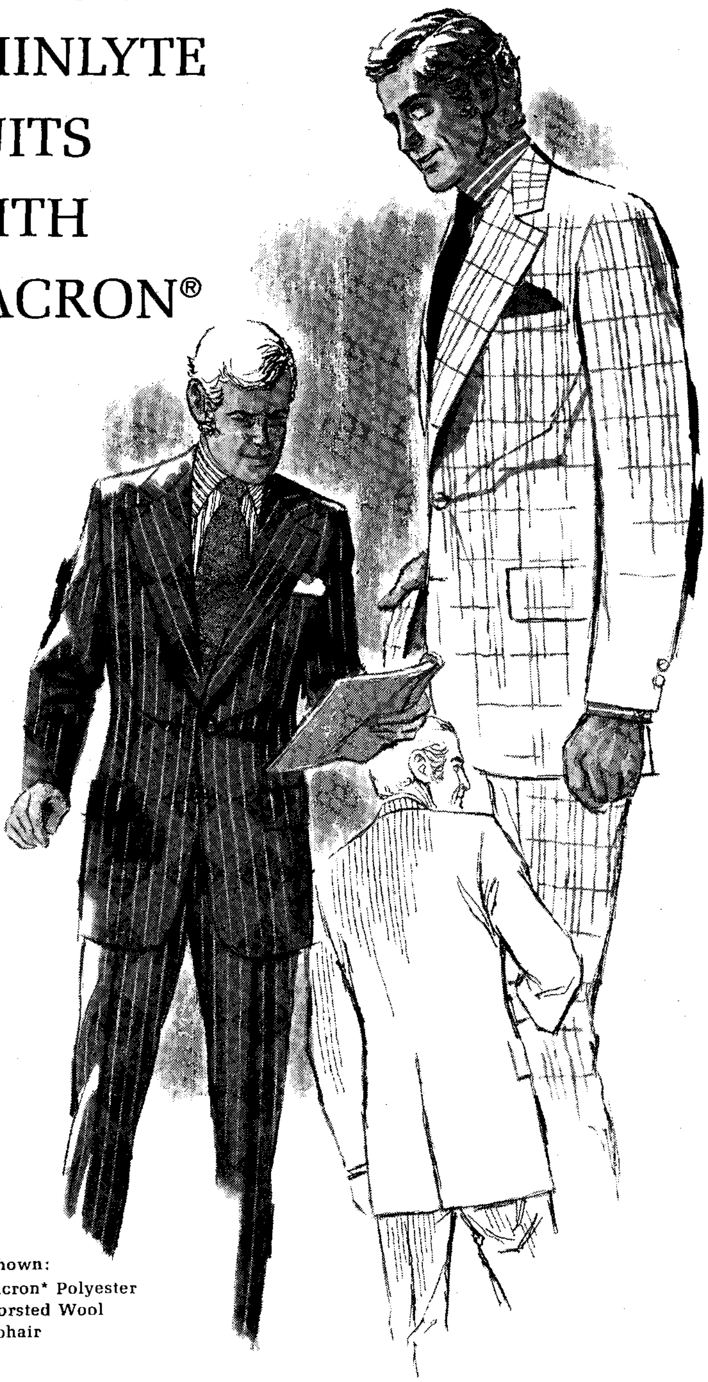
something like that to be detached about. “The Lawtons were planters,” he liked to say, invoking images of antebellum wealth and antebellum elegance. He once introduced his four-year-old daughter, Laura Lawton, to a stranger.

“Hello, Laura,” said the stranger.

“It will have to be Laura Lawton, I'm afraid,” said Fraser. “Laura Lawton, say ‘My great-great-great-great-great-granddaddy planted cotton here.’ ”

In an office at the University of California Press, in 1941, Anne Hus had demonstrated to David Brower that she could lean over and pick a newspaper off the floor with her teeth. She wondered if he could do the same. They shared the office. Both were editors, working on what she called “rewarmed dissertations with the scaffolding taken out.” He said stiffly, about the newspaper stunt, that one does not do that sort of thing in an office, and he refused to try. Brower as an editor made her jealous. “He *was* so *much* better *than* I. I *have* never understood where he got his feel for words. He is a great editor. He liberates what is good in an author's work. It just infuriates me that anyone who has read so little can do that. I have been reading since I was four. He has never read anything. He hasn't read novels. He knows very little about English literature. Yet he has a remarkable sense of language.” Anne had been born in Oakland. Her father was a man who failed at so many jobs that he said he should go into undertaking in order to prolong human life. Her grandfather John P. Irish, editor and politician, was the man who was debating with William Jennings Bryan when Bryan said, “You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.” Brower was in the 10th Mountain Division when, in 1943, he proposed to Anne by mail. Before he went overseas, they lived in Colorado for a time, and then in West Virginia, where Brower taught climbing to the mountain troops, on the Seneca Rocks. He spent so much time on bivouac that she despaired and went to Washington, where she edited combat narratives for Army Intelligence. Later, she went back to the University of California. She was still an editor there when I met her, in 1969. A gentle person, she seemed almost complacent—an impression that belied her sharpness of ear and eye. I remembered her telling him once, “I never see people I'd rather be married to than you—especially in National Parks.” Brower obviously needed her guidance. Away from her, he could

Hickey-Freeman
THINLYTE
SUITS
WITH
DACRON®



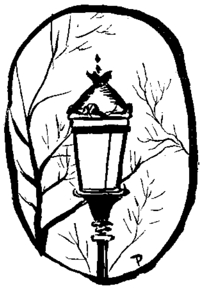
Suits shown:
53% Dacron* Polyester
27% Worsted Wool
20% Mohair

Like a cool, refreshing breeze . . . Thinlyte, hand-tailored by Hickey-Freeman in the lightest, smartest blend of Dacron*, wool and mohair. Available in a wide range of new styles, colors and patterns at finer men's stores.

*DuPont Registered Trademark

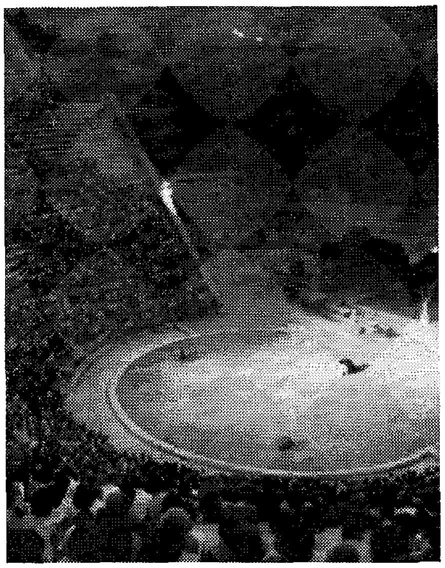
scarcely pass a phone booth without getting into it and calling her. At the Press, in their early days, he had dropped from sight now and again and gone off to the Sierra Nevada. After he had been doing this for a while, she told him he was getting away with murder. Leaning over, he picked a newspaper off the floor with his teeth and said he had to practice somewhere. He asked her to go with him to the mountains. She loved the sea and didn't like the mountains. "Edna Ferber said mountains were beautiful but dumb, and that is how I felt, too. Finally, I went on a Sierra Club trip just to fill in. To get through it, I took a bottle, and took nips. After three days, I really loved the trip—such incredible country. Until you've seen him up there, you don't know him."

I thought of Brower in the Sierra Nevada, in the Valley of the Mineral King. To conservationists, the Mineral King had become an Agincourt, a Saratoga, an El Alamein. Walt Disney Productions wanted to string the slopes with lifts and build enough hotels there to draw a million people a year. Mineral King had been mentioned as an excellent setting for the Winter Olympics of 1976, celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the nation. Brower and I went to Mineral King together. My impression was that—all other considerations aside—it was an extraordinarily good site for a skiing resort. A stream ran through the middle of the valley, and if you stood beside it and looked up and around you saw eleven conical peaks, the points of a granite coronet. The steep slopes of these mountains were covered with red fir, juniper, aspen, and foxtail pine. Great rising swaths were treeless and meadowed. Hannes Schneider had called it the best potential ski area in California. So much snow had been there the winter before that avalanches had sheared off many hundreds of trees twenty feet above the ground—the snow was that deep. The avalanches had been so powerful that they had not stopped at the bottom of the valley but had climbed the other side, smashing trees. In the geological history of the Sierra Nevada, Mineral King was an old valley. The Sierra Nevada had been a minor mountain range of about four thousand feet when it began the great upheaval that made it higher than the Rockies. New streams cut through the new uplift and created valleys like the Yosemite, with wide, flat floors and sheer walls. The Mineral King was lifted with the mountains and remained intact, a V-shaped valley—alpine, ancestral—and it caught snow like nothing else in a mountain range that was named for the snow that fell there. Brower had done a ski survey of Mineral King once, long ago, and had said that he favored limited development. He said now that he essentially felt the same way. Sitting under a big cottonwood with his feet in the stream, he pointed out that the valley was, for one thing, not wilderness. A road reached into it. A couple of dozen buildings were there, a sawmill, and corrals belonging to a pack station. Listening to him, a surprised conservationist might have thought that the Antichrist had come to the Mineral King disguised as David Brower. But to the Disney interests Brower would not have seemed like much of an advocate. Looking around at the Mineral King peaks, he decided that although he was for limited development, he was against ski lifts. He said he preferred to see people earn their ski runs by climbing with skins attached to their skis. Moreover, he was against improvement of the existing access road, an incredibly twisting cliff-hanger so narrow and serpentine that a million people trying to use it would grow old before they reached the valley. Brower said Disney Productions should build a hundred-million-dollar tunnel, or fly people in—save the approaching mountains, hang the cost. Told he was being almost poetically impractical, Brower responded that the Disney people were going to change something forever, so they could amortize the changes over a thousand years.



Fraser rolled over and sighed in his sleep. I wondered if in the day to follow he would find that Brower's apparent tolerance for the development of Cumberland Island was equally tied in string. He sighed again. Possibly he was dreaming of Badische Anilin-& Soda-Fabrik Aktiengesellschaft, a name, of all names, that haunted him. Fraser was hoist on a most ironic petard. Badische Anilin-& Soda-Fabrik Aktiengesellschaft, known as BASF, was a company that made, among other things, petrochemicals and dyes for the textile and furniture industries, and not long before they had decided to expand beyond Ludwigshafen and into the American South. They searched in several states for a site for a new plant. There were plenty of possibilities. What in the end attracted the Germans most in all the South was Sea Pines Plantation. German chemical

We all have a birthplace to visit!



GREECE

Everyone should return to his origins . . . to pause, to be refreshed. We all have a birthplace to visit, so why not return to Greece where it all began. Andromeda, Oedipus, Agamemnon were born here 3,000 years ago and were immortalized through the dramas of Aeschylus, Euripides and of men who believed that all people share a common humanity that transcends centuries and geography.

Traveline's wide range of tours, itineraries, cruises and package programs have been carefully planned to give the traveler a variety from which to choose according to his time limit and budget. Our 1971 Cruise & Tour Guide is a mini-cyclopedia, comprehensive and fully attuned to the preferences of today's American vacationers visiting Greece, the Eastern Mediterranean and the nations of Western Europe . . . and it's free for the asking!

We also offer all-inclusive tour packages based on the lowest possible air fares of major transatlantic airlines.

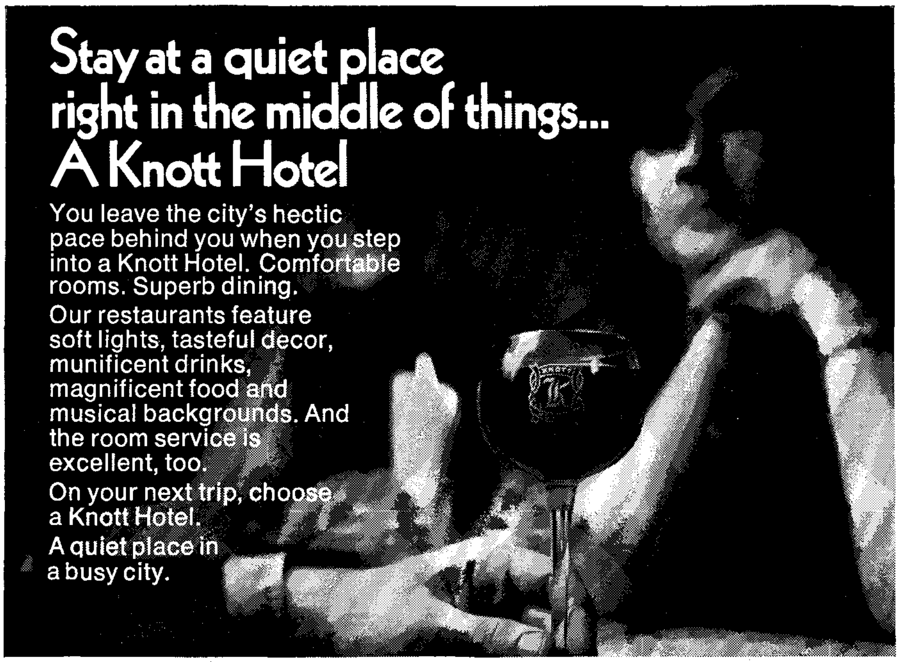
For further information, see your travel agent or mail in coupon to:

TRAVELINE INC.
680 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
(212) PL 7-0909

Name__________
Street__________
City__________
State________ Zip________ BY

kings apparently liked golf and the good life, too. They had found a plant site on Victoria Bluff, three miles from Hilton Head Island. Air and water pollution would surely follow. Fraser, meanwhile, had become the unlikely leader of a battalion of druids, whose war cry was "BASF—Bad Air, Sick Fish!" Ultimately, Fraser and his druids would drive the Germans away, but he had learned that even in the beauty of Sea Pines Plantation there could be something fatal.

ONE night of camping out, even in a fifteen-hundred-dollar mobile tent, was quite enough for Fraser, and the following evening we transferred our gear to a motorship called the Intrepid, which had slipped quietly down the coast from Hilton Head and into the Cumberland River. The size of Fraser's yacht was proportionate to his distaste for wilderness. The yacht was ninety feet long. It contained five staterooms and a floor-through saloon. Its bar was stocked with Tanqueray gin. Fraser's Southern antennae had reached out unobtrusively, suprasocially, and their research had shown that Tanqueray is Brower's gin of gins. With the moral support of a friendly doctor, Brower once used gin as his principal weapon in humbling a stomach ulcer, and he was so successful that he has ever since been a friend of the preventive Martini. With something beatific in his eyes, he ritually asks for "a Martini with Tanqueray gin, straight up, with nothing in it." Lemon, he feels, changes the taste, while only a madman would accept an olive, for an olive displaces two cubic centimetres of gin. It had been a long, full day on the island, and Brower now settled back with a drink innocent of additives and watched the sun fall behind the Georgia mainland. Fraser sipped bourbon and Calvinistically worked on his stock prospectus—for several hundred thousand shares of something he was calling Recreational Environments, Inc., at twenty-five dollars a share. He needed money for expansion—not only to Cumberland Island but to half a dozen other places he was interested in, from North Carolina to Hawaii. He had just bought six miles of beautiful and undeveloped white beach under coconut palms on the east coast of Puerto Rico, and only the week before he had gone as far as Kuwait looking for funds. "I'm just an oyster catcher from South Carolina begging for money," he said, moving a blue pencil over the prospectus. "A million dollars. A million dollars. Can you spare a million dollars?"


Stay at a quiet place right in the middle of things... A Knott Hotel

You leave the city's hectic pace behind you when you step into a Knott Hotel. Comfortable rooms. Superb dining.

Our restaurants feature soft lights, tasteful decor, munificent drinks, magnificent food and musical backgrounds. And the room service is excellent, too.

On your next trip, choose a Knott Hotel.

A quiet place in a busy city.

NEW YORK, for instance: THE BERKSHIRE HOTEL

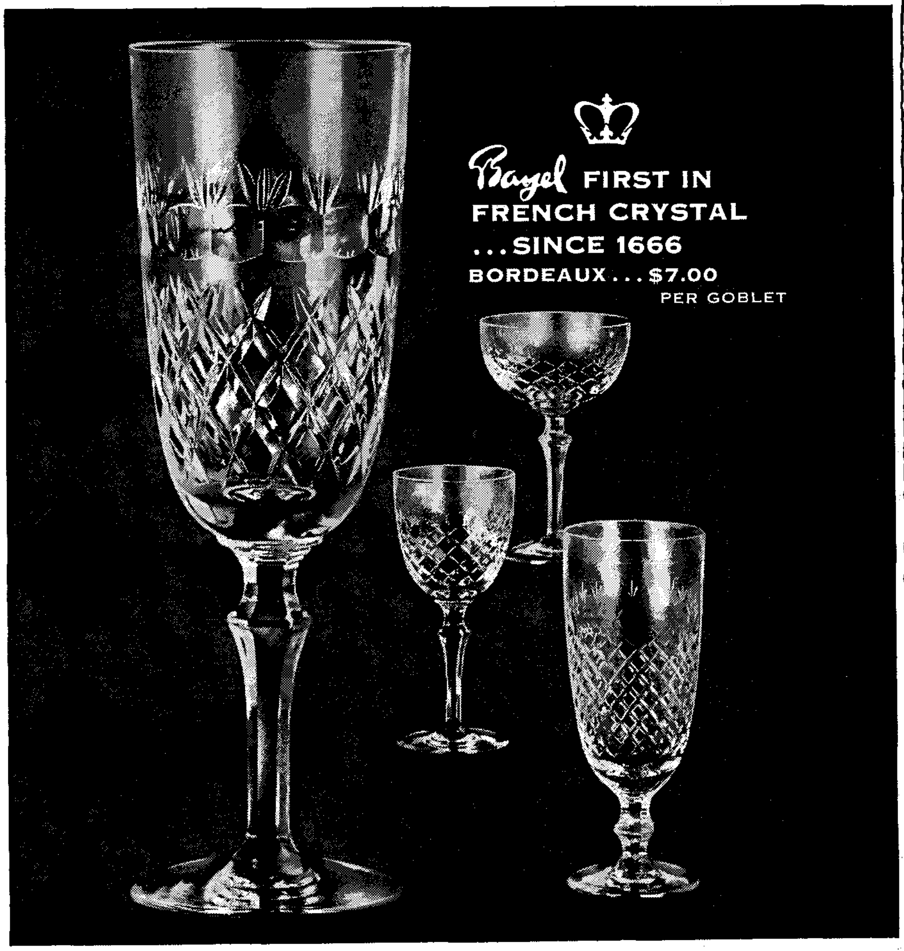
MADISON AVENUE AT 52ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Home of the famed Barberry Restaurant. Beautiful, spacious rooms, all with color tv. Centrally located for business, theatre and sightseeing.

For toll-free reservations from anywhere in the Continental U.S. (Except Fla.) call 800-327-3384. In Florida, 800-221-2653.

For a brochure describing all our fine hotels, write Dept. NYM, Knott Hotels Corporation, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

People who go places know where to stay.


Bayel FIRST IN FRENCH CRYSTAL ...SINCE 1666

BORDEAUX...$7.00 PER GOBLET

For the complete brochure of Bayel Crystal, kindly remit 25c to EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

"Look at that sun on that smog!" Brower said. Shining low through the air over the paper-mill country, the sun tended to embarrass Georgia. It appeared to be setting in black-bean gumbo. "American industry never asked my permission to shorten my life," Brower went on. "They have taken two years off my life and will take seven years off my children's. These are figures I can't support, but I believe them."

"Let's put a paper mill over here on Cumberland Island and get the smell away from the cities," Fraser said, looking at Sam Candler, who went on looking at the sunset.

"Whatever their economy is, they haven't paid for the people's air," Brower said. "They should be given six months to clean up or go out of business. Roll, you earth. I swear the sunset is slower than the sunrise."

On the beach at six-fifty-seven that morning, we had watched the sun jump into the clear sea air like a rubber ball released from a hand below the ocean's surface. Fraser, over breakfast, read an article called "The Dying Marsh" in *Audubon Magazine*, and throughout the day he pelted Brower with sachets and nosegays. Hurtling along a narrow, curving sand road through the forest, Fraser said, "We'll call this the David Brower Scenic Drive." And later, approaching an attractive swamp, he said, "We'll call this the David Brower Wildlife Sanctuary and Woodland Recreation Area." In a small skiff on a tidal creek, Fraser stood in the bow like George Washington and spoke what were apparently the first words of a press release he was forming in his mind: "Charles Fraser announced today the results of a detailed study for the use of Cumberland Island." Sam Candler had one hand on the skiff's tiller and with the other he was bailing. Flights of ducks passed overhead. The tide was low. Using a small anchor as a kind of oyster rake, Fraser knocked hundreds of oysters loose from an exposed bed. He was clearly feeling very good. On the beach, he drove at fifty-five miles an hour and said gleefully that he had decided to name his new development the Cumberland Island Conservation Association.

Brower was feeling good, too—obviously enjoying himself on the island. Why he did not rise up and clout Fraser, verbally, seemed a little odd to me, but I had seen him before in situations where he was getting the sense and feel of something, and while his mind was working toward a settled attitude he had vacillated or lapsed into

Taste tour the great
Vineyards of France
with Julius Wile.

The best Wine is the Wine you like best.

Beaujolais St. Vincent—A light, fruity, well-rounded red Burgundy.
Chablis St. Vincent—A dry, crisp white Burgundy with a tangy freshness.
Rose des Anges—A fruity, semi-sweet light rosé from Anjou.
Chateau La Garde—A fine, dry Chateau claret, light and full-bodied, from Bordeaux.
Chateau Olivier—A dry, soft, elegant Chateau white Graves from Bordeaux.

CHANSON
1969
Beaujolais St Vincent
CHANSON
CHANSON
1969
Chablis St Vincent
CHANSON
VIN D'ANJOU
Rosé des Anges
THE HEAVENLY ROSE
CHANSON
LA GARDE
Chateau La Garde
CHANSON
OLIVIER
1966
CHATEAU OLIVIER
CHANSON

Shippers of Fine French Wines Since 1750
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
CHANSON
Burgundy and Bordeaux Wines

This 7 year old Irish hat looks like Peter Alport.

Your Irish Country Hat will look like you.

Individual. Hand-woven, hand-crafted where the lovely Connemara hills meet the sea. One of these hats was made for you. It's weatherproof, almost wear-proof—just about everything but you-proof. Soft, pure wool Irish tweed. Specify gray or brown and your regular hat size. We'll rush your order postpaid. Ideal casual hat for men, women. Sold only by mail from Norm Thompson. Full return privileges.

Benedicte Boullet

each $14.50, two for $25 ppd.

Norm Thompson Dept. M-71

1805 N.W. Thurman Portland, Ore. 97209

☐ Enclosed check for $______, rush______ Irish Country Hats, postage free.
Size______ Brown______ Gray______

☐ Send FREE 80-page color catalog, "ESCAPE FROM THE ORDINARY."
Direct import savings on fine country clothes, sportswear and equipment for men and women.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

GERBERICH

FOR YOUNG MEN AT ALERT STORES EVERYWHERE

Gerberich-Payne Shoe Company, Mount Joy, Penna.

an uncharacteristic passivity. In the North Cascades, he had known where he was. He had been there before, and had fought for the wilderness there. He had never before set foot on Cumberland Island. Fraser, ebullient, was finding Brower so docile that he wouldn't even call him a druid, and in a sense Fraser was right, for the rote behavior of an ordinary member of the priesthood should be simple to predict. This, however, was—as Fraser apparently did not grasp—no ordinary member of the priesthood. This was the inscrutable lord of the forest, the sacramentarian of *ecologia americana*, the Archdruid himself. Fraser's difficulties with druids were anything but over.

Lacking a target in the invisible Brower, Fraser eventually attacked Candler. Candler, whose original intention had been merely to help show Brower around the island, had tried to hold off from saying much, but now there was a gun-fusillade argument.

"Sam, you just don't want people on this beach, do you?" Fraser said.

"I didn't say that," Candler said.

"A man has no more right to personal private property on a beach than he has to a highway, an Army camp, a railroad, a school, a hospital, an airport, a valley to be flooded for a dam. A fundamental part of the pursuit of happiness is one's annual vacation. Hence this beach is for a public purpose."

"Your purpose. I'm happy to have people use the island now, if they make the effort to get over here and to enjoy it."

We happened to be at the southern boundary of Fraser's proposed development. Fraser said that a National Seashore should begin just there and extend all the way to the southern tip of the island—about fifteen miles—and that the north end, above his property, should become "an environmental-protection zone." The development, he promised, would include nothing that would pollute the environment.

"What *would* it have?" Candler asked.

"Houses, a marina, an airport, a store."

"That is not my idea of conservation."

"Tell me, Sam, which Carnegies will break ranks and sell out next?"

No answer.

"How many Carnegies will rub their hands with glee when prices go up because of development?"

No answer.

"Those snobs—high on the list of the hundred most selfish families."

"I'd like to make a list of island destroyers," Candler said.

Fraser said, "The government has a perfect right to condemn my land here if it thinks its use is wiser than mine."

It emerged that a Cumberland Island Conservation Association already existed.

"Name all organizations that exist on the island," Fraser said.

"What do you mean?" Candler asked him.

"Every time I pick up a paper, I read about another organization."

"You mean like your Cumberland Island Holding Company?"

"Name another one."

"The Cumberland Island Conservation Association is the only one I know about," Candler said.

"Is it incorporated?"

"I believe so."

"You *believe* so?"

"Yes."

"Who is the president of the Cumberland Island Conservation Association?"

"I am."

"Is it incorporated?"

"I'm not real sure."

"The light is nice on the water there," Brower said. "The light is getting good."

Brower and Fraser climbed a high dune. Candler stayed on the beach. From the dune, he appeared a lonely figure—the only person on twenty miles of white sand. "People develop passionate attachments to these islands, and any change from the way they have known them since childhood is emotionally disturbing to them," Fraser said. "It's a jolt to them to have any of their property used by strangers."

One afternoon in Atlanta, Candler had told me what Cumberland Island meant to him. "Changes come slowly there, and leave marks on one another," he said. "There is a blending from one era to the next. Indian mounds are there. When I am on Cumberland Island, I see the same things the Indians saw. I would like to live where the Indians lived. They were closer to the earth, a part of the environment. Fraser said that after the hurricane there were no sea oats on Cumberland. The island teaches you the value of patience. The sea oats came back. Dunes that are washed down will return. You've got to have some places that are hard to get to. I don't think this is a selfish thought. I think it's thoughtful."

Fraser, for his part, had told me that nothing would please him more than

CAR OF THE YEAR.

Motor Trend magazine has named the Chevy Vega its 1971 Car of the Year.

Actually, Motor Trend magazine has named all four Chevy Vegas its 1971 Car of the Year. They say it's because of Vega's engineering excellence, timeliness, styling and overall value. Naturally, we're pretty happy about it. For lots of reasons.

One is the fact that the award came from Motor Trend. Because the people at Motor Trend know cars inside and out. And after testing 10 nominees, they chose our little Vega. Shucks.

Reason number two. This is obviously the year of the little car in the big automotive world. And while there are lots of little cars that could have been Car of the Year, only one is. Ours.

A third reason. We've been saying for months now that Vega is the little car that does everything well. Lucky for us, lots of you took our word for it and bought a Vega. Our thanks.

As for the rest of you, you not only have our word for it, you have Motor Trend's: "For the money, no other American car can deliver more."

Vega. It's a lot of little car.

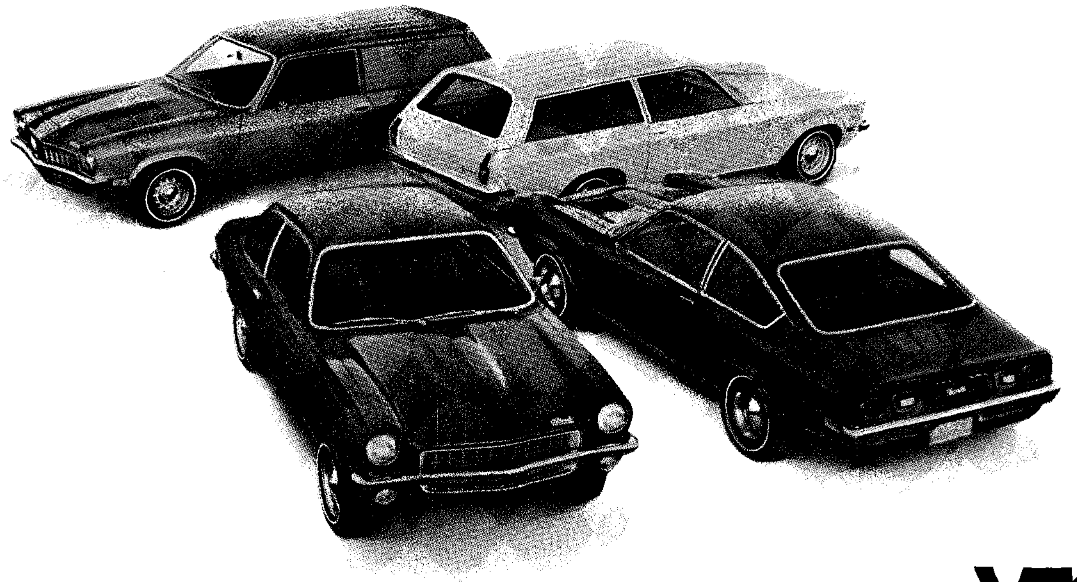
- ☐ I'm interested. Please send me some literature on the Vega.
- ☐ I'm very interested. Please send me literature and contact me for a Vega test-drive.
- ☐ I'm so interested that I already bought a Vega. Please send me a Car of the Year sticker for my car window.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City__________State_________Zip_____

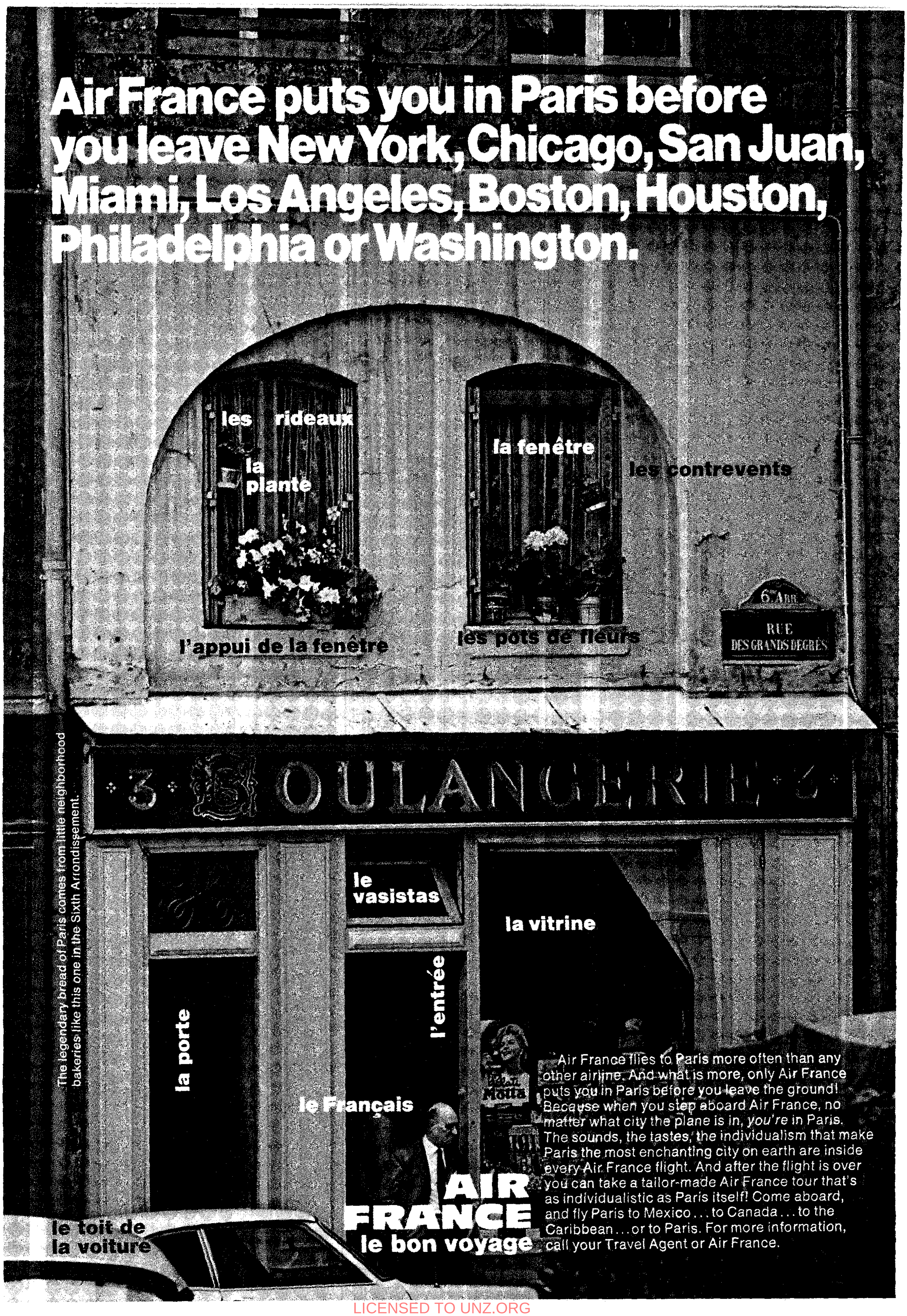
Send to: Chevrolet Motor Division, Dept. 8,
Box W, Detroit, Mi. 48202
(Licensed drivers only, please.)



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET

Air France puts you in Paris before you leave New York, Chicago, San Juan, Miami, Los Angeles, Boston, Houston, Philadelphia or Washington.

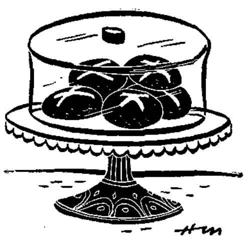

les rideaux
la plante
la fenêtre
les contrevents
l'appui de la fenêtre
les pots de fleurs
6me ARR
RUE DES GRANDS DEGRÉS
3 BOULANGERIE 3
le vasistas
la vitrine
la porte
l'entrée
le Français
le toit de la voiture

The legendary bread of Paris comes from little neighborhood bakeries like this one in the Sixth Arrondissement.

Air France flies to Paris more often than any other airline. And what is more, only Air France puts you in Paris before you leave the ground! Because when you step aboard Air France, no matter what city the plane is in, *you're* in Paris. The sounds, the tastes, the individualism that make Paris the most enchanting city on earth are inside every Air France flight. And after the flight is over you can take a tailor-made Air France tour that's as individualistic as Paris itself! Come aboard, and fly Paris to Mexico . . . to Canada . . . to the Caribbean . . . or to Paris. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Air France.

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

to develop his property in consonance with a National Seashore that would take up the rest of the island. In fact, he would be hesitant—even unlikely—to develop his land without knowing what might happen around it. Another Sea Pines freshly rising among the live oaks could so enhance the value of the island as a whole that the Carnegies and Candler might find irresistible the offers of ticktack developers. There was so much of Cumberland that, even for a man of Fraser's resources, protective buying was out of the question. So he dreamed of a beautiful enclave in various shades of income, with forever-protected wildernesses stretching away from either side and rationed quantities of the public wandering the great beach.



Now, on the dune, Brower and Fraser—Columbus and Cortez—stood high above the wild and pristine seascape. Fraser said, "I think it is wise public policy for the government to take a place like this from private owners. Don't you agree?"

"Yes."

Candler, who had moved farther down the beach, was an even smaller figure. From the dune, he could be framed between a thumb and forefinger a quarter inch apart. His hands were in his pockets.

"I would like to reverse my ninety-ten here," Brower said. "I would like to see ten per cent developed here and ninety not."

Fraser said, "I hope that can be arranged."

OYSTERS on the half shell, when they are as fresh as the ones we ate for lunch that day, are so shining and translucent, so nearly transparent, that if you were to drop one on a printed page you could read words through the oyster. I had lived beside tidal creeks at various times in the past, and had once set up my own amateur oyster farm, from which I regularly removed a hundred and forty-four oysters each day to eat before lunch, but even the memory of my oyster farm was turned slightly opaque by the quality of the oysters from Candler's tidal creek. Mantle to palpi, each vitrescent blob was a textural wonder. We ate at least five hundred of them, raw or roasted (over an oak fire)—*Ostrea virginica*, better than the best oysters of Bordeaux, and, as it happened, long-range appetizers to the roasted game hens that were spread before us that evening on Fraser's yacht.

On the yacht, Brower held up his glass and studied the prismatic coupling of gin and light. He then looked off into the rouge afterglow over the marshes to the west. "The outdoor life is all right," he said. "But don't knock the amenities." Pale wines escorted the game hens, and brotherhood bobbed on the water with the yacht, while the dark mass of Cumberland Island stood beside the boat with what Joseph Conrad once described as "the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention." No one was looking at the island. On a color-television set inside the yacht, the San Francisco 49ers were bombing the Baltimore Colts. Brower said, "Long live the instant playback—the nicest thing technology has given us!"

"We will create a conservation conference center here on the island," Fraser said.

"That will require an airport," said Brower. "I'm Machiavellian enough to know that if you are going to have a conference center you have to have a way to get there."

"We'll let druids land free," Fraser said. "If you were dictator, what would you do with that marsh?"

"Save it! Save the greenery! I can make noise, but you can make deeds," Brower said. "Save the marsh! Grasses are one of the nicest ways the green thing works. The green giant is chlorophyll, really. When I come back in another life, I am going to spend my whole life in grasses. I'm addicted to the entire planet. I don't want to leave it. I want to get down into it. I want to say hello. On the beach, I could have stopped all day long and looked at those damned shells, looked for all the messages that come not in bottles but in shells. Life began Tuesday noon, and the beautiful organic wholeness of it developed over the next four days. At three minutes before midnight, man appeared. At one-fourth of a second before midnight, Christ arrived. At one-fortieth of a second before midnight, the Industrial Revolution began. You, Charles Fraser, have got to persuade the whole God-damned movement of realtors to have a different kind of responsibility to man than they have. If they don't, God will say that man should be thrown away as an experiment that didn't work. I have seen evidence of what you can do. Now make others do it. The system must be used to reform the system."

Fraser had been listening with his hands clasped behind his head. When

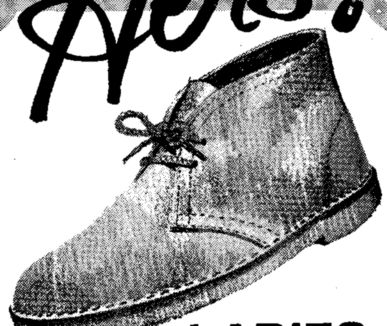
Ask the golf course superintendents at Makaha, Greenbrier, and Firestone, which reel mower they use.

JACOBSEN®
A member Company of Allegheny Ludlum Industries

DESERT® BOOT
...for the man who feels a casual shoe should be exactly that!

No buckles and bows. Just rugged, masculine good looks and the kind of comfort a man dreams about. Superbly British crafted. Springy Malayan plantation crepe soles. In sand suede at eighteen dollars the pair.

His'n Hers!



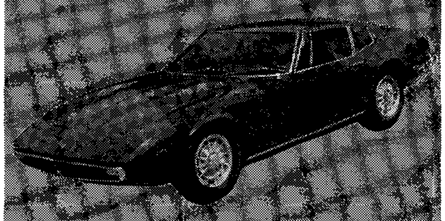
LADIES DESERT BOOT
for women who want the casual country look. Patterned after our famous men's Desert Boot. Light and comfortable. Perfect with slacks, skirts, tweeds. In sand suede at fifteen dollars.

EXCLUSIVELY
Clarks® OF ENGLAND
For address of the Clarks dealer nearest you, write: 562-564 Main Avenue, Norwalk, Connecticut 06851
© CLARKS ® REG. TRADEMARK

Brower finished, Fraser said nothing, and sipped his wine.

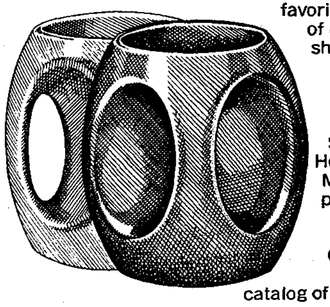
IN the early morning, in the yacht's saloon, Brower performed his matins. He spilled out and sorted the contents of his briefcase—an old and thick one, jammed with books, notebooks, magazines, clippings—and he read for an hour or so, as if to put himself in context. He read a Sierra Club tract called "Machiasport: Oil and the Maine Coast." He read a copy of a letter from Earl Bell, the planner, to Senator Henry M. Jackson, asking how the island Amchitka could still be called a National Wildlife Refuge since it had become a military missile dump, a military garbage dump, and a site for atomic testing. Simultaneously, Brower made cryptic notes for a talk he would give at Harvard: "Loop the system . . . Ravisher of the Month . . . SST . . . Signs . . . Dams . . . Sawlogs." Reading on, he piled up newsclips on the table before him: "JOIN POLLUTION FIGHT, NATO TOLD," "BP OIL ESTIMATES ALASKA TRACT AT FIVE BILLION BARRELS," "DROWNING AN ECOLOGICAL PARADISE," "CAN ANYONE RUN A CITY?," "PLANNER URGES TWO-CHILD LIMIT," "SLOW DOWN THE OIL RUSH," "BAN ON ABORTION STRUCK DOWN," "THE MAZE OF HAZE THAT SPOILS OUR DAYS," "WE ARE SUBVERSIVES IN THE STATE OF NATURE," "NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO WHAT?" He had heretical material, too: "ALARMISTS IGNORE THE FACTS," "MAN MUST CONTROL NATURE," "THE POPULATION FIRECRACKER" (William Buckley arguing that there is no population explosion), and an editorial from the *New Scientist* mocking the excessive excitability, and the platitudes and dogmas of "ecological high priests." Brower next examined a dummy for a conservation newsletter to be called the *National Hammer*, an article from the *Stanford Law Review* called "The SST: From Watts to Harlem in Two Hours," and a list of proposals—to him as publisher—for a series of Suppose We Didn't books, on things that would be best left undeveloped: the SST, the oil refinery in Machiasport, the Alaska pipeline, the sea-level canal through Central America. He read the Leopold Report ("Land drainage . . . will destroy inexorably the South Florida ecosystem") and an article from *Trial* called "Can Law Reclaim Man's Environment?" Finally, he read a piece on architectural ravages in New York City's West Village, and he waved in the air a *Business Week* article—"The War That Business Must Win"—and

MASERATI
Styled for the cognoscenti...
hand-crafted for the perfectionist...
priced for the privileged.



THE GROSSMAN MOTOR CAR CORP.
MASERATI IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
336 ROUTE 59, WEST NYACK, N.Y. 10994
(914) 358-6990 or N.Y.C., LO 2-7525

OWL MUG
A clever little handle has turned the old-fashioned mug into a wise old owl. Great for your favorite drink. Set of 4, **$8.50.** Not shown: Matching 5-cup coffee pot, sugar and creamer. **$22.50.** At 23 Hoffritz stores. Mail: add 75¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards. Send $1 for catalog of 1,278 items.



HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N6, N.Y.C. 10003

Tonight
. . . take your cocktails casually (in our oak paneled lounge). And your food seriously, with today's liveliest, literate conversation.
Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
Late Supper: 9:30 on.
THE Algonquin
"landmark of the literate"
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre and Dinner Guests (to 9:30 p.m.) enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)

said, "Here is the first faint streak of dawn coming up over the business world. They are at last finding out that environment is not only to sell."

From below, Fraser appeared, dressed in a dark suit and tie. After breakfast, he was going to leave Cumberland Island in order to do battle with druids in other parts of the South. The rest of us would stay on for a while. Fraser clearly felt that Cumberland was safe, for the moment. In the Land Rover, he drove to the primitive airstrip. The same small plane was waiting in the field of fennel. Fraser walked confidently away from an atmosphere of cordial farewells and climbed into the plane. The pilot advanced the engines to maximum r.p.m. Four wild horses slowly walked off the runway. The plane raced through the fennel and into the air. Watching it rise and turn, Brower said softly, "What makes Sammy run in the South?"

We got into Candler's jeep and spent the day slowly reviewing the island. At Candler's speed—ten to twenty miles per hour—details came into focus that, at Fraser's speed, had previously tended to blur. The jeep, for one thing, was open, and we felt the island around us in a way that we had not in Fraser's Land Rover, which was closed in. "You can't see the whole island anyway—it's too big—so you might as well enjoy what you can see," said Candler. "Going along in Fraser's Land Rover was like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

"I've never run into anybody quite like that," Brower said.

"Are you sorry or glad that he developed Hilton Head Island?"

"I don't know. I think probably I'm not glad. I'd rather have more wilderness on the coast than there is. But if it had to be developed, I'm glad it was developed by him."

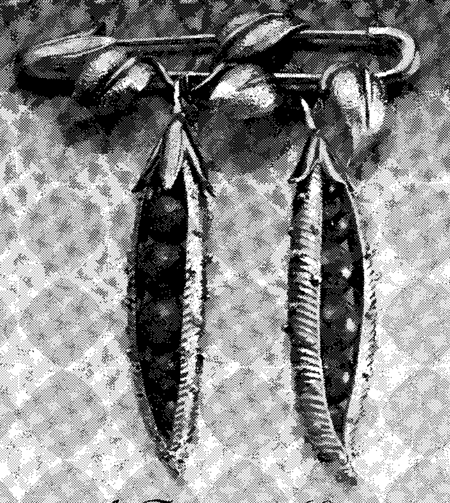
As we moved along, deer walked across the road in front of us. Candler showed us a place where he had often found arrowheads at low tide and a place where we picked wild grapefruit. We went to the south end of the island, which was ribbed with hummocks and was full of freshwater ponds and tall magnolias. A jetty there had been built ninety years ago at what was then the southernmost point of the island. The jetty was now at least two thousand feet inland from the southern shore. Land had simultaneously been eroding from the north end. Cumberland Island was gradually migrating to Florida, and had already crossed the state line. A sonic boom hit us with a report so loud that Brower staggered as

James Kenrob
by Dalton

Coatdress in navy and white knit
of Trevira polyester. Misses' sizes,
about $45

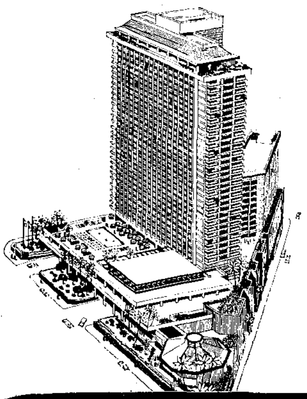
Featured at:
Bloomingdale's,
Rike's,
Woolf Bros.,
Neusteter's
and other fine stores everywhere.
Slightly higher in the West.

The women officials of the Sealy L.P.G.A.
Classic will wear fashions by Dalton.



A Taste of Spring
Eighteen karat gold pea pod pin by
Jean Schlumberger. With peas of
malachite or coral, $685.
Lapis lazuli or turquoise peas, $725.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 • ZIP: 10022
Atlanta • Chicago • Houston • San Francisco • Beverly Hills
Please add sales tax where applicable



aloha

Hawaii's tallest resort at the entrance to Waikiki

An oasis in the Hawaiian Sun. Dining, dancing, entertainment, pool, beaches and historic Honolulu are all part of this very special place nearest the fun. Air-conditioned guest rooms from $8 per person, double occupancy.

ala moana hotel

A Flagship★Hotel Subsidiary of American Airlines
operated in partnership with Dillingham Corporation
ATKINSON DR., HONOLULU, HAWAII 96814 • 808-955-4811

For Reservations contact your travel agent, American Airlines or phone toll-free American Express Space Bank dial 800-AE8-5000 from anywhere, except Tennessee, in continental United States. (In Tennessee dial 800-542-5115.)

if he had been shot, and tens of thousands of birds—oyster catchers, pelicans, sandpipers, gulls—rose screaming into the air between the Cumberland shore and the Florida mainland. They stayed up there, flapping in panic, for ten minutes, clouds and clouds of shrieking birds. Candler showed us where he had once dug into a mound and found a skeleton in a sitting position, and he told us how as a boy he used to play with muzzled alligators. We visited a tame buzzard at Lucy Ferguson's place, where a rusting automobile engine hung from a tree and no one but the buzzard was home. The buzzard's eyes glittered like the running lights of an airplane. The buzzard nibbled at Brower's basketball shoes. Brower stroked the bird and talked gently to it. The buzzard nibbled at his fingers and draped a talon over his hand. We saw blue herons, bluebills, and egrets in the marshes, and cacti hanging like strings of sausages from live oaks in the woods. At Candler's place, we ate a foot-high pile of shrimp from the tidal creek—under a big kitchen clock on which red lettering said, "Things Go Better With Coke." Shrimp, like oysters, are as transparent as clear gelatine when they come out of the creek. On the beach, Candler noticed the remains of a loggerhead turtle, its back as large as a steamer trunk. It had been there for days, but we, whipping by, had not seen it before. We saw wild pigs in the tidal marshes eating seafood, and a flight of seventy cormorants, in imprecise formation, passing overhead.

"What are they trying to spell to us?" Brower said.

"Pepsi-Cola," said Candler.

As far as I could see, though, the message in the sky over Cumberland Island was "Finis." We drove up a marching dune and snowplowed down the other side, leaving fresh tracks in the powdery white sand. The wind would cover them. But how many tracks could the wind cover? Since early morning—in fact, for three days—we had roamed an island bigger than Manhattan and had seen no one on its beach and, except at Candler's place and Greyfield, no one in its interior woodlands. In the late twentieth century, in this part of the world, such an experience was unbelievable. The island was a beautiful and fragile anachronism. We were, as Candler had said, seeing what the Indians saw, and it was not at all difficult to understand why he wanted to "live where the Indians lived . . . closer to the earth, a part of the environment." We, too, had eaten from the tidal creeks and had gone where and how we pleased—a privilege made possible in our time by private ownership. That was the irony of Cumberland Island and the index of its fate. The island was worth nothing when the Muskhogean Creeks lived and fished there. Now it was worth at least ten million dollars, a figure that could swell beyond recognition. Need, temptation, and realistic taxes would eventually wrest the island from its present owners. They would not be able to afford it. The question whether it was right for a few individuals to own twenty miles of beach had already been bypassed by these inexorable facts of economics.

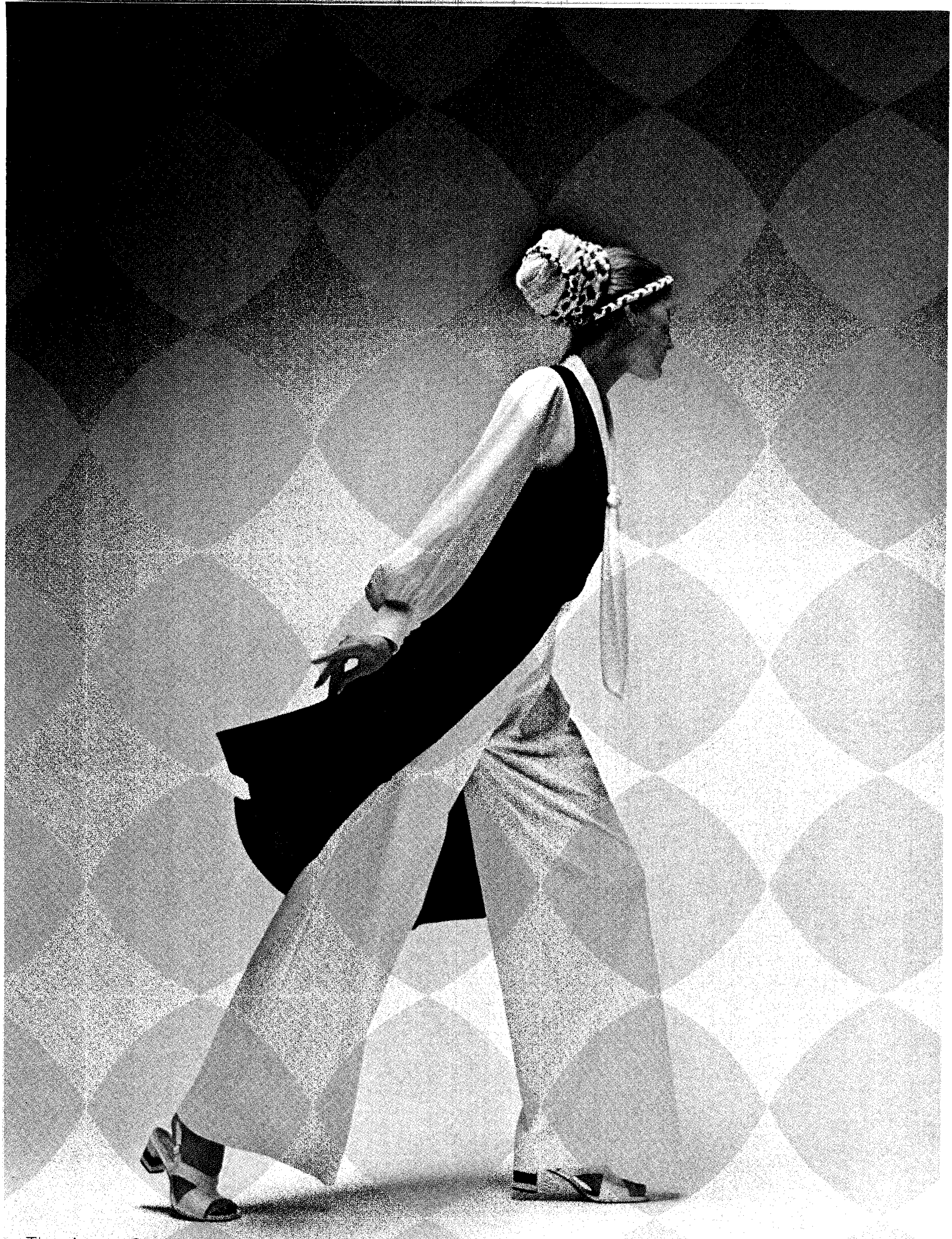
Actually, the resolution was to arrive swiftly. In months to come, druids in massed phalanx were to create so many pressures—social, political, financial—and so much ecological propaganda that Fraser would give up his Cumberland territory, selling Cumberland Oaks to the National Park Foundation. Money for the purchase was to be made available to the Park Service by the Andrew Mellon Foundation, with enough left over to acquire the rest of the island from the other owners. Thus Fraser, in his coming and going, was in the end to be the catalyst that converted Cumberland Island from a private enclave to a national reserve. The other owners, as Brower had said, were without choice, really. They would have preferred to keep the island the way it was—and no wonder. It was Earth in something close to its original state. The alternatives—private development, public park—came nowhere near that, and never would. In the battle for Cumberland Island, there could be human winners here or there, but—no matter what might happen—there could be no victory for Cumberland Island. The Frasers of the world might create their blended landscapes, the Park Service its Yosemites. Either way, or both ways, no one was ever to be as free on that wild beach in the future as we had been that day. —John McPhee

(This is the second part of a three-part Profile.)

• •

Author Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the subject of an in-depth story which follows his rise from a German slaughterhouse into a man-made horror.
—*Hyannis (Mass.) Cape Cod Standard-Times.*

Careful! Vonnegut is a friend of ours.



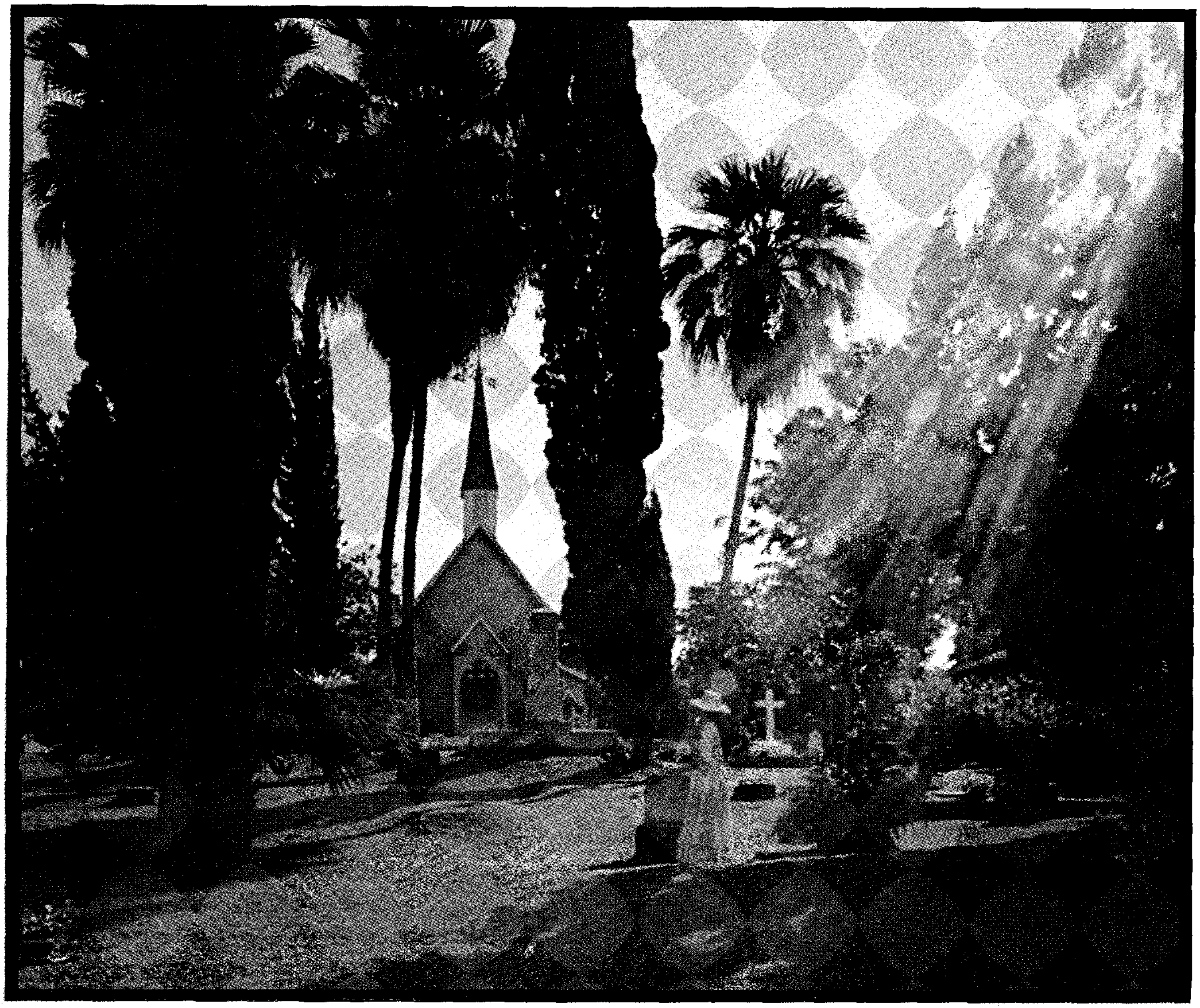
The Ascot Culotte, from our latest loungewear separates collection, is a willowy, braid-belted jumpsuit. So chic you'll wear it dancing under the stars. So carefree you could take it on safari. And so compatible with other loungewear separates: this dashing Navy vest for one. Both are Vanilure®, our exclusive shape-crepe, in 8 to 16. Jumpsuit also in Aqua Haze or Pink Clover. About $38. Vest, about $16. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York.

VANITY FAIR

A COMPANY OF VF CORPORATION

NEAL BARR

Christ Church of Kealakekua, on the Big Island of Hawaii, was built in 1866.



Come see the great cathedrals of Hawaii.

Perhaps you've seen the cathedrals of Chartres or Cordoba or Milan. They're monumental, but then that's what Europe is there for.

Perhaps you didn't know you can see some remarkable churches in Hawaii as well. To be very frank with you, in terms of architectural splendor, ours offer no contest. But if it's soul you're after, come to Hawaii.

On the Big Island of Hawaii and on Maui and Kauai, you'll find interesting old churches by the dozen. The best Christian examples date from the early nineteenth century, when the missionaries set out to recreate their native New England structures here in "Owhyhee." Despite grave shortages of skilled labor and appropriate materials, moral fiber won the day.

The men of the cloth left Hawaii a mixed bag of blessings. For example, the muumuu, which you will certainly see and may even wear on your visit here. It was originally designed to conceal the charms of our Island girls for the spiritual betterment of our Island boys. In point of fact, it does no such thing: humanity has yet to create a more provocative garment. Again, you'll see.

While you're here, you ought to get Hawaii's complete religious picture. So visit some of our beautiful Buddhist temples. Our Shinto shrines. Our tabernacles. You'll be warmly welcomed in any of them.

You should also see the place where King Kamehameha the Great was born. And where Captain Cook was killed. And Iolani Palace, the only royal palace in the entire United States.

To say nothing of our State Capitol. You may have seen pictures of this imaginative structure in magazine articles. It's even more dramatic in real life.

Ask your travel agent about air fares, steamship passage and hotel rates. They're all a lot less expensive than you may have thought. Same goes for tours. There's one for just the amount of time and money you want to spend.

So come soon. And see the great everything of Hawaii.

Hawaii

IT'S MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE.

On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu.

THE THEATRE

TROUBLED DON

CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON is a very clever young English playwright, whose comedy "The Philanthropist" has come to the Ethel Barrymore from Mother London, generatrix of Broadway. According to the program notes, Mr. Hampton had his first play put on professionally when he was an undergraduate at Oxford; poor old chap, he is now in his twenties, and while it is probably too much to hope that he has been spared the infirmities of mind and body common to those years, it is evident that he continues to take an active interest in current events and is capable of getting off some pretty slick lines, especially when the weather is warm. He is also capable of making mistakes of improvidence that would do credit to a much younger man. Having had some excellent ideas for plays, he has rashly ignored the time-tested principle expressed in the equation "one idea=one play" and has tossed two or three ideas into the same work, which, in order to accommodate them, keeps changing its nature as it goes along, beginning with an outrageousness of attitude and action not unlike early Waugh, or even Firbank, and then proceeding downhill into a dreary contemporary reasonableness. Nevertheless, there is enough excitement in the opening scenes of "The Philanthropist" and enough suave skill in the performances as the play itself grows sticky to provide a satisfactory evening in the theatre. If Mr. Hampton is not afraid of making a hash of his play, I, for one, am not afraid of recommending it.

As the title hints, and as the play quickly makes clear, one of Mr. Hampton's good ideas was to turn Molière's "The Misanthrope" inside out: What would be the fate of a man helplessly bound to find everyone and everything likable? This unfortunate creature is Philip, a don at an unnamed university somewhere in tidal England; by profession, he is a philologist, which is to say that he finds all words, like all people, appealing for one reason or another. Philip is planning to marry a good-looking, not unintelligent girl named Celia; it comes out in the course of the play that they haven't had much to do with each other sexually and that the chances of *anyone's* having much to do with Philip sexually are remote. After a dinner party that Celia has loyally slaved to prepare, one of the guests, a girl with a pleasing prejudice against ever going to bed alone, asks Philip to be her companion for the night. A lover of mankind cannot necessarily make love, especially on demand, and Philip, eager as he is to oblige, conspicuously fails. Meanwhile, Celia has been put to bed by a rakehell visiting novelist of abominable taste but sufficient amatory expertise, and a third girl, whom Philip has been diffidently thinking of developing an interest in, winds up in the arms of a cynical colleague named Donald. We perceive that Philip is simply another poor devil of a man at the end of his tether; his love for everyone is but a form of ill-controlled hysteria, and it is the misanthropic realist Donald and his cheerful, complaisant girl who finally take him in and provide him with such small tokens of affection as he is able, in anguished eagerness, to accept.

Another good idea in the play, but one that vanishes in the murk of the tiresome question of whether Philip will or will not perform his manly duty, has to do with people violently killing themselves and getting killed. By the time we are ten minutes into the play, well over ten characters on and off the stage have been dispatched in one notably bloody fashion or another, and the expectation is that sudden death will be among our interests—but not at all: having served to arrest our attention, and having been the occasion for a number of darkling witticisms, the subject is abruptly, clumsily dropped. The degree to which we fail to notice its disappearance is a tribute to the exceptionally able cast, headed by Alec McCowen as Philip. When his role tends to thin out, Mr. McCowen thickens it with samples of adroitly executed stage business, to the point where his pouring milk and sugar into a bowl of cornflakes threatens to become the climax of the evening. Mr. McCowen must be impatient with himself for letting this happen; still, it is almost literally the case that at the moment of cornflakes there is nothing else for him to do. Jane Asher is such a fantastically attractive girl that one starts wondering what on earth she could possibly see in a mousy don, and then, grateful for her continued presence, expunges the thought. Ed Zimmermann is suitably hardboiled and yet sympathetic as Donald, and Victor Spinetti has a brief, hilarious scene as the licentious novelist, whose forte is shocking people by telling the shabby truth about himself. Penelope Wilton is the girl who grows edgy as night falls, and Paul Corum is funny as a wild-eyed undergraduate playwright bristling with non-talent. The play has been directed by Robert Kidd, and the scruffy set is by John Gunter, who must take an even bleaker view of the domestic sensibilities of English dons than Mr. Hampton does.

"FATHER'S DAY," by Oliver Hailey, was allowed to expire far too readily at the John Golden. It was an imperfect play, but there were good things in it, and I think it might have gained an audience for itself if the producers could have afforded to carry it for a week or so. It was given its quietus after a single performance, and I extend my sympathy to an extraordinary cast—Brenda Vaccaro, Marian Seldes, Jennifer Salt, Biff McGuire, Ken Kercheval, and Donald Moffat, the last of whom deserves a double amount of sympathy because of the skill with which he directed the play. I also feel sorry for Jo Mielziner, who designed a superlative three-story-high set, and for Ann Roth, who did the costumes. No use offering sympathy to Mr. Hailey—playwrights have no choice but to forgive the world and begin again.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Once Upon a Full Moon

"THE DREAM ON MONKEY MOUNTAIN," at the St. Marks, is an enthralling play by the West Indian poet and dramatist Derek Walcott, and the performance of the Negro Ensemble Company, under Michael A. Schultz's clear, inspired direction, matches it in beauty, imagination, humor, and vigor. The Dreamer is an old black charcoal peddler, who thinks himself so ugly that he has not been able to look into a mirror for thirty

HONEY BUNNY!

That's what our cuddly creatures are. Easter is April 11th. We've been running like rabbits to get ready. Tote up a basket and look around. Better still, get one of our enchanting wicker ones filled to the brim with bright novelties! Funny bunny your bag? We have one two feet tall and a mini Steiff no larger than a minute! As usual we're stuffed to the rafters with heavenly new spring toys! Come see. We'll stage our Easter show just for you. We gift wrap and ship everywhere.

Rappaport's TOY BAZAAR INC.

1381 Third Ave., New York 10021
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

OUR MADRAS BERMUDA BAG

Made in our workrooms with 8" mahogany handles. Honest Indian Madras, hand-woven in an orange, plum, green and white pattern. $9.75.

ENGLISH DOESKIN SHORTIES

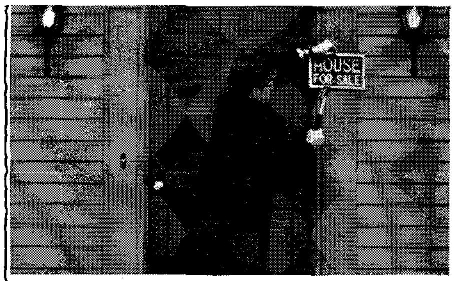
Rare softies, delightfully detailed. White only, quarter sizes 6 to 8. $4.00 pr; 3 pairs $9.95. Sizes may be assorted. Here or by mail.

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-63. Add postage: boat mail, 65¢ for bag; 40¢ per pr. gloves; 3 pairs 65¢. Double postage for airmail.

years. At the beginning of the play, after he has gone into a frenzy and caused considerable damage in a local bar, declaring that God is black, not white, he is thrown into the jail of some West Indian island by a mulatto corporal. He cannot even remember his Christian name—only the name, Makak, that he has given himself—and we learn that at every full moon this madness descends upon him. His frenzy continues. God, he claims, speaks to him in the guise of a white moon-goddess, who lies in his arms all night and tells him that he, a descendant of African kings and a great healer, must lead his people back to Africa. "I will tell you my dream," he says, standing in his cell with arms outstretched. The white goddess appears, singing, in a huge cutout of the moon, though he is the only one who can see her. Two mocking prisoners in the cell next door roll about with laughter, and the mulatto corporal (who by now has put on a barrister's wig and gown and has been addressing a chorus of islanders in high-flown British "my-lord" language) comments drily upon "this rage for whiteness that does drive niggers mad."

In a classic sense, the antagonists of the script (or, more exactly, the two characters in opposition to each other, who hold the script taut) are Makak, the peasant visionary—regal, mysterious, and commanding whether in rags or in African robes (and powerfully played by Roscoe Lee Browne)—and the mulatto corporal, quiet, worldly, complex, and tongue-in-cheek. (Ron O'Neal, who was so wonderful as the poet and dramatist's surrogate in Charles Gordone's "No Place to Be Somebody," is just as wonderful in a role that has some similarity to that one.) But there are others almost as important. There is Makak's crippled little partner, Moustique, part Sancho Panza to his Don Quixote, part Sparrow to his Liliom (a fine performance by Antonio Fargas). There is Basil, coffin-maker and Spirit of Death, who stalks about in a top hat, half of his face in chalk-white makeup (another good performance, this one by Robert Jackson), and who, toward the end, reads a list of the damned of history, a list that includes Aristotle, Abraham Lincoln, Lorenzo de' Medici, Al Jolson, Mandrake the Magician, and Horatio Nelson, their crime being "that they are indubitably . . . white. . . . A drop of milk is enough to condemn them." ("My hatred," says Makak, "is deep, black, quiet as velvet.") And then there are those two mocking, funny rascals from the adjoining cell



A year ago it was their dream house...

and Homerica found it for them. But another move means having to find the perfect home and community in a new location. And Homerica will continue to guide them. We take the time, tension and gamble out of relocating. Our business is counseling relocating families and helping them select the right community and home in any area. A Homerica relocation is uncomplicated and extremely personalized. We know over 6,700 key communities intimately. We can tell you all about those that best suit your family's living patterns and we'll screen them for homes that match your specifications. Then we'll arrange for you to inspect each home. All you have to do is make your selection . . . and we've helped over 65,000 families do just that.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R327
100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
ENJOY A COMPLETE EVENING
Foremost Latin-American Stars
Continuous Dancing
Superb Cuisine
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

Less than 400 miles from New York City is a delightful French boutique called Montréal.

Reservations—Tel: (514) 878-2332
Hôtel Bonaventure
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

(Lawrence Cook and Afolabi Ajayi), who eventually become converts, of a lightly treacherous kind, to the great King Makak. As episode follows episode, the chorus of dancers and singers and minor players becomes, in turn, judges; mourners gathered around the body of a fellow dying of snakebite, who is cured by Makak; and, later, Makak's African warriors and subjects.

By the end of the play, the full moon has sunk into the sea, the night is over, and with it all the frenzy, fever, and hallucination. Makak is back in his cell, and his lines "My name is Felix Hobain. . . . Hobain. I believe in my God. I have never killed a fly" and "Makak lives where he has always lived—in the dreams of his people" are as steady and calm and as moving as Oberon's "And then I will her charmèd eye release/ From monster's view, and all things shall be peace." Come to think of it, Peter Brook and his troupe could take a lesson or two in magic from Mr. Schultz and the Negro Ensemble Company. This production is the richest and strongest that the N.E.C. has ever given us, and in the service of a masterpiece. "The Dream on Monkey Mountain" is a poem in dramatic form or a drama in poetry, and poetry is rare in the modern theatre. Every line of it plays; there are no verbal decorations. A word, too, must be said for the absolute trust that Mr. Walcott engenders in his audience, convincing us that there is a sound psychological basis for every action and emotion. The setting, choreography, costumes, and lighting, all of which greatly enhance the mood of the production, are the work of Edward Burbridge, Mary Barnett, Lewis Brown, and Ernest Baxter and Oyamo, respectively. —EDITH OLIVER

•

DEAR HELOISE:

For all those who have trouble with the little paper tabs on tea bags:

Gather them up in one hand—as many bags as you need—and hold them by the strings. With the other hand jerk the tabs off. Then knot all those strings together with a single knot and toss them into the pan or teapot.

When ready to remove them, use a fork to lift them all out at once. They are tied together, will come out in one motion and no more worry!

MRS. J. COLE

Couldn't believe it, folks, so we just ran several of them through our dishwasher, and, by jingo, she's right!

How's about that for a real penny saver? HELOISE

—*Heloise Cruse's column in the Newark (Ohio) Advocate.*

Sounds good to us, by jingo.

YOUNG AND FRESH AS SPRING ITSELF in Dacron®.

Sunny knits for girls with fun — and fashion — on their minds. Doubleknit strong and soft to look cool and fresh. Of easy care, wash 'n wear Dacron* polyester.

Pocket and trim details. Classic alligator crest. In apple green or navy, striped with white. Sizes 3-6X $18.00, 7-14 $20.00.

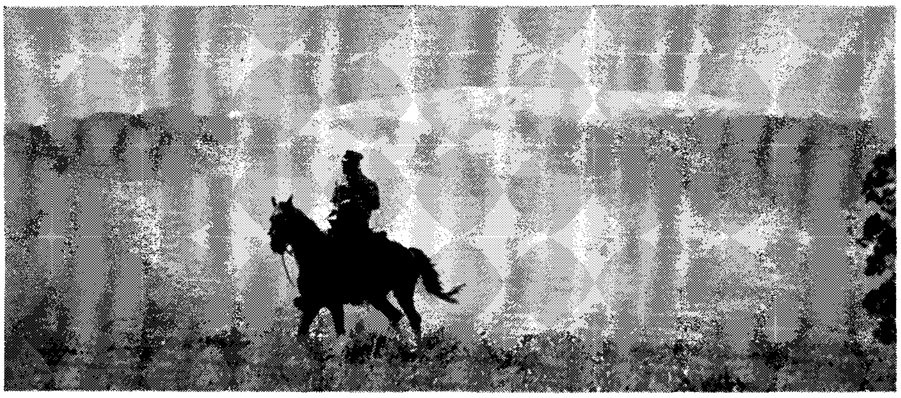
Lord & Taylor — New York and all stores
Marshall Field — Chicago
Neiman Marcus — Dallas and all stores
I. Magnin — all stores

Prices slightly higher West Coast.

*DuPont Reg. T.M.

CRYSTAL Sunflowers

A Division of David Crystal, Inc.
498 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 10018



You ride beneath a white-capped mountain.
Beyond, you visit Volcanoes National Park.
Your golf ball flies across an ocean cove.
You watch the sunset from your own lanai.
This is the romance of Hawaii's Mauna Kea.

Perhaps the most beautiful hotel in the world. With golf, swimming, mountains, hunting, riding, tennis, and art objects from all over the Pacific. Ask about our Golf Plan, Honeymoon Plan, and Family Plan, with children for just $10 a day including two meals (effective April 15-Dec. 15, 1971). See your travel agent, or call New York (212) 247-4688, Chicago (312) 372-4489, Los Angeles (213) 388-1151, San Francisco (415) 434-0660, Seattle (206) 682-1981.

MAUNA KEA BEACH HOTEL
ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII

Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

U.S. JOURNAL: DORCHESTER COUNTY, S.C.

VICTORIA DELEE—IN HER OWN WORDS

Growing up in Dorchester County

"THIS thing start when I was born. I was born from a family of four of us girls. And I was born from an unwed mother. And this was the first strike against me. So that's why I'm saying it started when I was born: when I was a little girl, we was slighted. We was always treated awful bad, even from our own people. First thing this did to me—it made me hate people. I mostly hated everybody. I loved my grandmama. My grandmama really raised us. And we had a hard time. We was born and raised up on white people's farms. We had to work for the white folks. We was pickin' peas and cotton and this sort of thing. I always wanted to do somethin'. I said when I get grown I was goin' to be a businesswoman. I didn't know what kind of businesswoman. People said, 'You'll never become nothin'—because you didn't come from nothin'.' But I meant to be somebody. And all along I said, 'When I get growed I'm going to fix it for my people.' Always in my mind I always wanted to change things in Dorchester County. And the first thing I had in my mind: I meant to kill up some white people.

"The white people did us so bad. Knowing all the black people that was getting killed, it just worried me most to death. One white man one time knocked me out because I was hoeing cotton and he said I left some grass behind the cotton. So he took and knocked me up side the head. And when I come to, my grandmama had to beat me till he was satisfied. Till *he* was satisfied. And this was one that was the first white man I meant to kill. I said, 'I'm goin' to kill him to start off with.' And I didn't know no better. I just hated white folks so bad. And I kept saying I was going to kill women, children, mens, and all. I knew they was going to kill me as soon as I killed up enough of them. But that didn't make me no difference.

"I got married very young. I still had it in my mind to kill the white folks. But after my first little boy was born, we went to church one Sunday and the preacher preached a sermon—'You can get by, but you can't get away.' It was the first time in my life that anything had really got next to me. He said the white folks was killing us, but God had their number and they was going to reap whatever seeds they sowed. He said if they didn't, their children's children's children would reap. He said the same thing went for us: if we hated them and we did to them what they did to us, our children's children would reap our seeds. And I looked at my baby in my arms that Sunday, and I said, 'Lord, I'm glad I haven't killed nobody yet.' And the preacher said you can't even hate 'em. So I went to prayin'. I asked the Lord to help me. I asked Him to help me stop hating people. I wanted Him to make me love my enemies. I really went to goin' to church. I wanted to be converted. I went to my grandmama, and she said that before God would convert my soul I would have to love the white people. She said, 'You got to *mean* it.' And, sure enough, the Lord answered my prayer and I started to love white folks. But I stand up all right. I let 'em know that they wasn't goin' to run over me."

Registering to Vote

"I GOT registered when it was real tough back there. I *made* 'em register me. The same girl who is maggistrater of Ridgeville now, I was pregnant with her—Vicki. Now she's twenty-three, and that was before she was born. The power structure had an undertaker who would pick up the blacks they wanted to register. (They wanted certain blacks so that they could say 'Vote for such-and-such one' and the blacks would go and do it. Was nobody registered except them kind of people.) So I went there and I just waited till the door opened and somebody comed out that it was time for somebody else. I stepped in. So I got in there with this guy—he was an old white man. His hair was white. He asked me what I wanted. I told him. I said, 'I want my registration certificate.'

"He said, 'You can't get registered.'

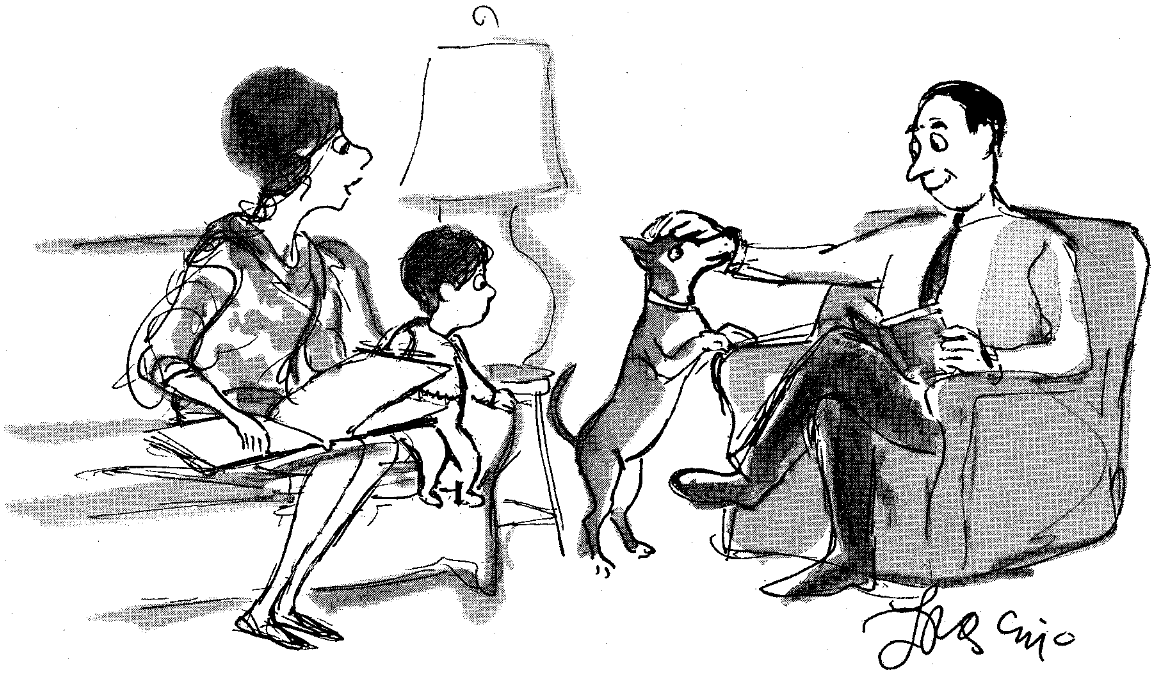
"I said, 'Oh yes I am.' I was real heavy with this baby. Well, I looked like a barrel. I said, 'I'm not going anywhere. I want my registration certificate. Don't you put your hands on me—and nobodys else.' I said, 'I want my registration certificate.'

"And he said, 'Why, you can't—'

"And I said, 'Oh yes I can.'

"And he said, 'You got to read this here—the Constitution.' So he gave me a book. It wasn't no Constitution. It was somethin' else he give me to read—a whole big thing there. I read it. He say, 'You read, but you can't read with understanding.'

"I said, 'Who's the person who's supposed



"Daddy says 'Good boy' to you a lot, too."

For people who want a receiver and a tape system:

A receiver with a tape system.

We've put the receiver and tape system into one compact package that saves space and gets rid of a lot of wiring. What's more, we've given you a choice of two different tape systems.

Our HST-399 has a cassette recorder that lets you make off-the-air recordings and play pre-recorded tapes, too.

With its optional F99B microphone, you can also make home recordings in full stereo sound.

If you are a hi-fi buff, our HST-388 is the choice for you. It has an 8-track cartridge player that will get the most out of any tape.

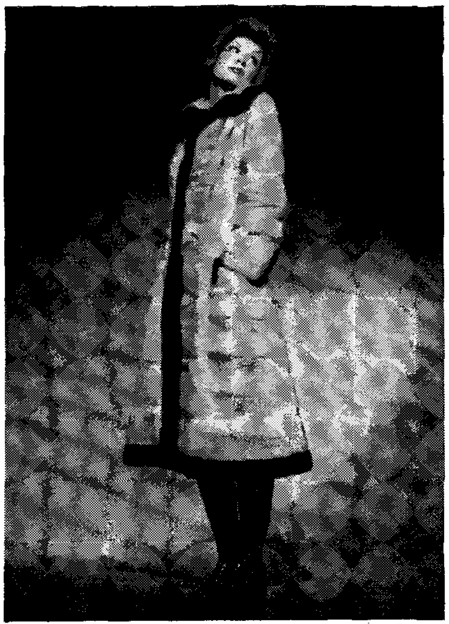
Both stereo tape receivers include the same fine FM/AM stereo tuner and high-quality amplifier. And both have jacks for connecting things like record players, stereo headphones or even an additional tape deck.

So, the only choice you have to make is which tape system you want. No matter which you pick, you'll get a receiver and a tape system for a lot less money than you'd expect.

SONY
FM STEREO FM-AM RECEIVER
CASSETTE
TUNING
SONY
FM STEREO FM-AM RECEIVER
8T CARTRIDGE
HEADPHONE
POWER VOLUME
BALANCE
FUNCTION
TUNING

SONY® stereo tape receivers.

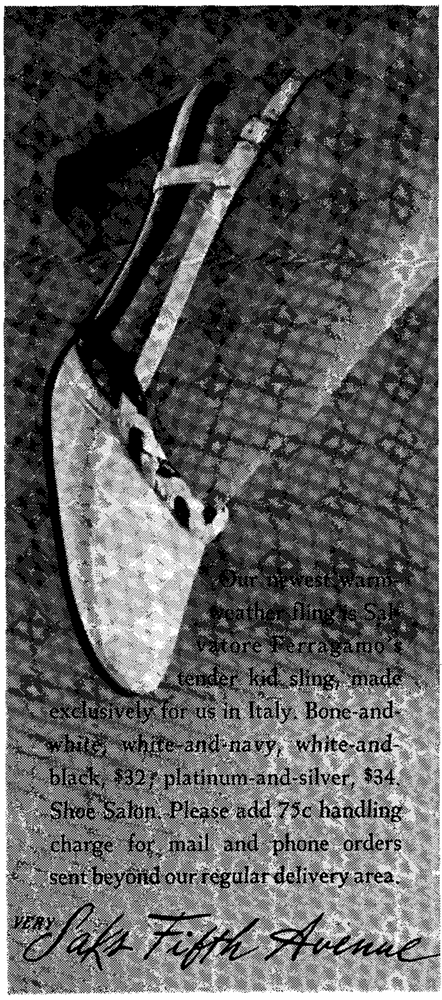
© 1971 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.



When you've enjoyed a meal in Denmark, you say "Tak for mad". Which means, "Thanks for the food". But after one taste of the Birger Christensen fur collection at Gidding-Jenny, you'll probably be speechless.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



Our newest warm-weather fling is Salvatore Ferragamo's tender kid sling, made exclusively for us in Italy. Bone-and-white, white-and-navy, white-and-black, $32; platinum-and-silver, $34. Shoe Salon. Please add 75c handling charge for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

to understand it—me or you? I read and I understand what I read, and give me my registration certificate.' I said, 'If you don't—I says—'Mister, it's goin' to be trouble.'

"So he got scared. This white man got scared. He said, 'You know who you're talking to?'

"I said, 'You know who *you're* talking to?' I said, 'This happen to not be one of your niggers.' I said, 'I want my registration certificate.'

"After a while, he says, 'O.K. Now, you ain't makin' me do this,' he says, 'but I'm goin' to give you this registration certificate. But don't you go there and tell nobodys else I give you this registration certificate.'

"I says, 'You ain't *givin'* me my registration certificate.' I says, 'I applied and I am eligible for it. That's your Constitution—I done read it. That's all that's required.' I said, 'I'm going out here and tell everybody.' And I walked out of the office and I told everybody how I got mine. My husband went in there, but he sent my husband right back out. So I was the only black person in my community who had a registration certificate—except the blacks they wanted to register. That was when I was carrying my third child—Vicki. The one who's magistrater now. Everybody says that's why Vicki is so pushy, like I am."

RAISING CHILDREN

"I HAD one baby behind the next. I'm the mother of seven. I had to spend quite a lot of time with my family, because I never believed in leaving my children with anybody. Because I had a way I wanted to teach my kids a little different. I taught my kids to stand up and be counted. And I learned them to don't be afraid of nobody. And because a man's skin was white he wasn't a bit better than they was. But then I told them they weren't any better than anybody else. And I told them that you were just what you make yourself. You could be a dog if you wanted to or you could be a man if you wanted to. I said, 'Nobody give respect to you—you're going to have to take it. But you don't have to go round here "Yessir, No Sir, Mister, Boss" and all this kind of stuff. That wasn't respect. If he call you Jim, you call him Mike. And if he's nice to you, be nice to him. Always smile first at a person to see whether he goin' smile back. But he don't smile back, don't you keep on smilin',' I said, 'because directly he think you Aunt Jane. And wherever you go, don't you go look for no seat amongst black people. You go anyplace

No two figures are alike!

The woman who demands perfection chooses the Delineator, which is exactly fitted to her individual needs, and provides both comfort and beauty. Available in a wide variety of sizes, styles, materials and colors. From $29.50. One year guarantee. We welcome consultations.

•

We Are Now Located in Our Own Building at:

41 West 57th St.
(7th Floor)
(Bet. 5th & 6th)
New York, N. Y.
PL 5-6250

J. Berlé

© DELINEATOR

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Jules Podell presents

JAMES BROWN

THE LIVING LEGEND

SLAPPY WHITE & STEVE ROSSI

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
3 SHOWS SATURDAY
8 P.M., 11 P.M. AND 2 A.M.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

that black and white is sittin' there, wherever a seat is vacant sit down. Because as long as you is a citizen of the United States'—I said not even South Carolina but the United States—'then nobody is entitled to any more than you.'

"And I taught them that from babies on the breast. And all my children today—and I'm not braggin'—they're some of the nicestest kids you ever met. You talk with 'em, you'll want to talk with 'em again. But you'll find out they're not afraid of you a bit. And my little grandbaby—if you go to ask 'Is Victoria home?' he'll say 'Mrs. DeLee is not here.' That's right. We taught him that. This is what I did. So I raised up children like that."

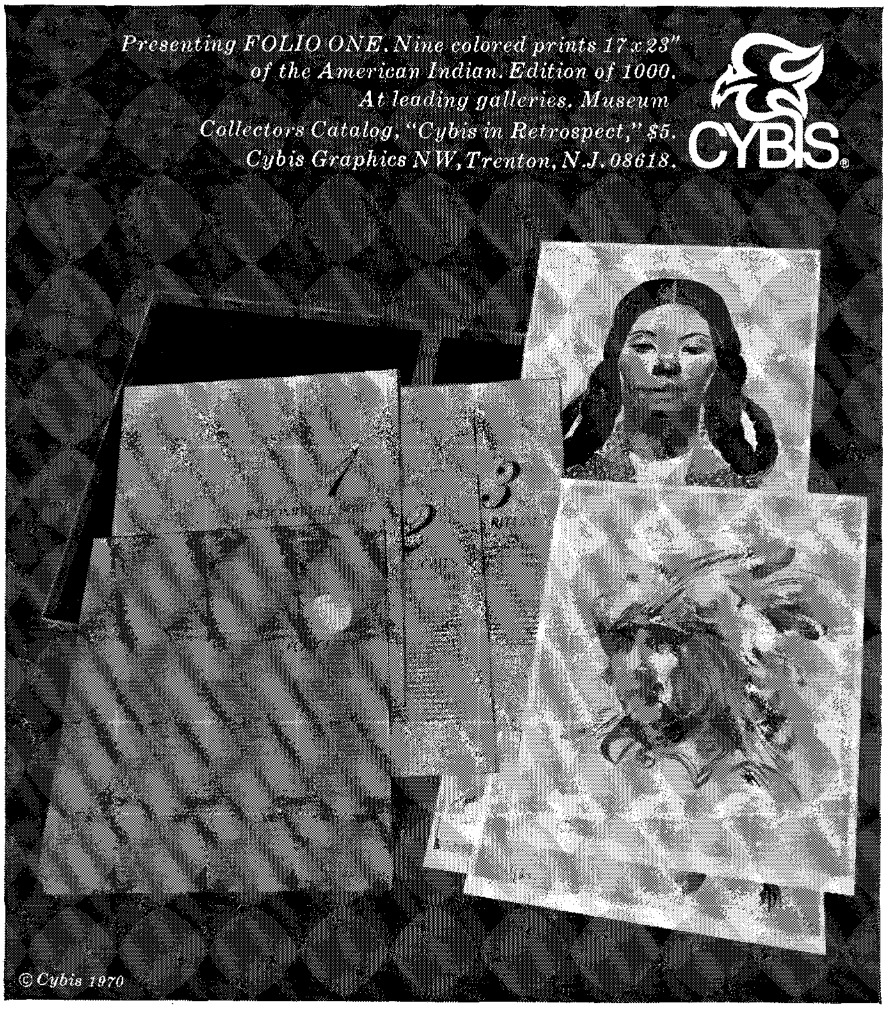
Sending the Children to School

"I WENT to the superintendent to try to make him put the same education in the black schools as the white schools, and they wouldn't do it. Then I filed for transfers. That was in 1964. I did it to get equal education, and I knowed that was the only way. This is when they started harassing me. This is when they started shooting in the house. The kids got in in '65. We done got 'em in there. This is when the kids started being beat up. Sometimes I've seen my boy got off the bus he couldn't see how to walk from the bus to the house, he was beat so bad. The little girl, they'd tear her clothes and she's take the pieces of her dress and pull them around her to hide her nakedness. They used to be beat up till they was bloody as hogs. First year, there was my kids and two more families. Then every year we just kept gettin' a little more and a little more. The last big fightin' scrape was in February of '70. We pulled our kids out and we said we *demanded* protection of our children. That's the first time the judge really comed out and put his foot down.

"Last year, the school was totally integrated. We got no serious trouble now. Oh, the school officials still trying to do their little sneaky devilment. The student body, they got a white and a black president. Things that used to be elected are appointed—Miss Homecoming and whatnot. It's not a hundred per cent. It's a hundred per cent from what it was, but it's not a hundred per cent from what it ought to be."

Engaging in Self-Defense

"FROM '64 till '66 it was living hell. We couldn't go out in the daytime or sleep at night. My house,

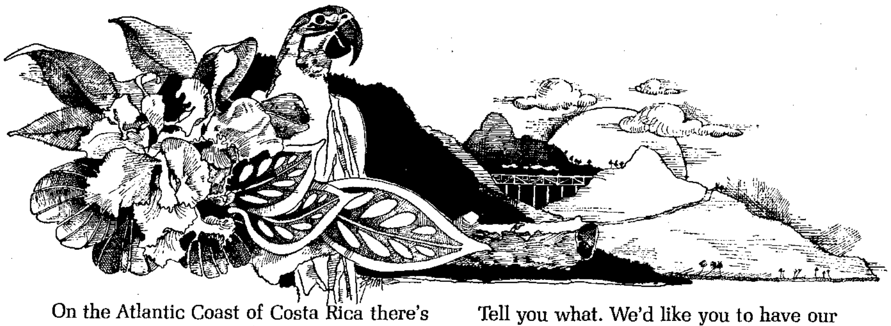


Presenting FOLIO ONE. Nine colored prints 17 x 23" of the American Indian. Edition of 1000. At leading galleries. Museum Collectors Catalog, "Cybis in Retrospect," $5. Cybis Graphics NW, Trenton, N.J. 08618.

CYBIS®

© Cybis 1970

It's hard to appreciate the beauty of Costa Rica's jungles from 30,000 feet.



On the Atlantic Coast of Costa Rica there's a picturesque spot called Limon. We fly there from the capital, San Jose. But, frankly, the best way to get to Limon is by Toonerville Trolley.

At 12:30 the bell clangs, the whistle blows and for the next five hours you're in a whole different world. Up and down mountains thick with coffee and cacao and banana. Tiptoeing across spider bridges delicately poised over beautiful, silver rivers. Plunging through tropical rain forests dense with wild orchids and rainbow colored birds.

There's nothing like it in the world, but that's Costa Rica.

You never thought of vacationing in Costa Rica? Well, maybe you should. It's a terrific country. With a terrific airline. Us. And we fly there, as well as to places like Mexico and Panama and The Cayman Islands, every day from the United States.

Tell you what. We'd like you to have our brand new package brochure that describes vacations in our world from as little as $159. You can get one from your travel agent. Or you can get one from us.

LACSA AIRLINES
238 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, Florida 33132

Gentlemen: Costa Rica sounds terrific.
Please send your free package brochure.

Name ________________________

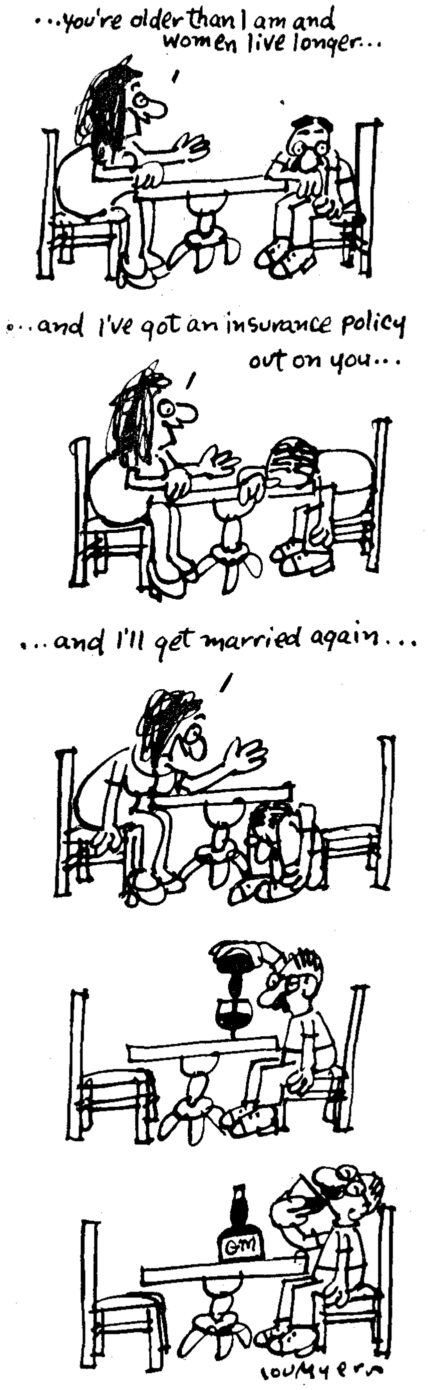
Address ________________________

City __________ State ______ Zip ______

A2

LACSA AIRLINES
You're going to love us.

Grand Marnier
on the rocks


...you're older than I am and women live longer...
...and I've got an insurance policy out on you...
...and I'll get married again...
GM
LOU MYERS

The Spirit of
Grand Marnier
comes alive
with every sip.

For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.

Grand Marnier

PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS. LTD. DEPT. NY6 745 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 10022

before they burned it down, looked like a polka-dotted dress. Every kind of bullet hole was in that house. Even with all that, I never hate. But when they would shoot at our house, we'd shoot back. I believe God will take care of us, but I believe that part of Scripture that say help yourself and He'll help you. I believe in lettin' these people know that I do have a gun. If I just sit down and you can just curse and 'buse me out, hit me in my head, and I just put my hand on my head, you just keep on pounding on me. But if I stand up and tell you, 'If you hit me, baby, you goin' to get it back,' you ain't goin' to be so hasty to come beatin' on me."

Registering Other People to Vote

"I SET up a citizenship school, which I taught black people, uneducated people, how to read and write. And taught them about the government, the little that I had knowed. I taught them a little about the Constitution. I reads a lot. I always did. All my life, any book I got my hands onto, I read. And I love to study about the government.

"Then, in '65, we really put on a registration drive. The registration director, he *refused* to register black people. We had as high as five hundred there in one day. They'd just register one or two and make the other people stand around and stand around. They put their foots on the desk and look out the window and laugh and say 'black niggers' and 'black crows' and all kind of things like that. And I got a group and we went to Washington, and I *demanded* federal registrars here. We come home thinking they was going to send some, but they didn't do it, so I went back to Washington myself.

"I stayed there for a week. And just harassed the Justice Department. The guy who was in charge of registrars for us then was Rosenberg. And, oh boy, I give that poor guy a hard way to go. I refused to leave his office. Even they'd offer me out for dinner, you know, and all this kind of thing, I just stayed right there. I just kept talkin' and goin' on and on. Rosenberg would get so tired he would laugh—but he weren't tickled. And if he'd get mad, I'd get mad, too. But I learned a lot from him, even in our arguments and whatnot. Because I'd ask questions and they would tell me. And I would say, 'Well, where can I find that?' And he said, 'Such-and-such a place.'

"After a week, Rosenberg said, 'Mrs. DeLee, go home.'

"I said, 'I'm not going home, not until you tell me you're sending federal registrars into Dorchester County.'

"So he said, 'I can't tell you that. We're not allowed to. But I'll tell you this: Something will be done.'

"I said, 'O.K. I'll go home. And I'll give you three days. If you don't send those federal registrars by the day after tomorrow, I'm going to be right back.'

"But when I got home the next day, the federal registrars was there."

Visiting Washington

"THE federal government does a very little. A *very* little. But that same little bit they do, it helps a whole lot. Why I'm so hard on the federal government is because while they're making one step if they were to make three—why, things would really get done much faster. But they just takes forever to do whatever need to be done. So that's why I just don't like the way they operates. But then anyway I got to take the little they get done. But to get *that little! Brother!* You got to put pressure on there. You got to show up and raise sand up there. And they knows that. Everybody in Washington knows Victoria DeLee, too. Because when I go up there to get something done—I don't care what I go after—they just don't have nothin' goin' on while I'm there. Because I just talks. And when I go there to see somebody, I just don't take no for an answer. If I go to see the Attorney General and they say, 'Well, I'm sorry, he's up on the Hill,' I say, 'Well, that's all right. I'll stay right here till he come down off the Hill.' They say, 'Well, you haven't made an appointment.' I say, 'Appointment the devil! I made the appointment when we put 'em here, and I'm going to keep it.' So whoever I go to see, he will just see me that day—to get rid of me.

"If I'm going to Washington—like I'm going to H.E.W. for a school problem—I go check on something else while I'm there. Welfare or food stamps or whatnot. I found out one thing: writin' letters and phone calls don't get action. Best way to get action: go there. They can't *stand* to see you comin' there. They'll act like they're glad to see you, but it's not. And when you come there, they will do things for you to get rid of you. And I knows that. And that's why always if it's a problem that really need to be solved right away, I just gets busy and go up there."

SETTING UP A DAY-CARE CENTER

"WHAT they call the Four Hole School used to be a school for the Indians. They're a mixture. The white folks treat us bad enough as blacks, but they treated them worser than they did us, because they knowed these people was ignorant. The whites always kept 'em dumb. They always afraid. They's a scary set of people. They didn't even know what their rights was. The school was just pitiful. I went talkin' to the Indian people. We showed them the difference in the books their children was readin' out of. We kept on and on, and finally they went to seein' it. It was a hard fight gettin' the Indians into the white school. The sheriff and his mens would arrest the Indians, and we'd get bond, and then they'd arrest them again. The Indian children boycotted the Four Hole School, and we taught the Indian children in a Freedom School. And we went to demonstrating and picketing. It's a long story, but now everybody's in the same school.

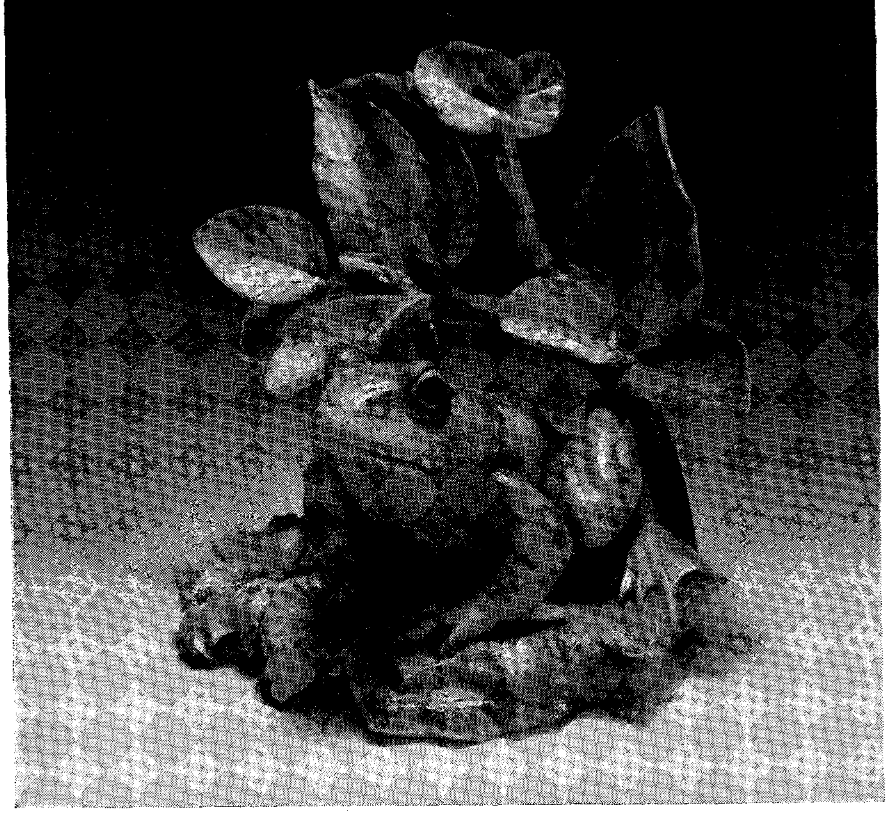
"Then this building was empty. This guy was runnin' for South Carolina House of Representative from Dorchester County. And he wanted to be elected. We had meetings with him to find out what he was goin' to do and to tell him what we was expectin' we wanted him to do. And one of the things was I wanted this school so we could open up a day-care center. So he promised us if he was elected he would get it. After he was elected, sure enough, he got with the school board and he got the keys and we got the school."

RUNNING FOR CONGRESS

"THE idea of the United Citizens Party come out from the way black people was being excluded from the Democrat Party. We is supposed to be black Democrats, but we have never been accepted as Democrats. I've had a harsh struggle with the Democrat Party. I fought the Democrats from the precinct to the county, from the county to the state. One year, I had a hearing before the credentials committee at the state convention. I said, 'It look like the Democrats want our votes, but none of us.' (It seemed real jokey, because this was the first time the Democrats ever had anybody to challenge them, and they looked like they was all scared to death themselves.) One club meeting they had in Ridgeville, we got more blacks to come out and we

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON • BOSTON • MASS. 02116 • (617) 267-9100

Premieres the roguish charm of Sir Frog, traveler, teller of tales and time honoured friend of the elves. American Bullfrog in porcelain by Cybis. 6½" high. $250.
Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)



Those who love to cruise the Greek Isles & Turkey, can now sail daily!

Greek Registry

We've sailed some of the loveliest people to some of the loveliest islands during the past, in our traditional, hospitable manner. This year we'd love to include you among them! It's really a breeze since we have now adjusted our schedule to meet yours, with a cruise every day of the week sailing from Piraeus to the Greek Isles and Turkey.

We've thought of everything... our ships feature accommodations from the comfortable to the luxurious; shipboard activities and entertainment; a gourmet cuisine and service in the grand style!! We even rounded out our rates to fit every pocket and tailored our itineraries with the most exciting places in the Aegean Sea and Turkey. PLUS wonderful shore excursions that you will remember for a long time to come! Choose the one that suits you, and prolong your holiday of fun! See your travel agent or call us.

MON. **mts Galaxy** 3-day Greek Isle Cruises
TUES. **mts Kentavros** 4-day Greek Isle & Turkey Cruises
WED. **mts Aegean Star** 4-day Greek Isle Cruises
THUR. **mts Galaxy** 4-day Greek Isle & Turkey Cruises
FRI. **tss Orion** 7-day Greek Isle & Turkey Cruises
SAT. **mts Kentavros** 3-day Greek Isle Cruises
SUN. **mts Aegean Star** 3-day Greek Isle Cruises

"K" Lines-Hellenic Cruises 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Tel. (212) 972-9480

outvoted them. But we didn't treat them like they did us—we just took the executive committee. That's the only important thing there. They got so sick they like to die. But then we thought in place of fighting the committee all the time, we'd just start our own United Citizens Party. When Mr. Rivers died, we got among ourselves and tried to find the best black to run—the one who was known, you know, throughout the First Congressional District. And everybody come to the conclusion it would have to be me. Because of my work in the past, everybody knowed me and the things that I've been doin'. I'm looking *forwards* to winning."

Thinking About Being in Congress

"To me, it would be just like being here. You know you got a job to do and you're going there to do it. It don't make me any difference, because my way of life is gettin' something done. One thing about it: I don't care where you go, some people thinks just like you do. I'm not the only one thinkin' of doing things right. Some people got better thoughts than I have. But I find that a lot of people which have better thoughts than I've got sometimes they are so slow with puttin' those thoughts into action. But me, when I thinks about a thing, I believe in just pushin' forward with it. I know that if I was to get to be elected to Congress everybody would know I was there." —Calvin Trillin

•

THE LIFE OF SUPPLICATION

[*From the Minneapolis Star*]

Snowmobiles will be blessed in a ceremony at 2 P.M. Sunday on the grounds of St. Rose of Lima Catholic Church near Freeport, Minn.

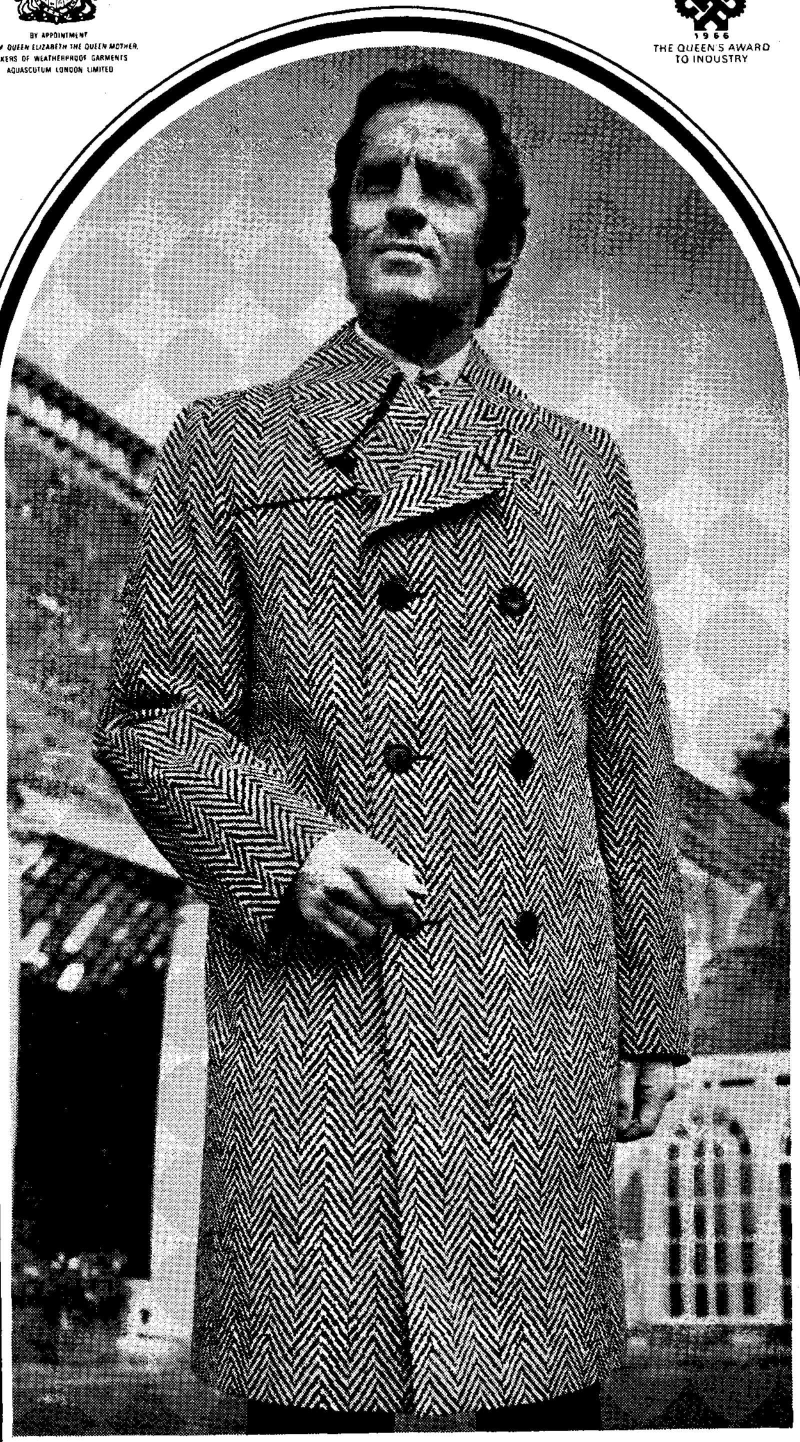
Msgr. Vincent A. Yzermans, pastor, will officiate at the blessing, which recalls that God "has given to man the gift of this marvelous invention of the snowmobile" and asks that it be a "means of usefulness of recreation to all who use it."

The blessing will be sponsored by the Roving Hillbillies Snowmobile Club.

•

To Satisfy lien of Reynolds Lithographing Corporation Al Tuman, Auctioneer, sells Feb. 9th, 1971, at 10:30 A.M., at 330 West St., Manhattan, 26,500 Copies of text of "Sex By Threes," 26,500 Copies of text of "Black Orgies," Paper Shredder etc. for the account of Penguin Publishing, Inc.—*Adv. in the Times.*

You never know when you're going to need a paper shredder.



Aquascutum
OF LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H M QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

Feels like Spring . . . looks like Fall.

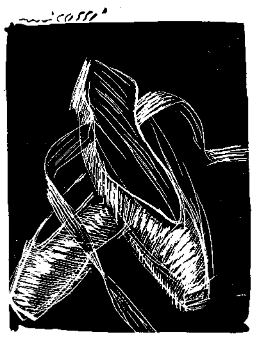
Aquascutum's latest fashion entry is unique; it looks like a Fall coat and feels light as a feather. The secret is a bold herringbone cotton print, with styling and craftsmanship that discriminating men the world over have come to expect. Proofed with Aqua 5. The Sefton. About $95. At fine stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone.

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Professionals

SOME of the best opera in New York nowadays is to be heard in the pleasant hall (the John C. Borden Auditorium, it is called) of the Manhattan School of Music, way up on Claremont Avenue. And so it went last Friday night, when the school offered a double bill of Renzo Rossellini's "La Guerra" and Ferruccio Busoni's "Arlecchino." Mr. Rossellini is a brother of the famous moviemaker, and his opera is a very fine one by any standards—perhaps the finest contemporary work (it dates from 1949) of its kind that I have heard. It is robust, lyric, and very much the sort of thing that might survive in the repertory. Since its composer has written a good many movie scores, and since his music is melodious and generally in a post-Puccini style, there were many in the audience the other night who dismissed "La Guerra" contemptuously with the epithet "movie music." But one easily forgets, amid all the publicity about "modern music," that almost the only professional composers around today are those who write for the movies. The great majority of the rest are amateurs, professional foundation grant-gatherers, or professional college professors. Moreover, the term "movie music" does not really apply to "La Guerra." It is written with a knowledge of voices that is extremely rare today. It is emotionally gripping, masculine, and pertinent to our moment in history. And if it is in the tradition of Puccini, well, I doubt that music has progressed since Puccini's time; on the contrary, I think it has degenerated. Mr. Rossellini would appear to be Puccini's logical successor—and this, to my mind, is a great compliment. The libretto of "La Guerra," written by the composer, concerns a simple situation. During an enemy's retreat from a war-torn town, a paralyzed old woman, confined in a basement, learns that her daughter is in love with an enemy soldier, who has got her with child. The daughter, after some recriminations, departs with the retreating troops. The old lady is still awaiting her return when her son comes home instead. He has been blinded in the war. The opera contains a love scene with music of great beauty, and the music underlines the drama deftly. I hope that Mr. Rossellini writes more operas, and I hope that others are encouraged to imitate his methods—though I must say that those methods entail a great deal more knowledge of the art of music than most contemporary composers possess. The singing by the student cast was superb.



Busoni's "Arlecchino," which was given its first performance in 1917, is very different, but equally expert in the writing and wholly delightful as a spectacle. It is an elaborate little commedia-dell'arte farce, bearing a slight resemblance to Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," which preceded it by four years. Among other things, it contains a number of veiled satirical references to "Don Giovanni." The music is extraordinarily thick with counterpoint, like most music written by Busoni, and its very busyness adds a touch of humor to the drama, which is much too complicated to outline here. Suffice it to say that it concerns marital infidelity, and counts among its characters an abbot, an eighteenth-century dandy, and a donkey besides Harlequin, Columbine & Co. "Arlecchino" might also become a part of the repertory, particularly if it is presented as charmingly as it was the other night. Once more, the student singers performed wonderfully well. A clever set by Edward Haynes added to the humor of the production. "Arlecchino" was sung in English, "La Guerra" in Italian. Anton Coppola, who conducted both, again showed himself to be a skilled operatic maestro, and the student orchestra sounded fully professional.

I AM afraid that *opera seria*, unless it happens to be written by Handel and given a full staging, is not for me. On Tuesday night of last week I went to Alice Tully Hall to hear the New York première of Johann Adolf Hasse's opera "Olimpiade," a work dating from 1733, which has a libretto by the celebrated poet and librettist Pietro Metastasio. It was presented by the Clarion Concerts, in concert form, under the baton of Newell Jenkins. Its plot, too, is so elaborate as to defy intelligibility, let alone summarizing. It has seven characters and a chorus, and it is written for the voices of the early eighteenth century, including castrati and other singers of incredible agility. Such voices do not exist today in any quantity, and most of the singing the other night was pretty chancy, evoking awards for good tries rather than for real successes. Mr. Jenkins conducted with his usual spirit, and the singers—Richard Conrad, Helen Vanni, Morella Muñoz, Rita Shane, Joan Caplan, and Daniel Collins—did their best. But the score consists of a series of bland recitatives and furiously ornamented arias, few of them of any distinction, and there is no drama whatever. By the time the first act was over, I realized that I was going to be bored beyond endurance, so I left to go to Philharmonic Hall, where Yehudi Menuhin was playing as well as conducting the Menuhin Festival Orchestra of London.

MR. MENUHIN is a great gentleman, and a practical philosopher sometimes well worth listening to. He is also, of course, a violinist, and, as I think I have remarked before, a conductor of considerable talent. But the thing that really attracts audiences to the affairs in which he appears is his personal charm, and this charm is perhaps worth analyzing. Unlike most violinists, Mr. Menuhin enjoys playing the violin almost as much as his audience enjoys hearing him play it. His style is robust, and, in spite of his reputation for intellect, not always scrupulous. I suspect that once he takes up his bow what he does is more or less unconscious, and that it is his unconscious joy in playing that communicates itself to the audience. Not that the playing is generally faulty. Mr. Menuhin has the technique of a seasoned virtuoso, and his tone is rich and expressive. What I missed that night was the objectivity that would have prevented certain careless phrasings of a sort that I am sure Mr. Menuhin would never have tolerated from his orchestra, which, by the way, is a beautifully trained group of about thirty musicians (formerly the orchestra of the Bath Festival) attuned to all the niceties of chamber-music playing. The lapses in phrasing were few, and I *will* say that Mr. Menuhin knows better than most violinists how to connect the end of the first phrase of the last movement of Mozart's Violin Concerto (No. 5) in A Major, K. 219, with the orchestra in true chamber-music fashion. The adagio was given some nice coloring. Still, there were those lapses, and they were the kind of lapses that occur in the playing of what violinists call a "violinistic violinist"—that is to

Crystal Elephant • 7½ inches high

ANNOUNCING A SPECIAL SPRING CATALOGUE:
"THE ANIMAL FAIR"
A multitude of birds, beasts, and fish
will be illustrated. Publication date: April 15.
Reserve your free copy today. Write to

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022 · (212) PL 2-1441

Nite-nite, little girl in
your little doll gown and
apron. Elaine Jensen designs
it for Sleepland in storybook
cotton prints. 4 to 14 sizes 13.00

I. magnin

CALIFORNIA•PORTLAND•SEATTLE•PHOENIX

mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

say, a violinist who plays the violin rather than the music. As a conductor, on the other hand, Mr. Menuhin is wholly objective and remarkably sensitive. He finished his concert with a performance of Schubert's Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major that was a model of clarity and cultivated style. A large audience was in attendance, and it expressed its enthusiasm unreservedly.

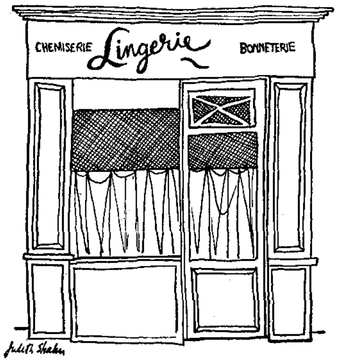
LAST Wednesday evening, the youthful conductor Michael Tilson Thomas brought the Boston Symphony to Philharmonic Hall, and again gave evidence of his extraordinary gifts. This is a young man who is complete master of his craft and a brilliant interpreter of many kinds of music. His program seemed built precisely to prove this point—Bach's Suite No. 4 in D, S. 1069; Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 16; Stravinsky's "Renard;" and the Divertissement from Act III of Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake." The Bach work was given such drama by bright colors and the use of double-dotted eighths that it sounded entirely unlike the way it does in the hands of most conductors. In this scintillating performance, the trumpets and woodwinds of the Boston Symphony shone magnificently. Schoenberg's Five Pieces were performed smoothly and about as eloquently as they can be done. They date from his first experiments with atonality, at a time when his method had not yet become a formula, and they are not unpleasant, though to me they convey little. Stravinsky's "Renard" is one of those confections that its composer was concocting in Paris and vicinity in the twenties, along with "L'Histoire du Soldat," "Les Noces," and "Pulcinella." It tells the story of a goat, a cock, a cat, and a fox who is strangled after some wily attempts to get at the cock and eat him. Musically, it is not impressive. But, what with a lot of cackling, grunting, and yelping by two tenors and two basses (Robert Gartside, Alexander Stevenson, Mark Pearson, and Richard Gill), it constitutes an amusing bit of Parisian chic. To my surprise, Mr. Thomas, following his expert exhibition in conducting this work, showed himself equally expert in the most Romantic of Romantic scores—the excerpt from "Swan Lake," which he did with full-bodied emotion and grace. It was good to hear this score played by a group like the Bostonians. I wish that other symphonic organizations would dip into what is considered the "semi-popular" repertoire more often.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

LETTER FROM PARIS

March 16

MORE than a million French citizens are running for office in the current municipal elections, which opened last Sunday and will terminate this Sunday with a run-off vote. These are the first city or village elections since the Gaullist landslide of 1968, and the first elections of any sort since General de Gaulle's death. The million candidates worked out to a ratio of about one candidate to every thirty voters, male and female—though the woman's vote was lighter than it would have been had the General been still alive, since Frenchwomen always favored him at the polls. The only Paris political meeting of exclusively female importance was that at the Palais de la Mutualité, organized by a conservative anti-Malthusian society called Laissez-Les Vivre (Let Them Live), which is against abortion. To protect themselves against hecklers, its members had called in some strong-arm volunteers, who turned out to be in part rightist youths spoiling for a fight with any leftist youths available, the result being that the solemn discussions of birth control were disturbed by noisy free-for-all fisticuffs. As in all political struggles here, the basic fundamentals of the municipal elections are still the two main leftovers from the French Revolution, one being today classified politically as the Communist Party, plus a handful of fraternal Socialists, and the other (leaving aside several interlinear moderate parties that have been added as modernisms over time) being the age-old conservative, property-owning party, which today is the Union des Démocrates pour la République, or the Gaullist party, in power under President Pompidou. There are always more conservatives than Communists in France, reflecting the old French political proverb that says a Frenchman's political sentiments are theoretically on the left, where his heart is, but his instinct for survival is on the right, where his wallet is. Most of France's large cities definitively chose their municipal officers last Sunday, with the Gaullist majority party taking more of a lead in Paris than in the provinces, and this coming Sunday's election will probably follow the same voting pattern of perhaps eleven per cent of the nation voting Communist, forty per cent voting for the Gaullist party, and only a quarter of the electorate abstaining, for the French are hearty voters; they will drive halfway across the countryside to put their votes in the ballot box.



THE street fights in Paris between left and right youths, which have plagued this city ever since the 1968 student riots made violence a form of self-expression, have over the past year or so become such a commonplace that left and right have developed one shared emotion—a mutual swollen hatred of the police, who impartially club both sides as a means of restoring calm. This enmity toward *les agents* became so manifest among youth that earlier this month the Fédération Autonome des Syndicats de Police, or the cops' union, decided to try to give the police here a new image. On March 4th, a considerable number of young, nice-looking *agents*, who had been given some special training and equipped with tracts to distribute to the younger members of the Paris populace, went out to specially chosen corners in town—particularly on the Left Bank, where the student population is the most obstreperous—with orders to *dialoguer* with the young French for an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, rather like missionaries trying to get into pleasant conversation with young cannibals. The only dialogue this correspondent had a chance to listen to was among a large crowd collected just in front of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where two young cops were being treated practically like minor cinema stars by all the young people squeezing around them. The younger cop was clearly sticking to the text that his superiors had supplied him with, saying that he didn't enjoy hitting students but that sometimes it was the only method of restoring order, which it was his job to obtain and maintain, and that he had heard that the bobbies in London were popular with the young crowd, perhaps because the English respect law so much that they even respect whoever represents it, not like the French, who seem to resent their laws. "If I give a ticket to some imbecile in a car who has driven through a red light, he resents me, because he thinks of what the ticket will cost him," he said. "He never stops to think that he must be punished because he broke a law." He said that he had some complaints to make, too. Like all the Paris police, he said, he was sick of having to serve as part of a shock-troop division, wearing a steel helmet and carrying a shield and a long billy, while he was insulted, stoned, and hit with chair legs taken from café terraces. "It's no life," he kept repeating, in a sort of desperate rigmarole. "Well, you chose it," a male student said sharply.

The next day, the Paris newspapers gave the new police image and the street-corner talks a big play, and they may indeed have done a lot of good, but the good melted away exactly one week later in a bitter, wild night confrontation between the riot police and students of both the right and the left outside the Palais des Sports, where a reportedly Fascist student group called Ordre Nouveau (its emblem is a Celtic cross) and carrying long steel staves, copied from the Japanese, was holding its first so-called electoral meeting. (The group had candidates all over France in the municipal elections.) The newspaper photographs the next morning looked infernal, with the police doing what resembled a fire dance in their pain as the Molotov cocktails exploded into flames around their feet. Seventy-three policemen were injured, seven of them gravely. Many of the students must have injured each other, too, but they avoid hospitalization, because of the official questions by the staff. After the Palais des Sports incident, there was a deluge of indignant reporting in the press, and repeated references to President Pompidou's promise to "maintain republican order, without brutality or weakness, against all troublemakers, no matter where they come from."

A CHARMING exhibition of a hundred and fifty examples of the modest, private-looking paintings and engravings of the Bolognese artist Giorgio Morandi, who died in 1964, has been showing here at the Musée d'Art Moderne. They give almost palpable pleasure to those visitors who seek his works out—pleasure visible on their faces and in their smiles as they move from one small work to another. They cannot be art reporters, for the printed Paris opinions on his work have been mostly rather frigid. Morandi, a sedentary artist whose iconographic poverty gave him his extreme concentration, has remained practically unknown in

BLAZER SWEATER

Great for pants and skirts. Our brass buttoned, double breasted heavy knit jacket sweater has the feel and look of hand knitted wool. Completely machine washable — 100% Acrylic. Striped in red and blue on white.

Small, Medium, Large $20.00

Please add 75 cents for handling.
Mail orders carefully filled.

GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

Murrieta
Hot Springs Resort

Easy does it!

Set your own pace at the Murrieta Hot Springs Resort . . . 260 luxurious rooms. Dine continentally, sip a drink in the cocktail lounge, relax over cards. Outdoors? If easy doesn't do it, there's riding, golf, tennis, swimming, mineral and mud baths, and a complete dietary-health-beauty spa. You set the pace, but set it for Murrieta.

Miss Billy Riley, General Manager

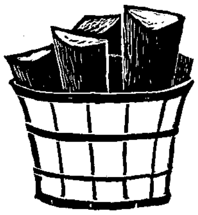
On Hwy. 395, midway between Los Angeles and San Diego.
For reservations and information, call (213) 879-3991.

Murrieta HOT SPRINGS

Murrieta Hot Springs, Murrieta, Calif. 92362 NY
Please send details of Murrieta Hot Springs and Hotel
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Telephone ____

France. Today, after the turbulence stirred up here over the last decade by the various Picasso shows, bursting with the illogic of his special creations and lurid colors, it is too late to give Morandi's limited, homely subject matter the familiarity of appreciation. He spent his years painting still-lifes of bottles—white china bottles, of which he possessed three, repeatedly painting them against a beige background; black bottles; and small green bottles, possibly for liqueurs, or perhaps only supplied by some elderly Bologna pharmacist. There is such variety in these subtle compositions that vary so little—and there is such repose in gazing on unpretentious objects without the danger of rude surprise or astonishment! This writer can remember back in Rome in the middle twenties when Morandi was so popular with a certain group of amateurs that they would put their names on a numbered list to await their turn to become the owner of one of his works—perhaps several years later, for he painted slowly, as if to prolong his pleasure. He is unlike every painter then or since: no fantasy, but merely the truth about how ordinary, rather small bottles look as art objects. They are all of classic shapes, such as mankind has been making (especially in Italy) for perhaps three or four thousand years. Morandi has given to his bottles their slight, unbreakable immortality.

THE latest Fellini film has just opened here in its original Italian and also in a translated French version, and it is not to be missed in one language or the other. Indeed, were it in no language at all and silent, it would still be a miraculous movie, communicating only through the language of the eyes. It is a movie on clowns, generically, that was ordered by the Italian Radio-Television System—a strange commission for a state organization, and one that showed a streak of genius in making use of one Italian citizen's supremely high creative talent. It opens with the back view of a little European boy, in socks and sailor suit, standing before a window at dawn and looking out at the erection of a huge circus tent—a child both fascinated and frightened—and one divines at once that he is supposedly Federico Fellini himself years ago, an immature bystander undergoing his first experience of shocked excitement in relation to one of the civilized world's oldest, gayest organized pleasures—a circus, with its tumblers, its caged beasts, and its small population of zanies to provoke laughter. From this first identification to the film's end, Fellini, with superb confidence, has put his trust in his spectators' ability to follow him, and if they falter an instant or so in confusion he so dazzles and beguiles them with charm and beauty, and even fragments of tragedy, that in rapture they hurry along to catch up with him and are soon floating again on his cloud of euphoria. It is a great imaginative movie—a true creation in fine frenzy. It is also a sort of documentary, with live young clowns of today playing the roles and tricks and wearing the makeup of their bygone seniors, now dead but famed by name and personality and thus easily identified. There are, for instance, Footit and Chocolat, who were playing here in Paris in the early twenties, Footit being a "white clown," or the one with the classic white greasepainted face and gorgeous full-pantalooned silk costume, while Chocolat was a brown-faced second, the color of a Hershey bar. Also included in the film are the famous Fratellini Trio, who completely illustrated the three leading personalities of their professional caste. There was the customary chaperon *auguste*, in rich-colored fashionable evening clothes, whose special charge was the absurd clown, with his mouth made up in laughter stretching from ear to ear, who was always the family butt and pratfall expert, and, finally, the very great leader, François Fratellini, who was the white clown par excellence, in the most exquisite wardrobe of costumes imaginable since Watteau's time. Fellini's Fratellini imitators, apparently all young Italian clowns, are nostalgic perfection. A large slice of his film introduces local dunces, eccentrics of the sort to be found in almost every village and town, who repeat themselves almost like professional clowns—though, of course, inadvertently. One of these local eccentrics, played by an actor, is a pompous village *chef de gare* in an oversize red cap and with a huge gold watch, which he keeps consulting as if timing the universe instead of a rickety third-class local train filled with little Italian boys going off on their holiday and irreverently thumbing their noses at the *chef de gare* as, with a final trumpet toot, he sets the convoy on its way—a great comedy performance. There are interviews with elderly clowns down on their luck and sitting idly in their shabby doorways—lost souls without a public. There is also a



circus pony-ballet troupe of young clowns dressed in black fur, who cavort around wearing cartoonlike equine heads. There are pailletted swingers on the high trapezes, and every so often a full view of the big top itself, with flying pennants and the special music that leaps and jumps with melody, as true circus music should. The end of the film is an apotheosis—the death and funeral of a clown, which is the biggest trick of the whole film, because, as the sad procession gets under way around the ring, the pallbearers and mourners open the coffin in their wild grief and pull out—guess what? Some old black tights and oddments of empty black clothes—proof that clowns corporeally do not exist, so they do not die but merely disappear. The finale is almost the handsomest part of it all, with the big top filled with shifting colored lights like fireworks, and windblown ribbons being wafted up like skyrockets—a gala of colors and a carnival of magical movements.

—GENÊT

•

NETWORKS

Traffic jerks through a system
of right angles. As the lights change,
invisible barricades lift & fall.

This is an old idea.

Off the coast, all day
the rustle of green nylon
webbing. The gill net
fans open from its creaking drum
into the skiff's wake,
thin, almost, as the wing of an insect
between the lead-line
& the string of puffed-rice corks.
Suspended in seawater, it can't be seen.
Keeping it straight
in a running tide takes more than
patience.

In a rack on the cabin ceiling,
charts of these waters collect dust.
The voices of other fishermen,
not saying much, crackle
around a loose connection.

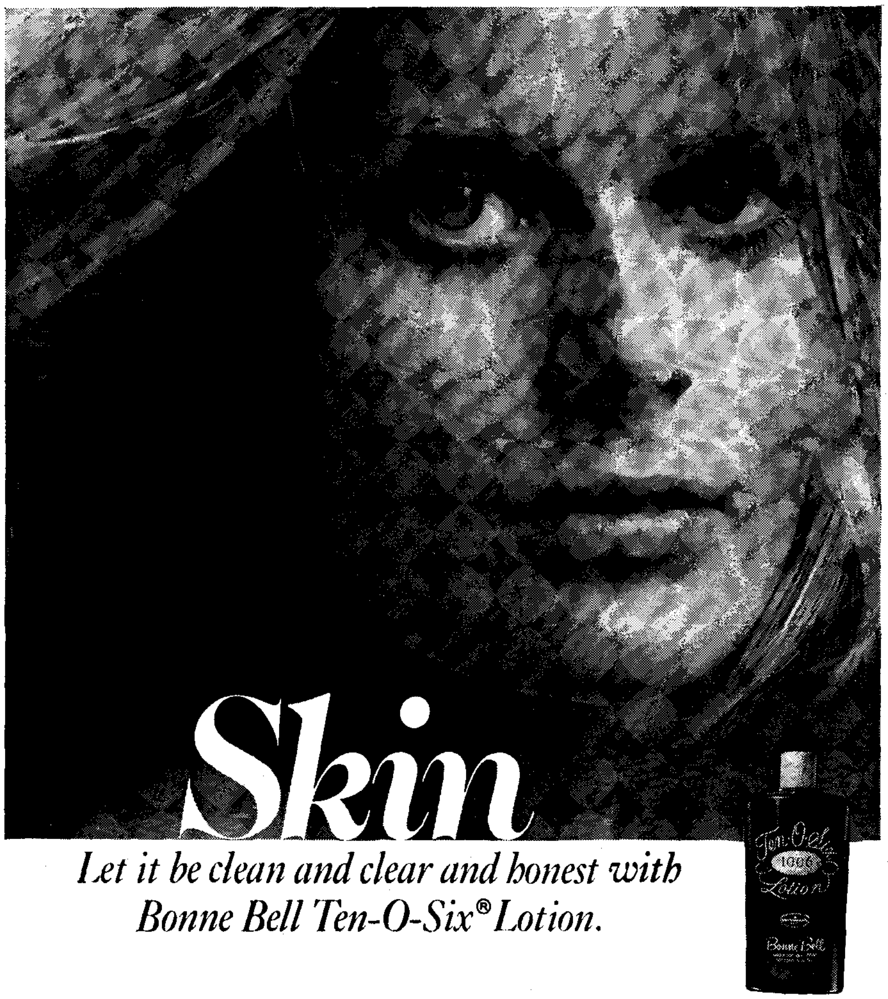
Dark set. The constellations
wheel overhead, tuned
by lines of force. Who knows
for sure where the fish are?

A man's mind,
as it dissolves
into sleep on one of these boats,
may allow
a brief cat's cradle
to clarify some of the sea's moves.

—GEORGE AMABILE

BONWIT TELLER

For Cardin snap—you've got to hand it to Bonwit's alone! Yes! Pierre Cardin has done a spring glove collection just for Bonwit's, all made in France and all with his signature snap closing. Here, The Oval Cutout in white cotton with brown, black or white vinyl trim. Just one from our collection designed for Aris, this for 6 to 7½ sizes, 8.50 Gloves Bonwit Teller Please add 1.25 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area. Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York



Let it be clean and clear and honest with Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion.

DUFF GORDON SHERRY
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
ESTABLISHED 1768
EL CID
LIGHTLY DRY
SHERRY
JEREZ-XERES SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

EL CID CONQUERS AMERICA

IT'S DUFF GORDON'S BEST-SELLING SHERRY

The great Spanish hero rides again! As the great Spanish Sherry that's conquering America.

For years, El Cid has been enjoyed all over the world. So much so that it's become Duff Gordon's best-seller. And now it's in great enough supply to bring it to America.

Already Americans from New York to Los Angeles are savoring its lightly dry taste.

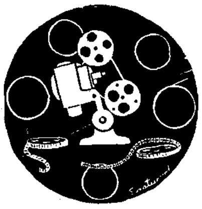
Try El Cid. Neat. On the rocks. Instead of a cocktail. Then count yourself among the conquered.

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Poetry of Images

WHAT makes Bernardo Bertolucci's films different from the work of older directors is an extraordinary combination of visual richness and visual freedom. In a Hollywood movie, the big scenes usually look prearranged; in a film by David Lean, one is practically wired to react to the hard work that went into gathering a crowd or dressing a set. Bertolucci has been working on a big scale since his first films—"La Commare Secca," made when he was twenty, and "Before the Revolution," a modern story derived from "The Charterhouse of Parma," made when he was twenty-two—and his films just seem to flow, as if the life he photographs had not been set up for the camera but were all there and he were moving in and out of it at will. Most young filmmakers now don't attempt period stories—the past is not in good repute, and period pictures cost more and tend to congeal—but Bertolucci, because of the phenomenal ease of his sweeping romanticism, is ideally suited to them; he moves into the past, as he works in the present, with a lyrical freedom almost unknown in the history of movies. He was a prize-winning poet at twenty-one, and he has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively, so that they all become part of his vision. It is this gift, I think, that makes "The Conformist" a sumptuous, emotionally charged experience.

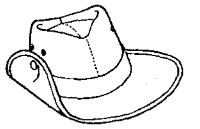


Bertolucci's adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about the psychology of an upper-class follower of Mussolini is set principally in 1938 (Bertolucci was born in 1941), and I think it's not unfair to say that except for Jean-Louis Trintignant's grasp of the central character—it's an extraordinarily prehensile performance—the major interest is in the way everything is imbued with a sense of the past. It's not the past we get from films that survive from the thirties but Bertolucci's evocation of the past—the thirties made expressive through the poetry of images.

Trintignant, who has quietly come to be the key French actor that so many others (such as Belmondo) were expected to be, digs into the character of the intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Trintignant has an almost incredible intuitive understanding of screen presence; his face is never too full of emotion, never completely empty. In this role, as an indecisive intellectual, he conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, and he has the grinning, teeth-baring reflexes of Bogart—cynicism and humor erupt in savagery. And, playing an Italian, he has an odd, ferrety resemblance to Sinatra. Everything around him seems an emanation of the director's velvet style—especially the two beautiful women: Stefania Sandrelli, an irresistible comedienne, as Trintignant's deliciously corrupt middle-class wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, as the lesbian wife of an anti-Fascist professor he is ordered to kill. (She's rather like a prowling, predatory stage lesbian, but she's such an ecstatic erotic image that she becomes a surreal figure, and Bertolucci uses her as an embodiment of repressed desires. She also appears, only slightly disguised, in two other roles—conceived to be almost subliminal.) The film succeeds least with its ideas, which are centered on Trintignant's Fascist. I think we may all be a little weary—and properly suspicious—of psychosexual explanations of political behavior; we can make up for ourselves these textbook cases of how it is that frightened, repressed individuals become Fascists. In an imaginative work, one might hope for greater illumination—for a Fascist seen from inside, not just a left view of his insides. Yet though the ideas aren't convincing, the director makes the story itself seem organic in the baroque environment he has created, and the color is so soft and deep and toned down, and the texture so lived in, that the work is, by its nature, ambiguous—not in the tedious sense of confusing us but in the good sense of touching the imagination. The character Trintignant plays is by no means simple; when he says "I want to build a normal life," it's clear that he needs to *build* it because it's not normal for him. He shows a streak of bravura enjoyment as he watches himself acting normal.

Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it; "The Conformist" cost only seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars—he brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all a unity of style (even with the opening titles). Visconti used the thirties-*in-extremis* in "The Damned"—as a form of estrangement. Bertolucci brings the period close, and we enter into it. His nostalgia is open; it's a generalized sort of empathy, which the viewer begins to share. You don't think in terms of watching a story being acted out, because he provides a consciousness of what's going on under the scenes; they're fully orchestrated. Bertolucci is perhaps the most operatic of movie directors. I don't mean simply that he stages movies operatically, in the way that other Italians—notably Zeffirelli—do, but that he conceives a movie operatically; the distinction is something like that between an opera director and an opera composer. Visconti in "The Damned" was somewhere in the middle—composing, all right, but in a single, high-pitched scale, as if the music were to be howled by wolves. "The Damned" was hysterical; "The Conformist" is lyrical. You come away with sequences in your head like arias: a party of the blind that opens with the cry of "*Musica!*;" an insane asylum situated in a stadium—a theatre-of-the-absurd spectacle of madness; a confession-box satirical duet between priest and non-believer; a wedding-night scherzo, the bride describing her sins, to the groom's amusement; the two women on a late-afternoon shopping expedition in Paris; a French working-class dance hall (a *Bal Populaire*) where the women dance a parody of passion that is one of the most romantic screen dances since Rogers and Astaire, and where the crowd join hands in a farandole. The political assassination in the forest—an operatic love-death—is the emotional climax of the film; Trintignant sits in his car, impotent—paralyzed by conflicting impulses—while the woman he loves is murdered.

Two years ago, Bertolucci made "Partner," an inventive but bewildering modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which the hero, a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti), had fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. This basic idea is shared by many young filmmakers, including, probably, Bertolucci, but Clémenti never conveyed enough intellectuality for us to understand the character, who seemed to be a comic-strip Artaud. Despite the fascination of "Partner" (I recall one image in particular, in which books were piled up in heaps on the floor of a room like the Roman ruins outside), the film was shown here only at the 1968 New York Film Festival. It was a political vaudeville for the movie generation bred on Godard's "La Chinoise;" the meanings were lost in the



THE LOOK IS HUNTING WORLD!

From France...
Our EXPLORER
We're convinced that these he-man hats from France are among the highest quality, most practical cloth hats ever made for the outdoorsman. Popularized in Africa by members of the foreign legion – the mark of the adventurer from the Cape to the Sahara. Wide 3" brim holds practically any shape you give it and can be snapped up on one or both sides. Stitched tan cotton gabardine. Removable, adjustable chin strap. Men's or women's sizes.

$12.50 Add $1.25 on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.

Designed for rugged men—obviously, but the most "with-it" girls have discovered them for themselves!

N29 ©

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022

Like most Out Island resorts, we're right on the water.
End of similarity.

Most beautiful beach in the Bahamas. Our own fleet of sail and power boats. Gourmet restaurant. Fresh water swimming pool. Tennis. Brand new air-conditioned rooms. Best bonefishing, reef exploring, and scuba diving anywhere. (Yes, anywhere.) See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks. Or write or phone us direct: P.O. Box 534, Miami, Fla. 33148. (305) 633-1961.

out island inn
GEORGE TOWN, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Karsh

profusion of images and tricks of his original, daring high style. Bertolucci seemed to have forgotten the story of his own "Before the Revolution," in which his Fabrizio discovered that he was not single-minded enough to be a Communist—that he was too deeply involved in the beauty of life as it was *before* the revolution. Bertolucci, like Fabrizio, has "a nostalgia for the present." This may seem a bourgeois weakness to him (and to some others), but to be deeply involved in the beauty of life as it is is perhaps the first requisite for a great movie director. (And, far from precluding activity for social change, it is, in a sense, the only sane basis for such activity.) It's a bit ironic that the young director who has the greatest natural gifts of his generation for making movies as sensual celebrations should have sought refuge for this talent in the Fascist period.

After "Partner," Bertolucci made a television film about a plot to murder Mussolini during a performance of "Rigoletto"—"The Spider's Stratagem." Based on a Borges story, it was attenuated—it didn't have enough content to justify the atmosphere of mystification. "The Conformist" is his most accessible, least difficult film from an audience point of view. I don't put that accessibility down; despite the intermittent brilliance of "Partner," it *is* a failure, and trying to figure out what a director has in mind is maddening when it's apparent he hasn't worked it out himself. "The Conformist," though in some ways less audacious, is infinitely more satisfying. One may wish that Bertolucci had been able to integrate some of the Godard influence, but no one has been able to do that; Bertolucci has simply thrown the discordant notes out of his system and gone back to his own natural flowing film rhythm. (Is it perhaps an in-joke that the saintly bespectacled professor who is murdered faintly resembles Godard?) In this film, one knows that Bertolucci knows who he is and what he's doing; young as he is, he's a master director. Except for the unconvincing and poorly staged concluding sequence, the flaws in "The Conformist" are niggling. It's very tempting for young filmmakers, through cutting, to make their films difficult; the filmmakers look at their own footage so many times that they assume an audience can apprehend connections that are barely visible. Bertolucci uses an organizing idea that puts an unnecessary strain on the viewer: the film begins with the dawn of the assassination day, and the events that led up to it unfold while Trintignant and a Fascist

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
INTRODUCING

An Elegant Hotel in the Grand Tradition

NOW ON EMBASSY ROW
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

New York Call: (212) 725-9081
Chicago Call: (312) 372-9240
Los Angeles Call: (213) 485-1233
San Francisco Call: (415) 781-8676
Boston Ask Operator: Enterprise 7700
Miami Ask Operator: WX 7700

The Embassy Row Hotel
2015 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D. C. 20036
(202) 265-1600

A Treadway Inn

GENERAL HOTELS CORPORATION

THE GREAT SEAL
First of Americana series marking the nation's bicentennial decade, this proud china-on-Armetale plate boasts the great seal of the U.S. in full color and is bound to become a collector's item. Each Armetale plate, which has the appearance and feel of old pewter, is sand-molded by hand craftsmen, so no two are identical. 11" diameter. $15.95, postpaid
CASUAL LIVING, 3 Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801

Let loose Friday thru Sunday, April 2-4.
Cop out at North Jersey's most picturesque Inn.
Do your own thing for two swingin' days... lu'au, fabulous meals, entertainment (belly dancers, banjo sing-alongs, etc.), dancing, cocktail party, indoor swimming and other sports... and more! only $40. plus tax & tip per person, double occupancy
The Governor Morris Inn
Whippany Rd. & Lindsley Drive Morristown, New Jersey
Phones: N. J. (201) 539-7300 N. Y. (212) 964-3020
Call Mrs. Gray for reservations now.

agent are driving to the forest. The editing at the outset is so fast anyway that cutting to and from that car is slightly confusing, but as one gets caught up in the imagery that slight confusion no longer matters. In a Bertolucci film, in any case, there are occasional images that have no logical explanation but that work on an instinctive level—as surreal poetry, like the piles of books in "Partner" or the desk here, in a Fascist's office, that is covered with neatly arranged walnuts. However, I don't think "The Conformist" is a great movie. It's the best movie this year by far, and it's a film by a prodigy who—if we're all lucky—is going to make great films. But it's a triumph of style; the substance is not sufficiently liberated, and one may begin to feel a little queasy about the way the movie left luxuriates in Fascist decadence.

One of the peculiarities of movies as a mass medium is that what the directors luxuriate in—and what we love to look at—has so often been held up as an example of vice. Except for the sophisticated comedies of the past and occasional thrillers about classy crooks, we get most of our views of elegance under the guise of condemnation. Our desire for grace and seductive opulence is innocent, I think, except to prigs, so when it's satisfied by movies about Fascism or decadence we get uncomfortable, because our own enjoyment is turned against us. One wants modern directors to be able to use the extravagant emotional possibilities of the screen without falling into the De Mille-Fellini moralistic bag. There are some sequences in "The Conformist" that suggest the moralistic extremism of "The Damned"—that party of the blind, for example, and the blue light on Trintignant's and Sanda's faces in the cloakroom of a ballet school.

The old puritanism imposed on moviemakers is now compounded by the puritanism of the left which coerces filmmakers into a basically hypocritical position: they begin to deny the very feelings that brought them to movies in the first place. The democratic impulse that informed the earliest screen masterpieces was to use the new medium to make available to all what had been available, through previous art forms, only to the rich and aristocratic. It was the dream of a universalization of the best work that could be done. As this dream became corrupted by mass culture produced for the lowest common denominator, the young filmmakers had to fight to free themselves from mass culture, and the fervor of the

A Man and his Reiver
A Man and his Reiver
A Man and his Reiver
A Man and
A Man a

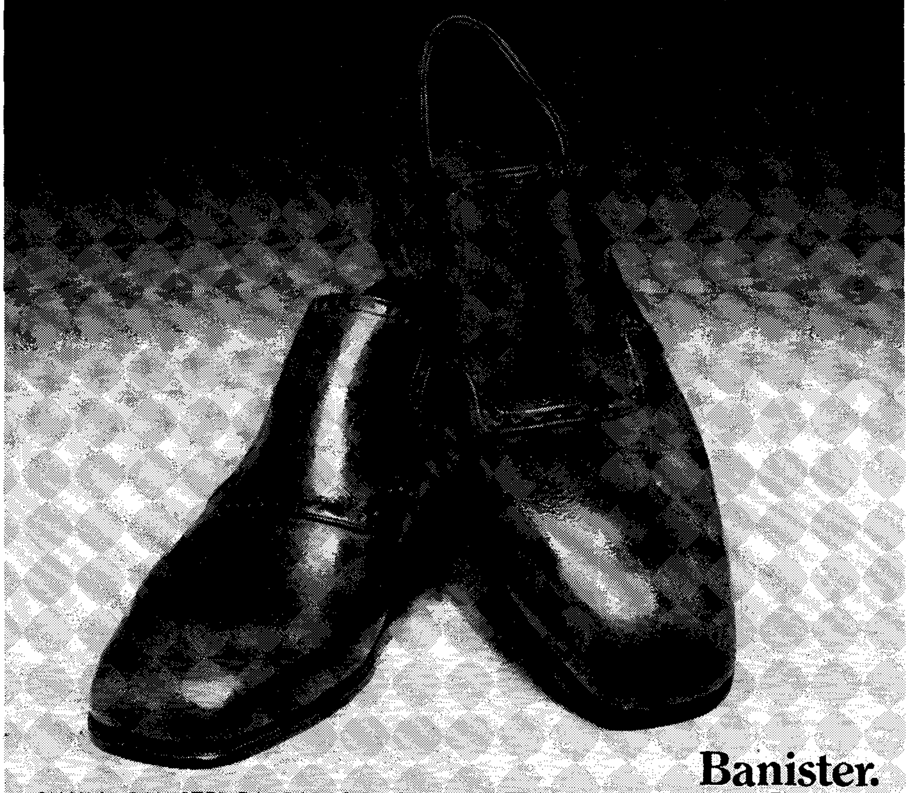
A bond of fashion greatness. The Reiver™. . . a man's shirt. Deep, long pointed collar . . . lean tapered lines. A champion of masculinity. For the man who dares to wear one.

In 65% Dacron polyester, 35% combed cotton*

Sero
OF NEW HAVEN / SHIRTMAKERS
A Division of National Apparel Corporation

*DuPont's Registered Trademark

For the store nearest you, write SERO, New Haven, Connecticut



No man ever really needs a shoe this good.

Banister.

SHOWN: BANISTER BARBADOS. TWO-TONE SOFT CALFSKIN, SANGRIA WITH BLACK. $45. OTHER STYLES $40 TO $100. BANISTER SHOE COMPANY. A DIVISION OF THE U. S. SHOE CORP., BELOIT, WISC. 53511. AVAILABLE AT WALLACHS FINE STORES FOR MEN IN NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, CONNECTICUT AND MASSACHUSETTS.

Ethnic
Culture,
$5.

Ship'n Shore®

© SHIP'NSHORE, INC. 1971

Quite a find. Our treasure-chest bag from Italy is covered with shiny crushed plastic patent, bound with brass, has the now-famous bit for its handle. 8½ inches long, in black, white, bone or navy, $28. Handbag Collections. Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond regular delivery area.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

earlier democratic spirit was lost. Most young American filmmakers, in college and after, now think of themselves as artists in the same way American poets or painters do—and the poets have long since abandoned Whitman's dream of the great American audience. Filmmakers often talk as if it were proof of their virtue that they think in terms of a minority art. American movies have now reached just about the place the American theatre did a decade or so back, when, except for the rare big hits, it had dwindled into a medium for the few.

The radicalized young are often the most antidemocratic culturally, and they push radical filmmakers to the point where no one can enjoy their work. Any work that is enjoyable is said to be counter-revolutionary. The effect may be to destroy the most gifted filmmakers (who are also—not altogether coincidentally—mostly left) unless the young left develops some tolerance for what the pleasures of art can mean to people. These issues become central when one considers a Bertolucci film, because his feeling for the sensuous surfaces of life suggests the revelatory abandon of the Russian film poet Dovzhenko. If anyone can be called a born moviemaker, it's Bertolucci. Thus far, he is the only young moviemaker who suggests that he may have the ability of a Griffith to transport us imaginatively into other periods of history—and without this talent movies would be even more impoverished than they are. The words that come to mind in connection with his work—sweeping, operatic, and so on—describe the talents of the kind of moviemaker who has the potential for widening out the appeal of movies once again. But movies—the great sensual medium—are still stuck with the idea that sensuality is decadent. If Bertolucci can break all the way through this barrier—and he has already broken through part way—the coast is clear. But if he uses his talent—as "commercial" directors so often do—at half-mast, and somewhat furtively, to celebrate life under the guise of exposing decadence, he'll make luscious, fruity movies. When "period" becomes more important than subject, the result is often decorator-style—as in the worst of Minnelli. Bertolucci has such a feeling for detail that one fears he could go this route into empty, gorgeous filmmaking. That would be one more devastating blow to the art of motion pictures; sensuality is what they have lost. Except for "The Conformist" (and "Claire's Knee"), the new movies in New York have—for what I think must be the first time in decades—sunk below the level of the theatre season (which happens to be an unusually good one). People say you have to psych yourself up to go to a movie these days, and that's not far from the truth.

MUSEUM
TOURS

THE new Robert Wise production, "The Andromeda Strain," is a gigantic, expensive (over six million dollars) version of the unpretentious, modestly budgeted sci-fi thrillers of the fifties ("The Thing," "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," etc.). The suspense is unusually strong for the biological-invasion-from-outer-space genre, and, coming after the landings on the moon, the movie seems less farfetched than its precursors. But Wise has overemphasized this new commonplaceness by employing the impersonal style of "official" documentaries—which is nobody's idea of a good time. It goes wrong in ways so obvious that one wonders: While they were constructing sets, didn't anybody consider the structure of the story?

A space satellite falls to earth, and in a nearby desert town all the inhabitants but two (an old wino and a baby with colic) suddenly die. Then, in one of the most preposterously ill-calculated pieces of moviemaking yet, what seems like a full hour is then spent on assembling and decontaminating the team of four scientists who will examine the satellite (which is covered with some sort of rapidly spreading green muck). The decontamination process takes over the movie for so long that we practically forget the menace to the world outside. (It's fragmentarily dealt with in rather confusing brief cuts to a mysterious plane crash over the desert and to congressmen discussing the crisis, which the President takes in as desultory a fashion as the director.) Nothing matters, apparently, except decontaminating the dull team (Arthur Hill, James Olson, David Wayne, Kate Reid); one can only assume that Wise and his associates were so awed by the underground-station set they built that they tried to get the maximum use out of it, showing it five times, supposedly level by level (all five levels alike except painted different colors, like an impacted banana split). The inadvertent comedy of this film is that after the hour of showing us how this decontamination installation works they don't show us what goes wrong when it becomes contaminated. Worse, the movie (following the Michael Crichton novel, I suppose) makes an almost unbelievably stupid dramatic mistake: the team turns out not to need to solve the problem of the biological menace that is about to destroy the world—the Andromeda Strain—because the substance somehow disposes of itself. The suspense of the movie shifts from stopping the cosmic menace to shutting off a bomb mechanism set to destroy the building—accomplished by James Olson's shinning up a pipe and inserting a key in a lock.

Actually, we have lost interest in the Andromeda Strain even before it evaporates (or disappears, or whatever it does), because it has become so abstract and hypothetical that it's visually dead anyway. There is one pure-horror sequence of a monkey's death; it perfectly illustrates how effective movies can be when horror is visualized. As long as the greenish slime seems to be pulsating like a growing organism—as if a frog's eye were expanding to take over the universe—it's terrifying, and the tension is enough to give one palpitations, but when the scientists examine it more closely and it becomes crystalline, or something, it's a bore. We can't assimilate the information about what it can and can't do fast enough to understand how it ceases to be a threat. Olson's getting up that pipe in time to stop the bomb is, in movie terms, Saturday-afternoon kid stuff—without any of the humor that would surround it in a Bond film. Isn't science fiction meant to have some fun to it—some imaginative playfulness? The fanatical realism of all that decontamination suggests nothing more than an obsession with cleanliness.

—PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period. Miss Gilliatt will appear next week.

•

> Mrs. Kuhnreich, who came to New York from Alabama 25 years ago, is a board member of the Parks Council, a experimental — and controversial — semicircular concrete bench that is being tried at some city bus stops.
>
> —*The Times.*

With Mrs. Kuhnreich in the six-o'clock position.

MAUPINTOUR UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS... LEAVE CARES AT HOME!

ALPS

SWISS ALPINE RESORTS. 15 days. Alpine France and Italy, too. Also new 16-day VIENNA/RUSSIA/LUCERNE tour.
BAVARIA AND AUSTRIA. 19 days. Vienna, Innsbruck, Munich, Salzburg, Royal Castles, Romantic Road, Nuremberg. Ascend Zugspitze.
SWITZERLAND SPECTACULAR. 22 days. Swiss resorts plus Alpine France, Italy, Austria. Ride the Glacier Express!
SALZBURG FESTIVAL/Bayreuth Wagner Festival. 22 days.
ALPS OF EUROPE. 22 days. Three days Vienna plus Switzerland, France, Italy, Austria, Tyrol, Germany, Liechtenstein.
IRISH/SWISS resorts, 15 days. Plus London, Paris, 22 days.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Phone 212-687-7773.

ASK ABOUT THESE 1971 MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ *Siberia/Central Asia,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *Spain/Portugal,*
☐ *Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient,*
☐ *South America.*

Maupintour
20th year of quality tour operation

CARVED CHALCEDONY BIRD WITH RUBY EYES
on barite base
approximately 4½"
Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

FROM OUR COLLECTION OF HAND CARVED SEMI-PRECIOUS STONE BIRDS AND ANIMALS

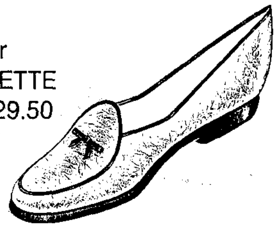
De Busschere

Hand made

MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $29.50



Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

☐ Red/trim black ☐ Blue/trim green ☐ All White
☐ Blue/trim red ☐ Brown/trim black ☐ All Black
☐ Beige/trim white ☐ Yellow/trim white ☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

*My regular shoe size is*__________

Send ______ pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge.

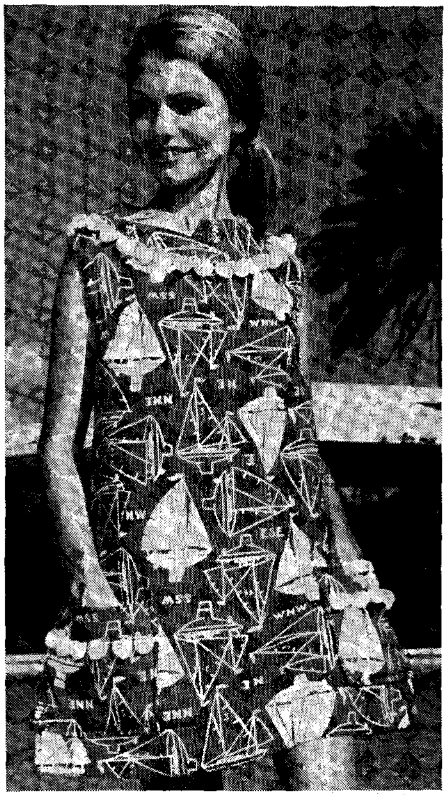
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State__________

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.



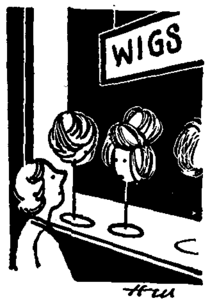
NAUTICAL TERRY SHIFT White ships and sails and fringe on a beautiful sea-blue background. Finger-tip-length shift with round collar, patch pockets, and back zipper. Machine washable, no-iron terry print. X-sm (6), Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **$13.95**
Add 50¢ each for shipping. *Send for color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

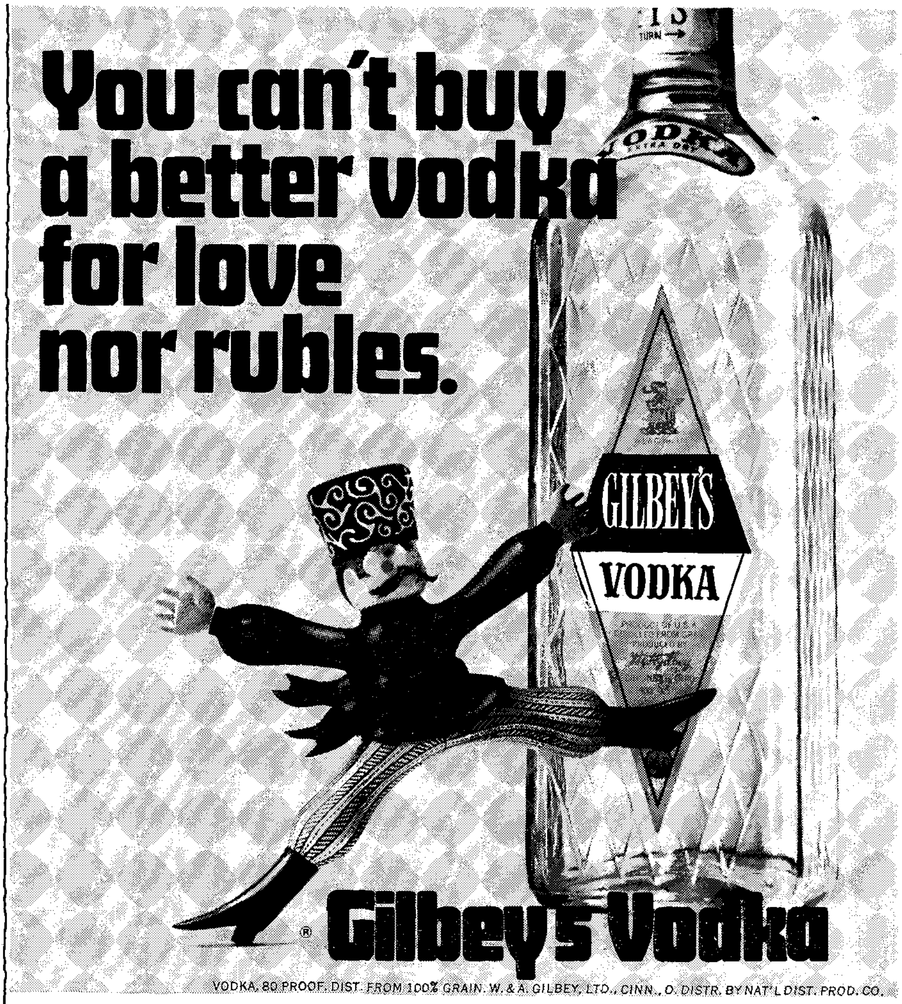
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

THE translation of life upon some of our city streets into a costume ball continues, and among the drafting boards rare is the designer who pauses to draw a sober dress. Let the beguine (preferably not on tape) begin, and let it be guided by soft Southern airs—the sounds of "Black Orpheus" and the like. Hoydens, houris, hamadryads—there is a place for them all in the pageant, and places where the means to their ends await. Even the new place *names* can enlarge the grand illusion of everlasting dream—Roses Are Red Violets Are Blue, or Narcissa, or Côte d'Azur—and even names of such longevity as Adolfo have contributions to make. If he is on display in the Adolfo Boutique at Saks Fifth Avenue, can spring be far behind? Consider his work with navy denim: split skirts paired to sleek coats lined with the pansy-print Liberty lawn that makes the accompanying shirts, or the pansy-lined midi capes that swirl over his short shorts; consider his work with blue denim and yellow embroidery; the bib-top, suspender-back evening overall dresses full of embroidery, silver-metal butterflies, and calico cutouts; his gardening skirts of burlap that are flounced a foot high along the hem. . . . Small hamadryads—well, sizes 4 to 12—are dealt with by Roses Are, domiciled at 308 East 53rd Street, and patchwork quilting, sometimes as primitive as bits of grain sacks and flour sacks, is the basis of the separates—shorts as short as $40, long skirts as long as $100, safari jackets at $200, and so forth. . . . Up one flight at 242 East 58th Street and into the drawing room of Narcissa, where the inventions of Eric Lund predominate. For Western cowgirls: midiskirts and chaps of caramel calf, at $110, and overalls of earth-hue wool jersey, at $55, and short jumpsuits of faded-blue cotton knit, at $40; for clinging vines: Liberty prints (short coveralls in silk, or skirts, either long or short, that are fitted to the hips and that flare below, in flowered challis), or wraparound mididresses (these wear puffed baby sleeves) in flowered non-Liberty brown-and-white chiffon. Necklaces, too, and superb—of silk cord, and ending in showers of scallop shells, baby-lobster shells, fish scales, beads and tassels. The range from $8 to $35; nothing here is truly expensive. . . . Côte d'Azur is actually on the seacoast of Altman, though it trades in matters French and Italian, such as twosomes—midriff bodices with plunging necklines, and knee-length skirts on high, shirred waistbands—of white cotton on which really pre-Columbian (and Columbia *is* one of our oldest institutions) prints appear, at $30. And low-necked sun-deck mididresses with fluttery tiered skirts, of white cotton in an Art Nouveau print; tailored pants suits of canvas stitched so the tops look like Norfolk jackets; shrinks (no, not analysts; they're tight sweaters of ribbed cotton, the most knowing of them in wide horizontal stripes on one side, both front and back, and narrow horizontal stripes on the other, likewise front and back); wool-and-polyester bell trousers that look their best in a kind of Moroccan décor.



AND so to slightly calmer climates. One is Valentino Boutique, at 801 Madison Avenue, around 67th Street. But the climate there is breezier than it used to be, and the colors are warmer. There's red in the wool crêpe of some of the suit jackets (white pinstripes are also visible in these) that begin at the hipbones and end in pointed lapels out to the tips of the shoulders, and in the battle jackets of basketweave wool jersey that are mated to pleated skirts in a smaller basketweave, and all over the jersey shorts that are part of the deal, too. The evening shirtwaist dresses of navy cotton with white polka dots sweep to the floor, but they button down only as far as the thighs, so that the red cotton short shorts beneath will be in plain view. The Valentino fedoras—left over, clearly, from a late late Cagney movie—would, worn with those pinstripe clothes, make a perfect gun moll of almost any girl. . . . Country Clothes is a duchy in the Lord & Taylor empire; Bonnie Cashin is the star of the floor show here. Her rain-and-shine raglans, of pheasant-blue cotton poplin that is lightweight indeed, sport big patches of leather along the rim and at the elbows; sleeveless turtleneck sheaths of wool jersey in the same hue go under them. For whatever reason, these are much more formal when the string leather sashes are wrapped à la grecque around the wearer. The coats are $160, the sheaths $70. Ponchos, naturally—some of nubbly wool patchwork in parakeet green, oriole, and linnet (I *guess* I know which is which), or of suède in robin's-egg blue or thrush. But the big splurge here is the Parabola Jacket of linnet suède, cut away below the bosom and dipping into swallowtails; with it goes a flyaway midiskirt of the same suède fastened with gold-metal bits at the waist. . . . Bergdorf's Tiktiner Boutique is a *faubourg* of Nice, and it's a summery, outdoor life that is hinted at—coat-robes, mididresses, and bikinis of voile in a determinedly busy blue-and-white print; collarless robes and long coverups of a beige voile devoted to wildflowers, and solid-color shantung trousers as companions; mannish shirts and trousers of blue-and-white cotton in a snakeskin print. All these at encouraging prices. . . . Design Research is, as it always has been, a *faubourg* of Helsinki, so it has only just discovered Life Savers, which it is reproducing in (naturally) white, in an inedible print, both large and small—small on shirtdresses in orange cotton jersey, vast on slim dresses in brown or purple cotton. Quilted cotton, another recent arrival here, is responsible for pyramid coats and long skirts in a glorious mixture of hues and topics taken, one can guess, from an assortment of children's finger paintings. The coats are $110, the skirts are $73. . . . South African lambskin tanned in such a way that it acquires a suède finish is what Cordoba, at 989 Madison Avenue (77th), uses for its semi-fitted coats, safari jackets, tunics, battle jackets, snap-down skirts, jeans, knickers, and shorts. "Faded-blue leather denim" is what it likes to call the stuff, but it's really mottled sky-blue. . . . Workman's Compensation, an annex of Bloomingdale's, is interested in denim both make-believe and real, which it employs for several million varieties of inexpensive separates. Sometimes the ornamentation—white stitching and jacquard flowers and whatnot—suggests batik more than anything else. . . . T. Jones, at 697 Fifth Avenue (55th) and 1050 Third Avenue (62nd), has eliminated for a lot of us the trouble of finding the right slip to wear under anything as wispy as voile: the two shops just line a set of their horticultural-print voiles with China silk when they are converted into good-looking shirtdresses. Still, the best of the bunch are the cashmere-and-rabbit's-hair examples (petunias are the decoration), the wool-jersey ones (Paisley), and the bird's-eye wool ones (pastel plaids). The dresses button from just below the mannish collars down to the knees. There are, by the way, sleeveless, collarless, open-front


You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.
GILBEY'S
VODKA
® Gilbey's Vodka
VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

Afrique.
Questions and answers

1 "What's the difference between Africa and Afrique?"

Afrique is the best of Africa: the exotic French and English-speaking nations along Africa's lush West Coast. Afrique is also the part of Africa that's closest to the U.S. It costs much less to get there and back than to the remote East Coast; yet the jungle is just as exotic, the food and climate are much better, and the cities are among the world's most cosmopolitan.

2 "This is my first trip to Afrique. What do I need to take?"

You don't need to take all sorts of elaborate bush gear. Pack as you would for any trip. Take plenty of light, informal wash and wearables. Pack lots of film and get yourself an all-purpose filter for extra strong sunlight. Bring a flashlight with extra batteries. You might want to take plastic bags, Scotch tape, rubber bands and a few ball point pens. They come in handy and are sometimes difficult to find. Last but not least, take Air Afrique. We know more about Afrique than any other airline.

3 "How do you get to and around Afrique?"

You get there on Air Afrique's new Afro-Jet Spécial. On board, we'll give you a superb sampling of things to come: gracious Africain-robed hostesses, delicious Afro-French meals and the always-exciting ambiance of Afrique itself.

There are a lot of ways to get around Afrique. From a jeep trek to one of our air-conditioned bus tours. (Take our Comprehensive Afrique Tour for $565, plus air fare.) And if you prize convenience above all else, you can fly Air Afrique. We go to 33 major cities on the continent.

Afrique RK-NY-3-27-71
Air France, Box 747, New York, New York 10011
I have more questions. Please send me the answers.
Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is
AIR AFRIQUE
Air France, General Agent

Fly Air Afrique's Afro-Jet Spécial.
Nonstops from New York to Dakar and beyond.

gabardine coats in solid colors to go over them. The dresses begin at $85; the coats are $145.

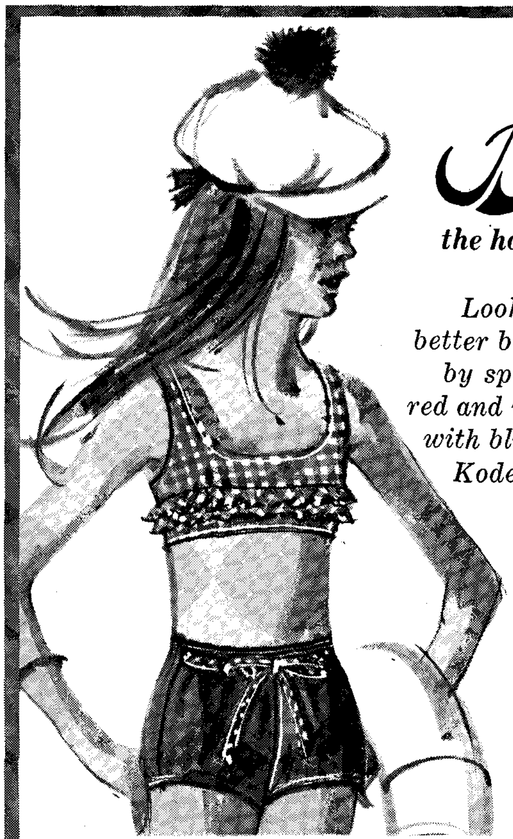
THE Miller Eye, a recent addition to East 54th Street (it's at No. 11, and it's an adjunct of I. Miller), thinks entirely about young-looking shoes, though it has no intention of opening up a new generation gap among its customers. Mary Janes, once as American as apple pie, arrive here from Yugoslavia—in honey-blond suède with ankle straps of periwinkle-blue kid. What are called Skimmers are low-heeled pumps that lap over at the vamps—in a choice of pumpkin or bone-colored kid; slippers that are sort of half d'Orsays, in that they are scooped out just on one side, involve suède in hues christened cantaloupe and "ice;" oxfords of natural canvas and crushed patent leather (this for the toes) in persimmon or black look great with pants suits; shoes of navy kid are fastened by straps of white kid (red polka dots are inset in these) that wind around the foot and buckle at the ankle; canvas espadrilles with open or closed backs are secured by grosgrain lacings that twine about you to well above the knees. Shoemakers on the premises will attach toe and heel taps to any appropriate shoes, in case you get a call to go on the road in the No. 2 company of "No, No, Nanette." . . . On to Beth's Bootery, in Saks Fifth Avenue, for the concluding bits about shoes: high boots in blue-and-red denim, in blue stretch denim, in Paisley or rosebud challis, in natural raw silk, in red or jasmine suède, and in stretch bogus leather—these last embroidered with butterflies, which means that they are likely to appear in what discothèques are left. There are unusable lacings in front; the real business is done by zippers at the sides. Sizes 4 to 10, widths AAA to B, and the boots are good fits—all of them. —M. M.

•

In a joint effort with the Washington State Department of Fisheries, the DFG took the eggs from approximately 200 king salmon females at the Minter Creek Salmon Hatchery near Tacoma and flew the eggs in plastic bags packed in ice to the Mt. Shasta Hatchery in Siskiyou County. At the same time, milt from approximately 40 whales was taken and transported in separate containers along with the eggs in the DFG's twin-engined Beechcraft.

The eggs were fertilized with the milt at the Mt. Shasta Hatchery and will be transported to Mad River for hatching. —*Palo Alto (Calif.) Times.*

They've chosen the right river, anyway.



SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better . . . by specialists. Check up on a red and white cotton rib-tickler top with blue denim boy-leg pants of Kodel® polyester and cotton. 7 to 14, about $8.

At Macy's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; The Metropolitan Co., Dayton; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Fashion Bar, Denver; and all their branches; and other selected fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 W. 34 St., N.Y. 10001.

BACCARAT... the crystal of Kings... since 1764

BACCARAT ... for brides ... for hostesses ... for connoisseurs

BACCARAT ... for stemware ... for gifts ... from France

Quality and classical beauty are the trademark of BACCARAT's decorative pieces and objects d'art. The angel above, in full-lead crystal, clear or sateen finished, is a reproduction of the angel standing on top of the steeple at the Chartres cathedral: 6¼ inches high: $100. The cross, reminiscent of those found in Brittany's country side, is 8¼ inches high and $100.

Write Dept. Y26for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

THE SPORTING SCENE

ORR COUNTRY

THE town of Parry Sound lies about a hundred and fifty miles north of Toronto, on the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, a large extension of Lake Huron. When it was established, in the middle of the last century, it was primarily a lumbering center, but the sawmills slowed down to a whisper decades ago, and today its industrial activity pretty much begins and ends with an explosives-manufacturing plant operated by Canadian Industries, Ltd. Nevertheless, Parry Sound is a prosperous place, for it is the focal point of a beautiful resort complex, the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay, which draws summer vacationers from all over the continent in such numbers that the permanent population of six thousand is more than sextupled.

In the last few years, however, Parry Sound has gained an entirely new identity: it is, as a huge signboard on the main highway proudly trumpets, the Home of Bobby Orr, the extraordinary young defenseman (he turned twenty-three only last week) who led the Boston Bruins to the world ice-hockey championship last year and now appears to be setting up a repeat performance. Statistics tell only a part of any story, of course, but it might be instructive to take a quick look at some of the many National Hockey League records that Orr set during the 1969-70 season. For example, his total of 120 points—a combination of 33 goals and 87 assists—made him the first defenseman ever to lead the league in scoring. No defenseman had ever before scored that many goals, mainly because the primary job of a defenseman is not to score but to prevent the other team from scoring. The previous record for a defenseman—21 goals—had been set by Orr himself, the previous year. As for his 87 assists, no other player—defenseman or forward—had ever piled up that many. Orr was voted the N.H.L.'s Most Valuable Player and, later, the outstanding performer in the Stanley Cup playoffs, in which, appropriately, he was the highest scorer and slapped home the winning goal in the final game. Boston sportswriters have a tendency toward efflorescent exaggeration, both pro and con, where the local deities are concerned, so it wasn't too much of a surprise when, toward the end of last season, some of them were declaring that Orr was not simply enjoying a great season but enjoying the greatest season that *any* athlete in *any* sport had *ever* enjoyed. On the face of it, this was a preposterous claim. How about the seasons Babe Ruth had had in 1927 and Mickey Mantle in 1956, or Bobby Jones in 1930 and Ben Hogan in 1953, Don Hutson in 1942 and Jim Brown in 1958, Don Budge in 1937 and Rod Laver in 1968, Paavo Nurmi in 1924 and Jesse Owens in 1936, Hank Luisetti in 1938 and Bob Cousy in 1959, or, to return to hockey, the seasons that Maurice Richard had in 1944-45 and Bobby Hull in 1968-69? On second thought, however, the statement was not *completely* invalid. Probably no athlete in a contact sport had ever accomplished more in one year than Orr had, and certainly not at the age of twenty-two. Orr, by the way, looks as young as he is. A handsome, long-jawed fellow, with light-brown hair and gray-blue eyes, he is usually taken in non-hockey-conscious areas of Boston as just another college student.

As Orr's fame has grown, more and more hockey fans have made the pilgrimage to Parry Sound. Most of them have had the good sense to do so during the warm-weather months, because in winter it can get awfully cold in that part of Ontario. This winter, for example, there were several stretches when the thermometer dropped to thirty below and hovered there for days at a time. Moreover, by mid-February something like a hundred and thirty-two inches of snow had fallen. Fortunately, when I made a brief visit there a couple of weeks ago I struck a patch of comparatively tropical weather—temperatures around zero. Even so, the streets were covered with a crust of snow and were hemmed by banks four or five feet high, and when the wind was up and whipping the snow around, the only nonwhite feature in sight was the huge, ugly black trestle the Canadian Pacific built across the Seguin River during the lumbering boom. I made the usual pilgrim's stops, including a call-in at the clothing store on Seguin Street (next to the Submarine Base sandwich bar and T. Earl Brown's Barber Shoppe) that Ron Orr, Bobby's older brother, runs. Later on, Gerry Murphy, who is married to Bobby's older sister Pat, was kind enough to show me around a new house, on Gibson Street, that Orr is building for his folks. It is a commodious house, with an extra-large living room that will have a sunken area in front of a fireplace at one end and, at the other, cabinets to hold some of Orr's more significant awards and trophies. His parents, Douglas and Arva Orr, had long resisted the idea of moving from the drafty stucco house on the Great North Road where they raised their five children—Pat, Ron, Bobby, Penny, and Doug, Jr. They are well aware that their celebrated son has become one of the highest-paid men in sports, but, being independent and old-fashioned people, they view his earnings as *his* money. Doug Orr, a friendly man who doesn't look anything like his age, which is forty-six, continues to work as a high-explosives packer at Canadian Industries, Ltd., as he has done since the war. Arva Orr continues to work as a part-time waitress in the coffee shop of the Brunswick Motor Hotel, as she has done since her youngest child started school. She is an exceptional person, direct, warmhearted, and spirited—"a perfect example of the hardy, pioneer type of woman you still find in Canadian villages," one local man told me. There is a story that after watching her son in action earlier this year Mrs. Orr took him aside and asked him, with unconcealed exasperation, "What's happened to you? You played like an old lady. You didn't hand out one really hard body check the whole game." You can believe the story.

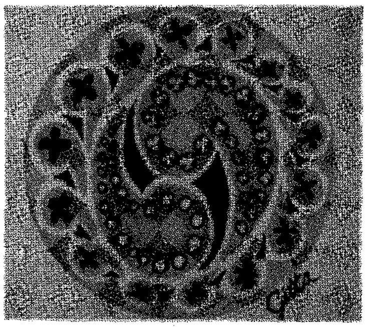
The weekend I was in Parry Sound, the Bruins were scheduled to play the Toronto Maple Leafs, and I drove down to Toronto with Doug Orr and an old sidekick of his named Jack Pickles. The highways in northern Ontario are well built and well tended, so despite the buffetings of heavy winds and drifting snow we made the trip

Activair

body beautiful

The polo shirt of Antron® nylon knit that conforms but doesn't cling. In white plus a variety of pastels and vivids. About $15.
At Lord & Taylor, all stores
Marshall Field, all stores; Stewart's, Louisville
Goldwater's, Phoenix and knowledgeable stores
or write Activair, 1410 Broadway, N. Y. 10018.

One of a kind paisley—exclusive contemporary designs. No two alike. Choose your 3 favorite colors. Imported Persian wools, handpainted white mono canvas, needles and instructions only $20.



MAKE NEEDLEPOINT NOT WAR Originally designed handpainted needlepoint. Make pillows, posters, chokers, chairs, anything and everything...$7.50 to $1,000. Send for our colorful catalog only $1.00 p.p.

TITILLATIONS LTD.
211 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) PL 5-9161

Sell Your Jewels

GRUNEWALD & ADAMS acts as your Broker or Buys Jewelry for Cash wherever you live. Since 1906 we have helped owners successfully sell their jewels. If you live out of town, phone (602) 955-8450.

GRUNEWALD & ADAMS JEWELERS
BILTMORE FASHION PARK, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

down in three hours. The time passed quickly, for Orr and Pickles were in a reminiscent mood, as I would guess they usually are when they are heading south to watch an N.H.L. game. As we skirted the town of Orillia (that was where Stephen Leacock made his summer home), Orr was recalling a trip they had made to Niagara Falls to visit Bobby at the Bruins' junior tryout camp.

"Was that 1962?" asked Pickles, who was driving.

"Yeah, '62," Orr replied. "Biggest surprise I ever got in my life," he went on, turning to me. "Bobby was only fourteen, and he couldn't have weighed more than a hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Most of the other boys were two or three years older and a head taller. I remember telling my wife, 'He'll never make a Junior A club, but let's let him go anyway. Let him have a week's vacation.' Darned if he didn't turn out to be the best hockey player in camp."

A bit farther on, Pickles was reminded of the trip they had made to the Bruins' training camp in London, Ontario, in 1966, Bobby's rookie season in the N.H.L. "One thing sticks in my memory clearer than anything else," he said. "That was the charge Baun took at Bobby in that practice game with the Leafs. Baun missed him cold and went slamming into the boards and down in a heap—remember? After that, Doug, I stopped worrying whether Bobby would be able to take care of himself."

By the time we reached Toronto, the two of them, what with my prodding, had covered just about every aspect of Bobby Orr's astonishing career.

ORR was born in Parry Sound on March 20, 1948, and was christened Robert Gordon, after his paternal grandfather—a native of Ballymena, in Northern Ireland, who had been a soccer player of international class before emigrating to Canada, where he went to work as a locomotive engineer for the Canadian National. Doug Orr inherited his father's athletic coördination. His game was hockey. In 1942, when Doug was approaching eighteen, a scout for the Bruins tried to sign him to a contract, but just then Doug's mind was set on joining the Royal Canadian Navy. He spent the war years aboard corvettes doing convoy duty on the North Atlantic run between St. John, Newfoundland, and Londonderry, Northern Ireland. It was his intention to resume his hockey career when the war was over, but by that time he was a married man with

If you take the Empress of Canada to the Caribbean and just sleep in the sun, you could miss a lot of movies, swimming, deck tennis, dancing, fashion shows, even an island or two.

It's a heck of a choice.

Contact your Travel Agent or any office of Canadian Pacific.

CP Ships
Empress of Canada
British Registry

Portraits
by
MOLLY
GUION

MAR. 30-APR. 17

Grand Central Art Galleries Inc.
40 Vanderbilt Ave. (Biltmore Hotel
New York City • TN 7-3344

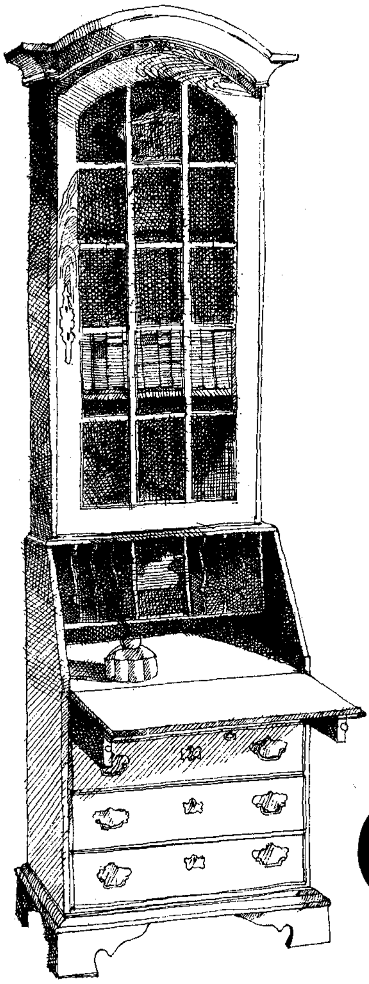
HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two block
off Fifth Ave. Around the cor
ner from Central Park
Unusually large, taste
fully furnished ac
commodations.
Singles from $20.0
Doubles from $28.0
Suites from $29.0

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Color TV
212-247-7440

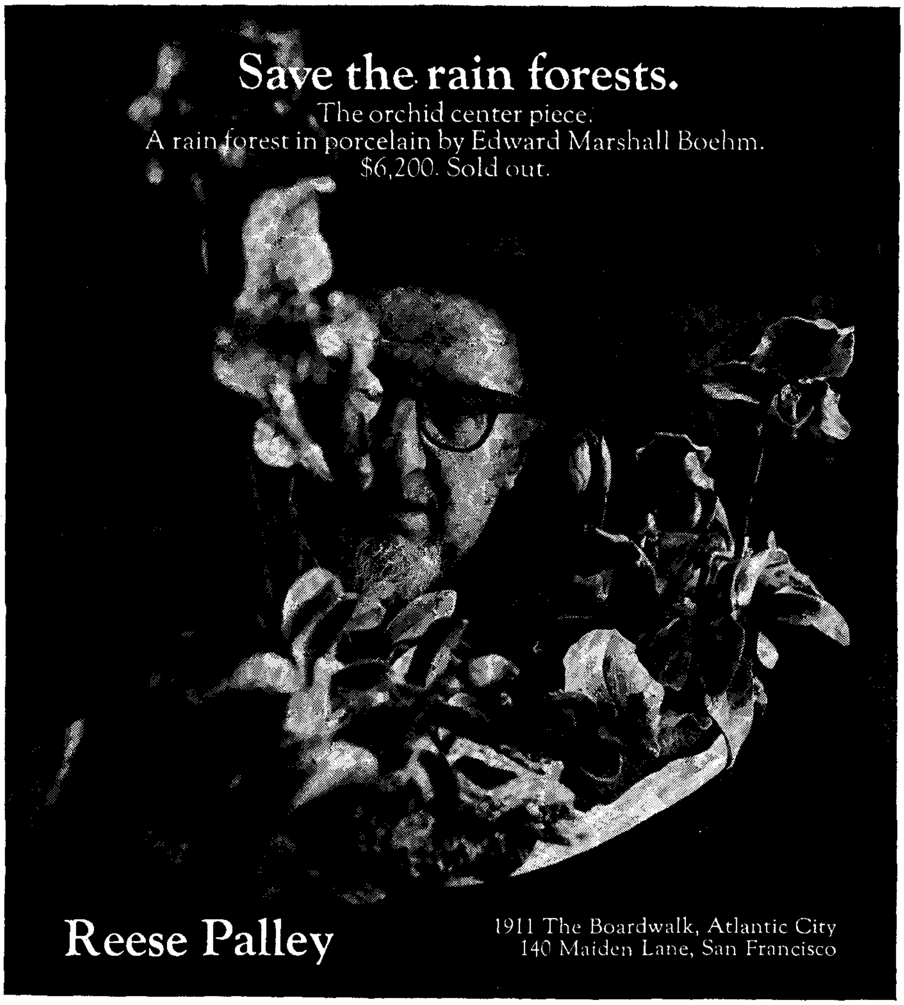
a family to support, and he had to settle for the security of a job in the explosives factory. His contemporaries, Jack Pickles among them, are sure that Doug Orr was a good enough player to have made the N.H.L. "I'll tell you what I base my judgment on," Pickles said to me. "When Doug was a junior, he played left wing on the same line that Pete Horeck played right wing. Well, Pete, as you know, was up for ten years or so in the N.H.L., and we all thought that Doug was a better player. He was a terrific skater. From a standing start or a face-off, there was no one faster." In any event, after the war Doug Orr contented himself with playing local amateur hockey until he reached his mid-thirties, and then he gave that up. Nowadays, he limits himself to one game a year, the annual fracas, during the Parry Sound Winter Carnival, between the Old Timers and the CKVR No Stars—a team made up of the employees of a television station in nearby Barrie.

Doug Orr would seem to be just the stuff from which overprotective, hyperactive "stage fathers" are made, but, to his considerable credit, he has shown no taste for that role. He has, however, been close to his son all the way. He put Bobby on skates when he was four—the age most kids start in Canada. At seven, the boy was a good skater and a precociously skillful stickhandler. At nine, he was advanced enough to join his father and other adults in informal games on the rude rink on the Seguin River. From that time on, he was practically never off his skates in the winter months, for when he wasn't playing hockey he was refereeing games or practicing. The one thing he was poor at was growing; at twelve, he stood only five two and weighed a scant hundred and ten pounds. Nevertheless, he had developed so much talent for hockey that he was a regular on Parry Sound's bantam-division team, for boys under fourteen, and, what was even more remarkable, he played defense, a position generally reserved for the biggest and toughest kids. That winter, largely on the strength of Orr's virtuosity, Parry Sound qualified for the Ontario Bantam Championship, at Gananoque, and went to the final round before losing to Scarboro, 1–0. In that game, Orr—at twelve, mind you—played fifty-eight of the sixty minutes; a penalty kept him off the ice the other two. That tournament proved to be a pivotal point in his career, for in the stands watching the play that week was a scouting party from the Boston Bruins. A power in



Not oak.
But Cushman oak.
The difference is night and day. Cushman oak is oak as you've never seen it before. Crafted into the most elegant classic designs of all time. Cushman's Stone House collection is for you...if you love oak. And for you...if you *think* you don't. Our portfolio of designs, just $1.50 to Cushman Furniture, Dept. NYS371, 205 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

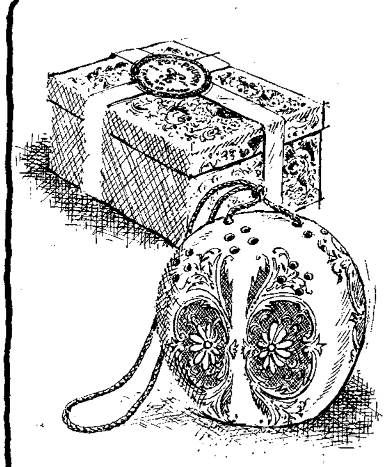
Cushman &you



Save the rain forests.
The orchid center piece.
A rain forest in porcelain by Edward Marshall Boehm.
$6,200. Sold out.

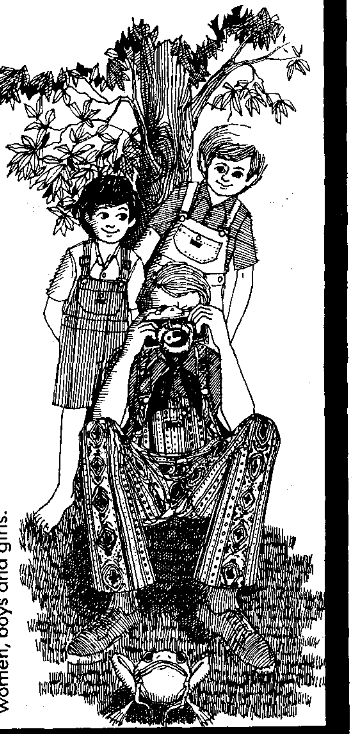
Reese Palley

1911 The Boardwalk, Atlantic City
140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco



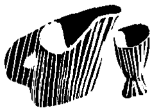
Pomanders & Pot-Pourri
Fill your home with the
fragrance of a summer garden
with Taylor of London
pomanders, fashioned of
superb English Bone China.
In gift boxes, just $8.
Pot-Pourri, a blend of superior
flowers, grown especially for
Taylor of London. In
see-through gift boxes, $3-$10.
At fine stores only.
TAYLOR OF LONDON
imported by Schmid Brothers,
55 Pacella Park Drive,
Randolph, Massachusetts.

**The Country Store Look.
Something to come back to.**



The Country Store Look for Spring includes an array of versicolorous jeans and ingenuous denims. (Compatible shirts and blouses complete the idea.) For men and women, boys and girls.
The Country Store of Concord
Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

the N.H.L. in earlier days, the Bruins had fallen on bad times. Not only were they the weakest team in the league but they had few players of promise coming up in their farm system. The members of the scouting party, who had come to Gananoque in the desperate hope of spotting some youngster worth grabbing, were so impressed by what they saw of Orr that in order to gain the inside track on his future services the Boston management agreed to sponsor all the teams affiliated with the Parry Sound Minor Hockey Association. When Orr was fourteen, he signed to play for the Oshawa Generals, the Bruins' farm team in the Ontario Junior A Hockey Association. At eighteen, after he had put in four very successful years with Oshawa—and had tardily burgeoned into a well-built young man standing just under six feet—the Bruins promoted him to the majors. If there hadn't been a regulation at the time establishing eighteen as the minimum age for an N.H.L. player, they would have undoubtedly brought him up earlier, for in 1966, the year he finally became legally available, the Bruins were still floundering badly; in fact, it was the seventh straight year they had failed to earn a place in the Stanley Cup playoffs. Upon Orr's arrival, their fortunes changed so drastically that he has been credited in some quarters with saving the Boston franchise singlehanded. That is going too far—for one thing, the Bruins' acquisition of Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge, Fred Stanfield, and Derek Sanderson in the 1967-68 season was of tremendous consequence for the team—but there is still no denying that Orr has been the key man in the Bruins' resurgence. In fact, now that Gordon Howe and Bobby Hull have slowed down a trifle, most informed observers regard Orr as the best player in the game today and, in addition, as perhaps the top defenseman in N.H.L. history.



Before Orr appeared on the scene, it was generally agreed that the finest defenseman of all time was Eddie Shore, an intensely colorful, roughhouse performer who played for the Bruins in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, and, in an era when alliteration was in flower, was known as the Edmonton Express. It used to be said of Shore that *he* had saved the Boston franchise, and quite possibly he had. Until he hit Boston, in 1926, the Bruins, the first N.H.L. club based in an American city, were in a shaky financial position, but Shore brought out the crowds. They loved his reckless body checking, the fights he got into, and the rink-length rushes that were his signature. A really magnificent skater, Shore, after gaining possession of the puck, would start one of these rushes by circling behind his own cage to pick up speed—in those days practically no forechecking was done—and by the time he reached his own blue line he was flying. With a little dart, he would sweep past the opposing center and bear down on the two defensemen poised and ready for him at their blue line. Sometimes Shore would bust between them; at other times he would swing out toward the boards and slide around the defense; and, of course, there were plenty of times when he would be checked with a thud and sent sprawling. No one who saw Shore, wild-eyed and wraithlike, carrying the puck up the ice ever forgot it. It was amazing that he was able to play as long as he did, for he absorbed a fearful amount of punishment. (Stan Fischler, the hockey historian, has estimated that Shore received nine hundred and seventy stitches during his career.) However, along with a touch of madness on the ice, he had inordinate courage, and he lasted fourteen years in the N.H.L. Four of those years, he was voted the league's Most Valuable Player.

Orr is something else again. While he is an aggressive, physical young man who never backs off from a scrap, he is essentially a cool, self-possessed player in whom instinct and ratiocination are in perfect balance. If he frequently appears to control the puck—and the game—three-quarters of the time he is on the ice, this is to be credited principally to his outrageous sense of anticipation: he gives the impression of knowing not only what every player is doing at that precise moment but also what every player is thinking of doing the next moment. There is no better skater in the game, but what makes Orr especially difficult to contain is that his speed, like Howe's, is extremely deceptive. He has about five different forward gears and a couple of reverse ones, and he can shift from one to another without appearing to change his languid stride. He also has the full thesaurus of slippery moves. If the men on an opposing team allow him extra room to operate in when he is "killing a penalty" by ragging the puck in the center zone or in his own defensive zone, it is because they fear that if they move in closer on him he will give them a little "deke" (Canadian for feint), segue into one of those elusive lateral shifts or reverse spins of his, and be by them in a twinkling. Orr's sure sense of hockey enables him to make the maximum use of his uncommon gifts. For example, when he is mounting an attack he invariably spots the open skater and hits him with a pass sent at the right speed—a rarity in the N.H.L., though it shouldn't be—and in the scoring zone he knows when to fire his wicked slap shot and when to deploy further and set up a teammate for the shot on goal. Every now and then, he will take off on a rink-length rush à la Shore, but his specialty is a hockey version of the old basketball give-and-go that no one else even attempts. Basically, it works like this: Orr, starting up the ice with the puck, sees that the center zone is momentarily uninhabited, and instantly accelerates; as he approaches the enemy blue line he is really whistling, but instead of playing it solo, he feeds the puck out to a teammate on one wing or the other and bursts at full speed toward the goal; if everything goes right he is in the clear at the goalmouth, a step behind the confused defense, when the return pass is whipped back to him from the wing, and with one quick motion he collects the puck and slaps it home.

Players on other teams in the league are continually pointing out how vital Orr is to the Bruins' current prosperity (for instance, Brad Park, of the New York Rangers, has said, "When Bobby's on the ice, you're playing against an extra man"), but the highest compliment they pay him is the way they keep their eyes fixed on him during a game when they are sitting on the bench between shifts, and the spontaneous way they look at each other in awe and admiration when he shows them some new stratagem they didn't think anyone on skates could pull off—something that happens often, for Orr is a very inventive player, who is forever devising variations on his variations. "The most surprising thing about Orr is that he has anything left to surprise you with," Tom Fitzgerald, of the Boston *Globe*, told me recently. "You think you've seen the ultimate execution of some beautifully subtle idea. Then he surpasses it. His unplanned moves are the most breathtaking of all. Within his area, this man is a genius."

Orr, it is somehow comforting to report, is capable of error on occasion. Until this season, because of his proclivity for guiding the Bruins' offensive sorties he was frequently caught out of position when an attack was repulsed, and, despite his marvellous speed, he would be unable to get back in time to catch up with the counterat-

Return to Sorrento.
Even if you've never been there.

Return to warm, sun-drenched Sorrento from other sunny places like Naples, Venice, Florence, Rome, Pompeii and Pisa.

They're all part of Alitalia's Italy Tour.

The $499 price includes round-trip air fare, sightseeing, rooms with shower or bath, continental breakfasts, and either lunch or dinner.

See Italy. Return the coupon.

Sorrento.
Part of Alitalia's Italy Tour.
Two weeks from $499.

Extra-Value Vacations
☐ Italy 2 weeks from $499.
☐ Treasures of Italy 2 weeks from $499.
☐ Italy, Spain and Portugal 3 weeks from $689.
☐ Italy, Greece and Turkey 3 weeks from $789.
☐ Europe on the Town 3 weeks from $749.
☐ The Londoner 3 weeks from $839.
☐ Italy, Sicily and Tunisia 3 weeks from $699.
☐ Shrines of Europe 3 weeks from $699.
☐ Portugal, Spain, Morocco and Italy 3 weeks from $699.
☐ The Continental 3 weeks from $839.
☐ Italy, Monaco and France 3 weeks from $699.
☐ Switzerland and Italy 3 weeks from $649.
☐ Italy, Austria and Switzerland 3 weeks from $699.
Bargain Hunters Tours
☐ Italy from $399. (Fiat 850, 1000 kilometers, 13 nights AGIP Motels)

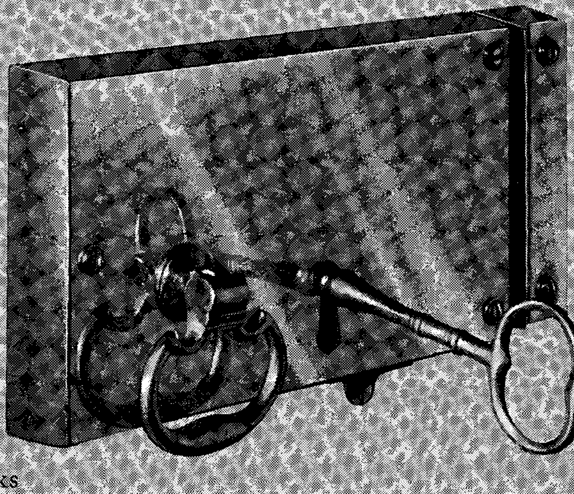
For free brochure on Alitalia Tours, mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 10019 or call toll free from anywhere in continental United States—800-631-4299, in New Jersey, call collect (201) 488-1234.

Name __________
Address __________
City ____ *State* ____ *Zip* ____
My Travel Agent is __________

NY-IT-3-27

Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

Prices based on 14/21 day round-trip jet economy group inclusive tour fare from N.Y. for groups of 15 or more. Bookings must be made 30 days in advance.



WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION C W ®

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

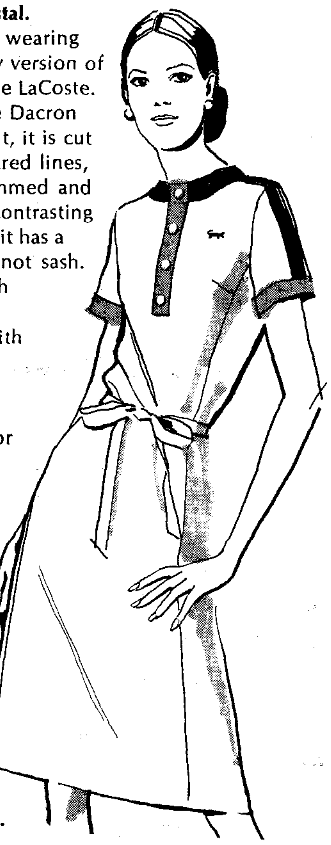
Williamsburg brass rim locks are authentic reproductions of locks that were used in 18th Century Williamsburg. You can see them today on doors you open of Exhibition Buildings in Colonial Williamsburg. This is what the Hallmark means on a brass rim lock.

You can add a touch of Colonial elegance to your home with an authentic Williamsburg brass rim lock.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-6, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

® Identifies trademarks of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



The Talbots

LaCoste Classic by David Crystal.
You'll love wearing our snappy version of the chemise LaCoste. Of no-care Dacron double-knit, it is cut on easy flared lines, button-trimmed and bound in contrasting color, and it has a wear-it-or-not sash. White with red/navy or navy with red/white. Sizes 6-18. $33.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. QN, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Ct.

Jewel chest from Italy. Cut velvet and leather, suede lined. Approx. 9" long. Without music, $21.50; with music (Dr. Zhivago), $26.75. Postage $2.00.
Duty, if any, payable on receipt.

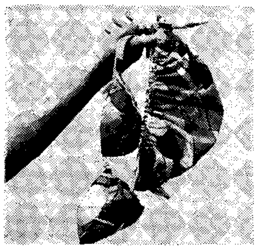
"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C. & M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write for our illustrated Price List

Wooden Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

tack. (He has now corrected this to a large extent.) For another thing, his delight in the intricate, unorthodox, and daring maneuver has backfired on him from time to time, and a number of costly goals have resulted when, trying to do something a touch too baroque, he has lost the puck deep in his own territory. Orr, though, is a tough-minded young man, and instead of becoming timid and inhibited after a glaring error he will take a far-out gamble ten minutes later and get away with it. His overtime goal that closed out the Stanley Cup playoffs last year came after just such a play. Stationed at the St. Louis blue line, he spotted the puck as it came flying out of a mixup of players about twenty feet from the goal. He dashed in, retrieved it, passed it to his teammate Derek Sanderson, picked up a return pass in front of the goal, and scored. "Bobby did three things wrong on that play," Syl Apps, the outstanding Toronto center of the nineteen-thirties and forties, told a friend not long ago. "First, he did the wrong thing at the blue line when he charged the puck. If it had got by him, the other team would have had a clean breakaway, and possibly the winning goal. After he had knocked the puck over to Sanderson, he made another mistake. He should have gone back to the blue line, but he headed for the net. Then he made his third mistake. Instead of lifting the puck over the goalie when he got Sanderson's pass, he slid it through the goalie's legs. He's the only player I know whose mistakes keep turning out so brilliantly that you're forced to realize they weren't mistakes at all."

Orr is exceedingly well paid for his services. Whereas Shore was lucky if he made fifteen thousand dollars a year from the Bruins at the peak of his career, Orr's contract covering the past three years was reported to total around four hundred thousand dollars. The man who negotiated this deal was Alan Eagleson, a young Toronto lawyer, who is also the executive director of the N.H.L. Players Association and, in a different league, the president of the Conservative Party of Ontario. During the summer of 1953, after finishing his second year at the University of Toronto, Eagleson worked as the recreation director for the town of MacTier, twenty-five miles south of Parry Sound. Ten years later, when the MacTier junior baseball team (with fifteen-year-old Bobby Orr at shortstop) won the Ontario championship, Eagleson, who was beginning to make a name for himself as the business adviser of some of the Maple Leaf

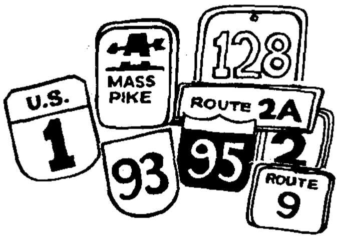


At Tower Isle, you can get by on next to nothing.

A beautiful, self-contained beach resort nestled in a cove by the sea is no place to stand on ceremony. It's a place for a morning's stroll on a magnificent, white beach. An afternoon of tennis on Jamaica's finest courts, or a swim in our fresh water pool. An evening dancing the Reggae and sipping a potion called Sink or Swim. It's a place for letting your hair down and your spirits up.

Jamaica's Tower Isle
Like no place else on earth.

Tower Isle P.O. Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
An Issa Hotel—Nick Brimo
Vice President & General Manager.
See your travel agent.
Represented Internationally
by Leonard Hicks.



All roads lead to The Colonial Inn

We're right off busy Route 128, overlooking The Village Green in historic Concord. It's *a little bit of a different world . . . quiet,* charming, relaxed and friendly. And so is the Inn. Maybe that's why all kinds of people love us. Tourists, salesmen, families, businessmen, movie stars, airline pilots, bird watchers, wedding parties (and honeymooners), Canadians, New Yorkers, Bostonians, Midwesterners, and our own townfolk. So whether you're planning a trip, a sales meeting, a wedding or just stopping by for cocktails and dinner, we go out of our way because you have.

• 60 modern airconditioned rooms • TV • Free parking • Major credit cards • Good Food • Village Forge Lounge • Direct dialing phones.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

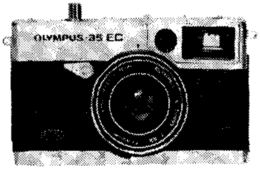
If the line's too long at The Silent Woman, try Cafe Johnell in Fort Wayne!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

stars, was invited to present the awards at a banquet honoring the team. In doing so, he made a few comments on the complicated world of modern sport which seemed eminently sensible to Doug Orr, who was among the guests. Doug approached the lawyer after dinner and asked him if he would be interested in handling his son's hockey career. Eagleson let this slide for a while—the Canadian woods are full of fifteen-year-old whizzes—but two years later, when Bobby was in his last season with Oshawa, Doug Orr approached him again, and this time Eagleson went out to watch the boy. He was so struck by what he saw that he agreed to represent Bobby in his negotiations with the Bruins management that coming summer. He extracted a two-year contract for Orr at close to thirty-five thousand a year—an unheard-of sum for a rookie in the N.H.L., a league that was still paying its stars nineteenth-century wages. Eagleson has watched over Orr's business involvements ever since, and has done such a good job that, including fees for product endorsements and other subsidiary activities, Orr's annual income is well over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Orr does radio commercials for the Yardley company, plumping for a men's soap called Black Label. He is a "corporate spokesman" on television for General Motors and General Foods. He has tie-ins with Ski-Doo snowmobiles and Bic pens. Through Bobby Orr Enterprises, Ltd., a corporation that Eagleson set up, he owns a car wash in Toronto and some real estate on the edge of the city, as well as a sizable chunk of the Bobby Orr-Mike Walton Sports Camp, in Orillia, a Boston restaurant called Bobby Orr's Branding Iron, and a Boston sporting-goods company that manufactures skates, hockey sticks, and other equipment bearing his name.

The great hockey players who preceded Orr usually had strong, attractive personalities and a well-cultivated sense of public relations, but none of them cut the commercial swath that Orr has, because none of them had anything like the same impact on the general public. Orr, you might say, is the Arnold Palmer of hockey. Aside from the exciting things he does on the ice, his appeal stems in part from his good looks, in part from his very youth (no previous hockey superstar blossomed at such a tender age), and in part from the quality he projects of being a modest, well-mannered country boy (which, by and large, he is). The life of a sports idol has its inconveniences in a hero-hungry place like New Eng-

This unique camera
takes pictures
automatically—in
daylight—with flash—
or even by candlelight.
(We demonstrate
it in a dark closet with
a candle...honestly!)
No other compact
camera can match it.
The secret? Electronics!
Come in for a demo.
Bring your own candle.



OLYMPUS 35EC

World's smallest electronic 35mm camera

Marketed in the U.S.A. by
Ponder&Best, Inc.
11201 West Pico Boulevard,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90064

Goodbye Mr. Clips!

Excuse the lame pun but it's true—you can now free yourself of such cumbersome paraphernalia as paper clips & staples. Our handsome chrome Paper Welder smartly "welds" up to 6 sheets of paper, with just one gentle stroke. And it never needs refills. Keeps your files slim and neat, your copier from blowing a fuse and your fingernails from breaking. No quicker or less expensive way to establish yourself as a progressive executive. Order yours right now!

☐ Rush me a Paper Welder. I encl. $14.95 ($13.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) Calif. res. add tax. Return in 2 wks. if not completely delighted.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Zip__________

NY0327

haverhill's
584 Washington St.
San Francisco 94111

SMALL...
OLD FASHIONED
..perhaps a bit
BACKWARD
& truly extra-ordinary.

After almost 100 years of doing it, we're still offering meats and flavors from an era when meat processing was an art, not a race.

Who else offers BANGERS, the authentic British sausage...or gala SMOKED CROWN ROASTS of pork...or SMOKED MUTTON. Who else takes months to make a SMOKED HAM with slice-it-thick-flavor. *(Something to consider for your Easter feast.)* And weeks to make bacon taste just as it did way back when. Or fancy SMOKED CAPONS, TURKEYS and GAME HENS. And an unbelievably good SMOKED TROUT.

Ask for our catalogue...such as it is. Or better yet order from below. We'll bill you later on. You'll find our service a little extra-ordinary too.

Since 1876.

McArthur's Smokehouse
Box AB, Millerton, New York 12546
Phone 914-789-3441

Smoked hams (appr. $20.00) or halves, Smoked Capons (appr. $13.00) Smoked Turkeys (appr. $19.00) Bangers ($1.40/lb.) Crown Roasts ($25.00) Smoked Trout ($2.00 ea.) and bacon, sausage, corned beef, Canadian Bacon, Smoked Game hens and old fashioned chipped beef.

The Pierre
Is a World of its own. Welcome.
5TH AVE. & 61 STREET • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

land. During his first seasons with the Bruins, Orr rented a house in Nahant with some teammates, but after a while, what with screaming teen-agers hanging around morning, noon, and night for a sight of him, he had to give it up. He now lives in the Prudential Towers, a well-protected high-rise apartment building in downtown Boston. He no longer drives his gold-colored Cadillac around Boston—the teenies again—and nowadays he is transported about in a chauffeur-driven car. Each year, the Orr cult becomes a little more fanatic. This winter, for example, one of the hit records in New England is "Both Sides of Bobby Orr," which consists of taped interviews with his coaches and associates on one side and technical hockey pointers by the young master on the other. Thousands of cars in the region are adorned with bumper stickers proclaiming "This Is Orr Country" and "God Bless Orr Country." In the summers, when Orr returns to Canada, things are not much better. For years, one of the big events in his life was an annual trip that he and his father made to fish the Moon River, but nowadays when word circulates that Bobby Orr is around natives and tourists alike chug out in their motorboats and sit staring at him. This perpetual lack of privacy gets Orr down occasionally, but for the most part he has learned to live with it. He remains a pleasant young man, with many generous impulses. He continues to improve as a player. This year, three weeks before the end of the regular season, he had already broken the records he set last year for most goals by a defenseman and most assists by anyone. Moreover, there is a growing school of opinion that believes that if Orr is fortunate enough to escape serious injury and to enjoy a fairly extended career he may go down as the greatest hockey player ever.

THE game between Boston and Toronto went to the Bruins, 5–1. Orr was in close to top form. He set up the first two Bruin goals, and on defense he was, as usual, all over the ice. (Though this facet of his talent is frequently overlooked, he is a sturdy, deft, and clever defenseman.) After the final whistle, Doug Orr, who had gone to see Bobby at his hotel before the game, dropped into the Boston dressing room for a chat. It was a brief one, for the Bruins had to catch a plane to Vancouver, and they quickly piled into a bus outside the arena and headed for the airport.

Before starting the drive home, Doug Orr and Jack Pickles stopped in at a party that Bill Watters, the director of the Orr-Walton Sports Camp, was giving at his house, in a Toronto suburb called Willowdale. About twenty people were on hand, including Eagleson and his wife, some friends of Bobby Orr's from Natick who had flown up for the game, and Jimmy Peters, a young fellow who played junior hockey with Bobby and has remained close to him even though he is now out of the game and is working for General Motors in Oshawa. Doug Orr was kept busy answering questions. "I thought Bobby played real well," he was saying when I joined the group around him. "He showed me he could control a game. He also showed me a couple of moves I'd never seen him use before."

"Like what?" someone asked him.

"Oh, those little moves around his own net to shake off the guys trying to bottle him up," Doug Orr said. "I like the way he takes his time now when he starts up the ice—skating very slow, hardly moving, until he sees that the rest of the players on the team are in the right position. Then he goes."

I asked him what he thought was the best game he had seen Bobby play this year.

"I saw him play a terrific game in Montreal," he replied, with a big smile. "He made one move the likes of which I've never seen in my life. You know, he's got tremendous fakes now. He comes skating along with his head going in one direction, his shoulders in another direction, and his hips shooting out a third way. It's a wonder he doesn't throw himself out of joint. Well, that night in Montreal he came in alone on the two defensemen—I think it was Harper and Bouchard. He gave them such a fantastic series of dekes, you know what happened? They crashed into each other and knocked each other down. Bobby just walked in on goal with no one around and scored." Doug Orr paused for a moment. "I knew Bobby was good," he went on, in a more reflective tone. "I was fairly sure he'd be good enough to make the N.H.L. But I never had any idea he'd turn out to be this kind of a player."

A few minutes later, he collected Jack Pickles, and they started the long drive back to Parry Sound.

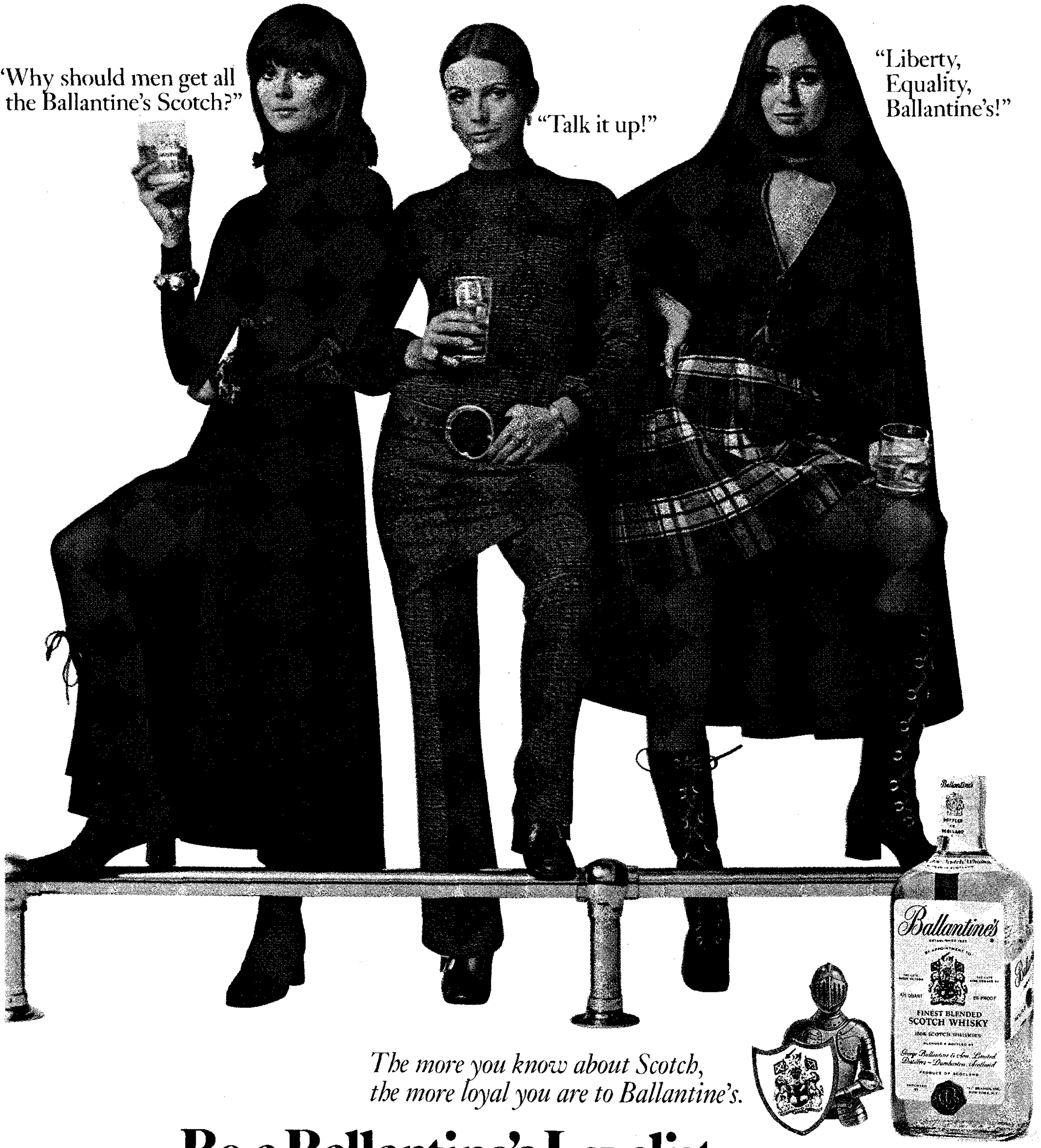
—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

STORKS MIXED
IN DULL SESSION
—*Headline in the Washington Post.*

May not have seemed dull to *them*.

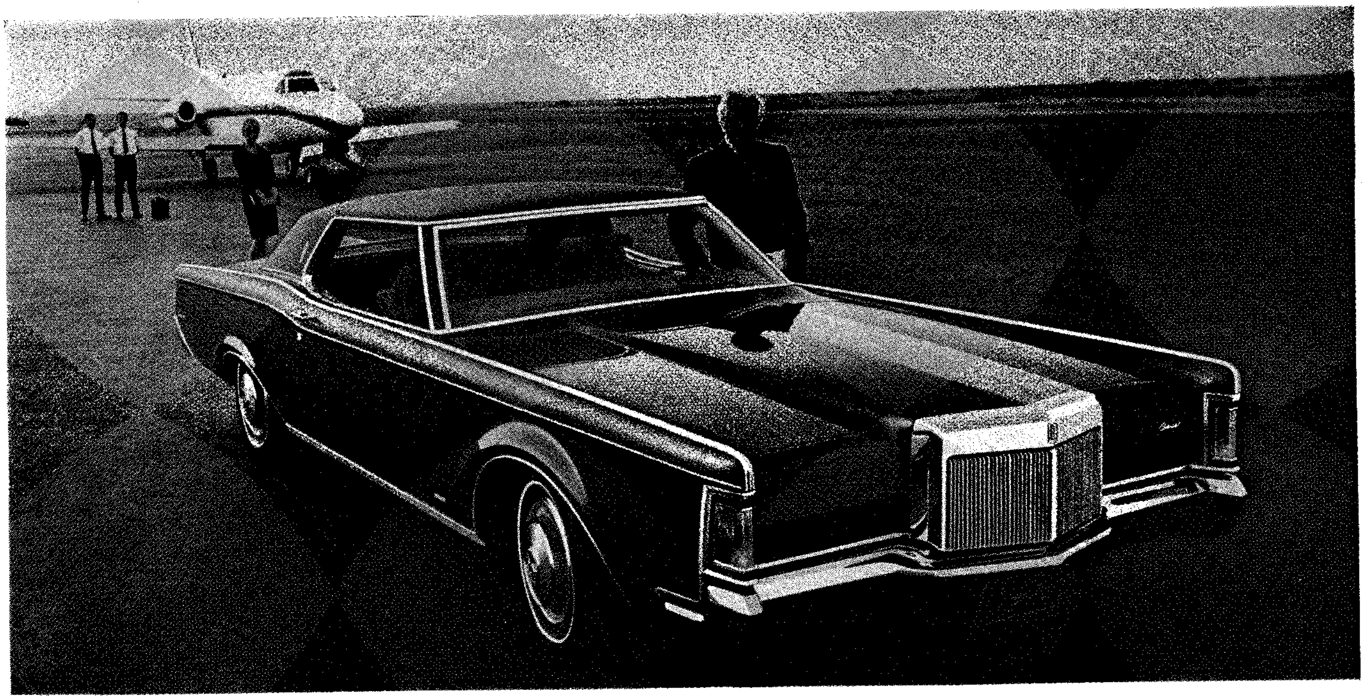
Liberated Loyalists


"Why should men get all the Ballantine's Scotch?"
"Talk it up!"
"Liberty, Equality, Ballantine's!"
Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

The more you know about Scotch, the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC. N.Y.



Driving your own Continental accustoms you to certain tangible values.

The matchless ride. Many innovations contribute to the Lincoln Continental ride. A wheelbase of impressive sedan dimensions. The widest stance on the road today. The massive drive shaft, rubber cushioned to eliminate vibration along the drive train. The 4-coil spring suspension. The seat cushions' almost sinful five inches of latex foam padding.

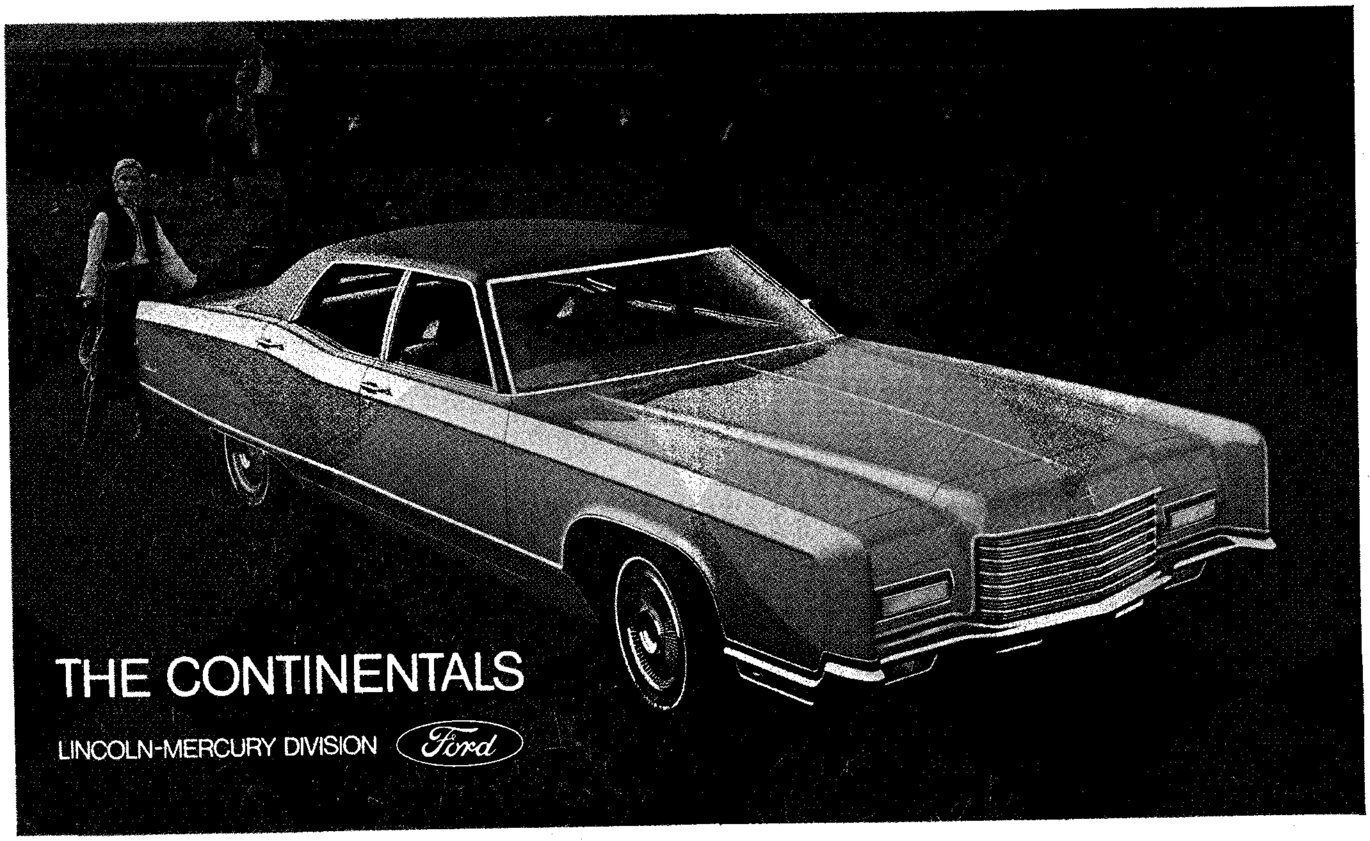
Michelin tires are standard equipment on both cars. So is automatic temperature control. And Sure-Track, the computer-controlled anti-skid braking system, is standard on Mark III, optional on Lincoln Continental.

The high return at resale. No one thing tells you more about a car than the price people are willing to pay for a previously owned one. And today, at trade-in, a Continental can prove to be an extraordinarily sound investment.

In fact, based on NADA wholesale prices, Continental Mark III continues to return a high proportion of its original manufacturer's suggested price and so has an enviably high resale value.

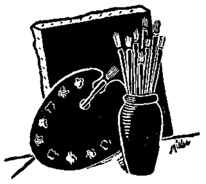
Once you've driven a Continental, you'll know why. These are cars apart and above. At the top of the class.

The Continentals: the final step up.



THE ART WORLD

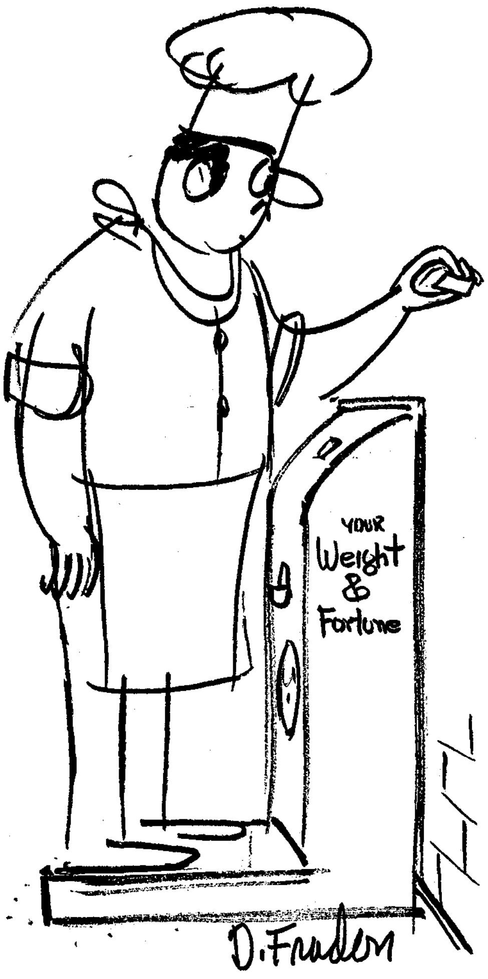
Johnson's Men



PAINTING and sculpture today are engaged in finding their way out of abstract art. Artists who haul tons of rock and dirt to construct a "real" work are reacting with typical American literalism against an art of stripes, edges, and plastic boxes. In the past, extreme abstract art claimed that geometry provided a language of universal signs which could move people independently of any associations with the images of things. Abstract art also included, however, non-geometrical images that did not match those of the visible world; for example, Duchamp's "Nude" was considered to be "abstract." By the nineteen-sixties, abstract art had shed the metaphysical pretensions as well as the expressive content of earlier abstractionists. The hard-line pragmatism of the new American university art departments had changed abstract art into a medium that could speak only of itself and that could tell of itself only its functional problems, like a person whose conversation is restricted to his handicaps. Abstract art as it is conceived at present is a game bequeathed to painting and sculpture by art history. One who accepts its premises must consent to limit his imagination to a depressing casuistry regarding the formal requirements of modernism. As David Antin points out in the current *Art News*, almost all contemporary abstract artists share "a fundamental belief in the 'meaninglessness' of art as an activity or as an outcome." And Antin concludes that "we have come to the end of the line. . . . Formalist art is dead because its formalist aspect is, like chess, a game of no consequence, an image of nothing in which the same ground is gone over and over in the same way, to the vast indifference of nearly everybody but its dealers."

Lester Johnson, showing at the Martha Jackson Gallery through this Saturday, is an abstract artist of the pre-formalist variety. Like de Kooning, he has an unmistakable subject—men, as against de Kooning's women. Johnson is abstract in the sense of projecting a content implicit in but not restricted to the marks on the canvas. In this older tradition, abstraction equals metaphor; the painting as visual image has the additional dimension of an external reference that is suggested but not stated by what occurs on the canvas. All the Abstract Expressionists, from Kline to Newman, are abstract artists in this sense, and the formalist abstraction of the nineteen-sixties centered on a continual polemical effort to eliminate their metaphorical references and to reconceive abstract art in terms of a grammar of dimensions, edges, and color relations.

All of Johnson's current paintings, presented under the challenging title "The Human Situation: Street Scene 1969-71," are of groups of male figures—an old motif for Johnson, though he has painted single males, too, and women and still-lifes. Indeed, he has for the past ten years been featured in exhibitions dedicated to the human figure; in thus classifying him with nature-copying artists, such as Philip Pearlstein and Paul Georges, curators have helped to harden public misunderstanding of the abstract-representational issue. Johnson's present males are, like his figures of the past, generalized silhouettes seen full face or in profile. The groups vary in number from three to more than a dozen. All are in motion: some are tensed, as if against the wind; some are letting themselves be carried by a crowd; some are jammed together, as if stuck in a subway entrance; some amble aimlessly; some are advancing, rolling up their sleeves. The real content of the paintings is human energy. Johnson has learned from the Action painters—in particular, from de Kooning and Hofmann—that it is possible to produce equivalents of man and nature by reënacting on the canvas their characteristic forms of vitality.

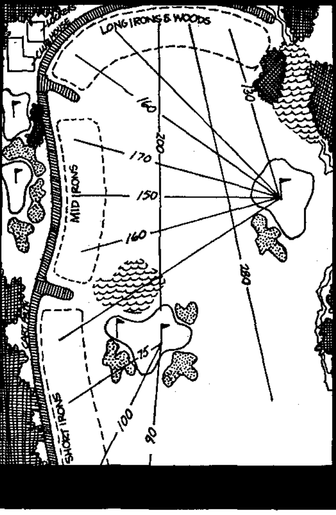


"Avoid coöperative ventures with too many others engaged in your own profession."

The men are square-jawed and without expression, like idealized artisans or policemen. Their heads, shoulders, and legs are massive, and they have huge hands drawn with a touch of Pop, as in Guston's recent "Klan" paintings. The men's hemispherical hats, square faces, and cylindrical arms and thighs supply the formal elements of Johnson's compositions. The image, however, avoids the explicit man-the-machine concept of Léger. Johnson's males have not (not yet) been absorbed into pulleys and pistons. They are generalized men, but not mechanized. Their concreteness survives in their physical solidity. Johnson models his figures in depth and flirts with the space of Renaissance painting. Yet he does not hesitate to draw the outline of a face on top of a three-dimensional head. He makes use of the ambiguity of depth and flatness in painting to comment on the ambiguous condition of man in our time: that, abstract as he is, he has not yet been reduced to a figure in a pattern. In "Emerging Crowd," arms and shoulders are modelled in accordionlike folds, as though the artist imagined that human limbs might be able to extend themselves much farther than they do. "The Human Situation" comprehends both losses and possibilities.

These are anonymous men, their features consisting of cartoon clichés or else half hidden and indistinct; the humanity of Johnson's figures is restricted to their motions and gestures. They pass in profile, come forward in a row, are pressed together in tightly packed crowds. The figures of "Fourteen Men Passing" are jammed into the foreground, seemingly pushed from behind. It is notable that though the

20 acres of problems.
Just for practice.



This is the site at Stratton Mountain, Vt., where boys 11 to 17 will learn the ins and outs of the game of golf.

And not far from here is the par 72 course where they'll try out their acquired skills.

An illustrated brochure for Summer '71 is now available. Apply to: Arnold Palmer Golf Academy, Dept. 1, Stratton Mountain, Vermont 05155.

STRATTON
Arnold Palmer
Golf Academy

NEW INVENTION—
The WHEELBARROW-CART combines best of both!

So perefctly balanced on TWO BIG WHEELS, so easy to roll, you guide it with JUST ONE HAND . . . *even with heavy, bulky loads!* No backstrain! No struggle! No load fall-out!

Send for FREE CATALOG

Garden Way Research
Dept. 5033
Charlotte, Vermont
05445

Several models include build yourself kits.

Great GIFT IDEA!

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
". . . the summer experience was a total success."
—Rod Serling

Art • Music
Writing
Theater
Dance • Film

Summer residential program. Coed. Ages 14-19. June 28-Aug. 9

H. Y. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK, Box 801, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

groups are in motion, they are not doing anything, in the sense of carrying out a task. In the largest canvas, the nine-foot-wide diptych "Approaching Men," a mob of figures is striding forward, their big hats pulled down over their eyes—some almost at a run, with their hands in front of them, as if ready to attack. Yet these men are not menacing; they are, rather, presenting themselves in their potential for action. Being able to do but without doing is the human situation presented by these paintings.

Johnson's canvases carry no social message. His men are, however, vaguely proletarian, with their big slouch hats and derbies, their old-fashioned curved-front jackets, their broad, round pants. "Three Men with Caps" is like an old news photograph of a group of rigidly posed Bolshevik leaders. Perhaps in our time the proletariat has become an object of nostalgia, as perhaps, too, the old-time capitalist with his pearl-gray derby, the gold chain on his vest, his spats. Johnson's men wear no gold chains, and when they smoke it is cigarettes, not cigars; his preference is not for the rich. In an earlier phase, he did drawings of men on the Bowery, their hats over their eyes, their hands in their pockets, trudging through the rain. Working in the Action-painting manner—that is, not from a subject but with forms that might evoke a subject—Johnson now invites these figures of memory to transform themselves into the shapes being fashioned by his brush. As they emerge through his action on the canvas, the personifications of the human situation are grim and prosaic.

The machine-proletarian atmosphere is realized through color and paint quality rather than through "scenes." I was reminded by one painting of a sculptured group in iron, or some other gray-black metal, set up in Washington in honor of early trade-union leaders. Johnson commonly works in dark browns, and at times in blue and black, and his pigment is thick and greasy; one reviewer joked that his paintings are made of tar. In certain lights the surface shine renders the picture invisible. Johnson galvanizes the heavy, resistant substance of his paintings through the rhythm and occasionally the color of his contours. Lines that mark the curve of a hat brim, the borders of a coat or sleeve flow through the composition like channels of vitality. Added energy charges are imparted by varying the outlining edges in width, the consistency of the pigment, and the color—from

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
The Who's Who know What's What.

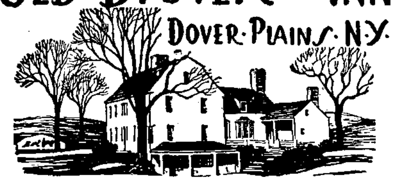
The Sheraton-Carlton, that's what. Among our regular guests are diplomats, cabinet secretaries, governors, senators, socialites, big business wheels. And many others who value a hotel that offers a rare blend of gracious elegance, meticulous service and convenience to all of Washington. You can be a Who's Who too. Stay at the Sheraton-Carlton. For reservations, call toll-free any time
800-325-3535

Sheraton-Carlton Hotel
16th & K STS., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place To Talk While You Lunch

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

OLD·DROVERS·INN·
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

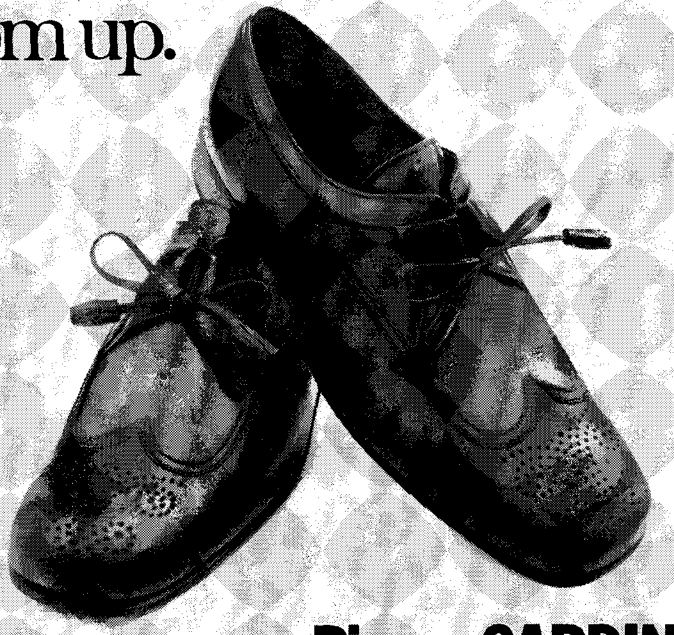
SO. CALIF. RANCH—480 ACRES
21 miles east of booming San Diego. 2 houses, corrals, spring water, wells, utilities, pool. Superb, frost-free climate. Rare investment. Terms. Priced below market by owner.
Dan R. McFadden, 1508 Murray Drive
Los Angeles 90026 (213) 661-3255

black or brown to white or blue. In "Four Men with Hats," the forms are drawn in pink, chalklike lines on overlapping planes of gray, and the motif all but vanishes into the linear animation. The figures of "Three Men with Hats" and of the diptych "Passing Crowd" are half obliterated by the rhythmic outlines of hats and shoulders, so the pictures appear to be abstractions unless they are viewed from very close. Johnson's blue paintings often take on a jewellike radiance from the surface shimmer and the incandescence of the contours.

The dynamism of "The Human Situation" series lies in the artist's concept of the relation of the individual and the group. The spatial organization of the paintings is determined by combining the figures or by separating them into "private" spaces—Johnson's way of stating the feeling of a particular human occasion in plastic terms. His theme of the individual and the crowd is not dissimilar from that of Giacometti in his walking-figure sculptures. In Paris, the issue of occupying isolated space versus marching together was construed, Giacometti told me a long time ago, to have an anti-Communist connotation. Johnson's groupings encompass both the self-segregated stroller and the purposeful corps, but he also explores other relations. "Crowd in Profile" consists of men marching in file. In extreme contrast, each figure in "Emerging Crowd" occupies his own space, though all are packed tightly against the others, and in "Four Walking Figures" there is a similar diffusion of direction—including a pair of feet that is going its own way at the top of the canvas. The male on the left in "Early Arrival" is leaning backward as if pulling a taut rope. Neither marchers nor self-detached individualists, the three magnified bodies of "Park Scene" are locked together in sleep, or perhaps a dance, while the orange-contoured homunculi of "Nine Men" seem caught in a trance of motion, like science-fiction dummies shot from a rocket gun.

Disposed in an expressive order, Johnson's hats, heads, shoulders, and flanks have the double purpose of building, on the one hand, a compositional machine equivalent to a structure of rectangles, circles, cylinders, and cones, and, on the other, of conveying his theme of man's place in the world. In this exhibition, Johnson has broadened his repertory of shapes—earlier shows were dominated by frontal silhouettes of his figure paintings—and expanded the range of his emotional

Now you can start your Pierre Cardin wardrobe from the bottom up.



COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO., INC., WHITMAN, MASS. 02382 **Pierre CARDIN**

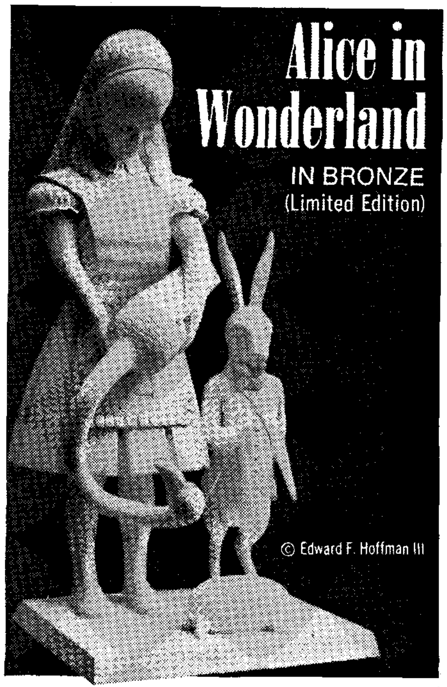
SPACE BIRD
a kite for connoisseurs

Well now, we're not quite ready to claim outer space with our incredible Bird, and you really needn't be an astronaut to fly one, but we suggest you should be of sound mind and strong body to test your skills with it. It is powerful, it demands your total commitment, and it flys like nothing you've ever flown before. Just a whisper of a breeze, a mere whiff, and this giant comes alive and soars to the heavens. A rugged wooden frame spanned with red, white, blue and orange checkered 100% Nylon sail cloth, taut and lightly fluttering with eagerness—a magnificent kite, mind boggling performer, and delightful pastime. Complete with jillion yards of twine, spare parts and instructions. *Your Money Back if the Space Bird not everything we say it is, and maybe a little more.*

I am committed. Send at once on Your Money Back Guarantee:

#400 Giant Bird (42" wing span) $6.00 ☐ 2 for $11.50 ☐ Name
#401 Super Giant (60" wing span) $8.00 ☐ 2 for $15.00 ☐ Address
check encl.___ add $1.00 post. per order. 5% in Calif. Zip

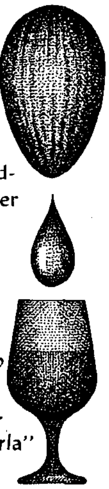
J.D.BROWNE • Ghirardelli Square 900 North Point • San Francisco, Ca. 94109



The winsome appeal of Alice is preserved in this delightful sculptured group. 31″ high. $4500.00 f.o.b. N.Y.

Visit our galleries and see our unusual collection of contemporary and traditional decorative figures, sundials and fountains for gardens and interiors. Send 50¢ for illustrated catalogue.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 313, 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018



ALMOND FLAVOR LIQUEUR:

Amaretto. From Italy. A delicious new flavor for your after-dinner tray. Made from rare select almonds. (It costs somewhat more than ordinary liqueurs). At fine liquor stores. And the best Italian restaurants. Ask for "the Italian almond-flavor liqueur," if you can't remember the name: Amaretto di Saronno. *Il liquore alla mandorla. Amaretto. Dall'Italia. Un tocco insolito e piacevole al vostro* after-dinner. *Distillato da pregiatissime mandorle selezionate (ecco perchè costa un tantino di più). Nelle migliori bottiglierie e nei ristoranti italiani à la page. Chiedete "il liquore italiano alla mandorla" se vi sfugge il nome:*

AMARETTO di SARONNO
Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C. 56 proof

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

statement. His philosophical theme has, it seems to me, inspired him to invent more spontaneously, to be less controlled by the object or by preconceived forms. But this increased spontaneity has caused no relaxation of his aesthetic rigor, which is based on the principle of formal self-limitation. Though his golemlike figures, with their domed heads, no longer divide the canvas into vertical sections, they introduce problems of balance of which each painting must take account. "Croppings" of the top and sides of the canvas create effects of compression and letting-go that reflect physical sensations of crowding and dispersion. Accident has been reduced; drips and blots, which were at times out of key with Johnson's firmly established forms, now appear in only two or three canvases. Yet the sensitively handled contours remain, as the means for speeding the eye along linear intervals. The innovation of the present paintings consists, however, in their interchange between formal and substantive concepts of a controlled disorder, in which a person or a thing can be anywhere by an independent act of decision.

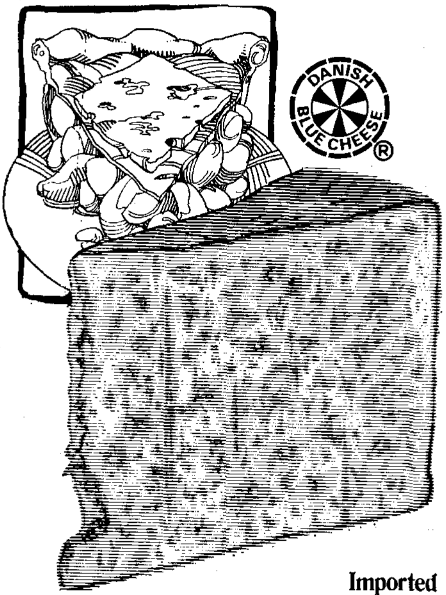
Out of his twenty-five years of painting, Lester Johnson has drawn a mysterious, unpredictable, and moving image. One could not have arrived at this image through analyzing society or through analyzing painting. It was brought into being by the act of painting itself, and it could emerge only in painting (not, for example, in film)—justification enough for this art, if justification is needed. Formalist abstraction is very likely finished. But Johnson's generalized man can hardly be regarded as "meaningless." It is an image that derives from the simultaneity of the artist's consciousness of art and his feeling about the state of man. It presupposes the appropriation of experience by a sensibility synthesized through the practice of painting. "I bring the landscape home in me," said Hans Hofmann. The survival of abstract art depends on such inner landscapes.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

> DUESSELDORF, Germany—Fifty water experts from West Germany, Switzerland and the Netherlands declared at a meeting the Rhine was one of Europe's dirtiest rivers and their three nations should devote 6 per cent of their gross national products each year to cleaning it up.
> shattering
>
> —*Miami News.*

Yes, it is. But just give the news, please.



True-blue Danish

This is the real thing. The zippy tang assures you that it's authentic Danish Blue—so salubriously rich and creamy. It's a love of a cheese. And that's no fairy tale.

Imported
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN
The New
TRIANON SUITE
at The Carlyle

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH STREET

Post-Holiday Vacation

Relax and unwind near Phoenix in matchless accommodations. Play the two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Write for colorful brochure and golfers holiday plan! Reade Whitwell, V.P.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

EUROPE THIS SUMMER?

A magnificent non-regimented trip that does more than you ever dreamed possible, for college students, young professionals, singles and young marrieds. $1,595 for 8 weeks, $1,395 for 6 weeks and $1,075 for a full month—WITH NO EXTRAS! Full details and references from DR. S. M. LUTNICK, 32 Hicks Avenue, Syosset, N.Y. 11791. (516) 921-7898

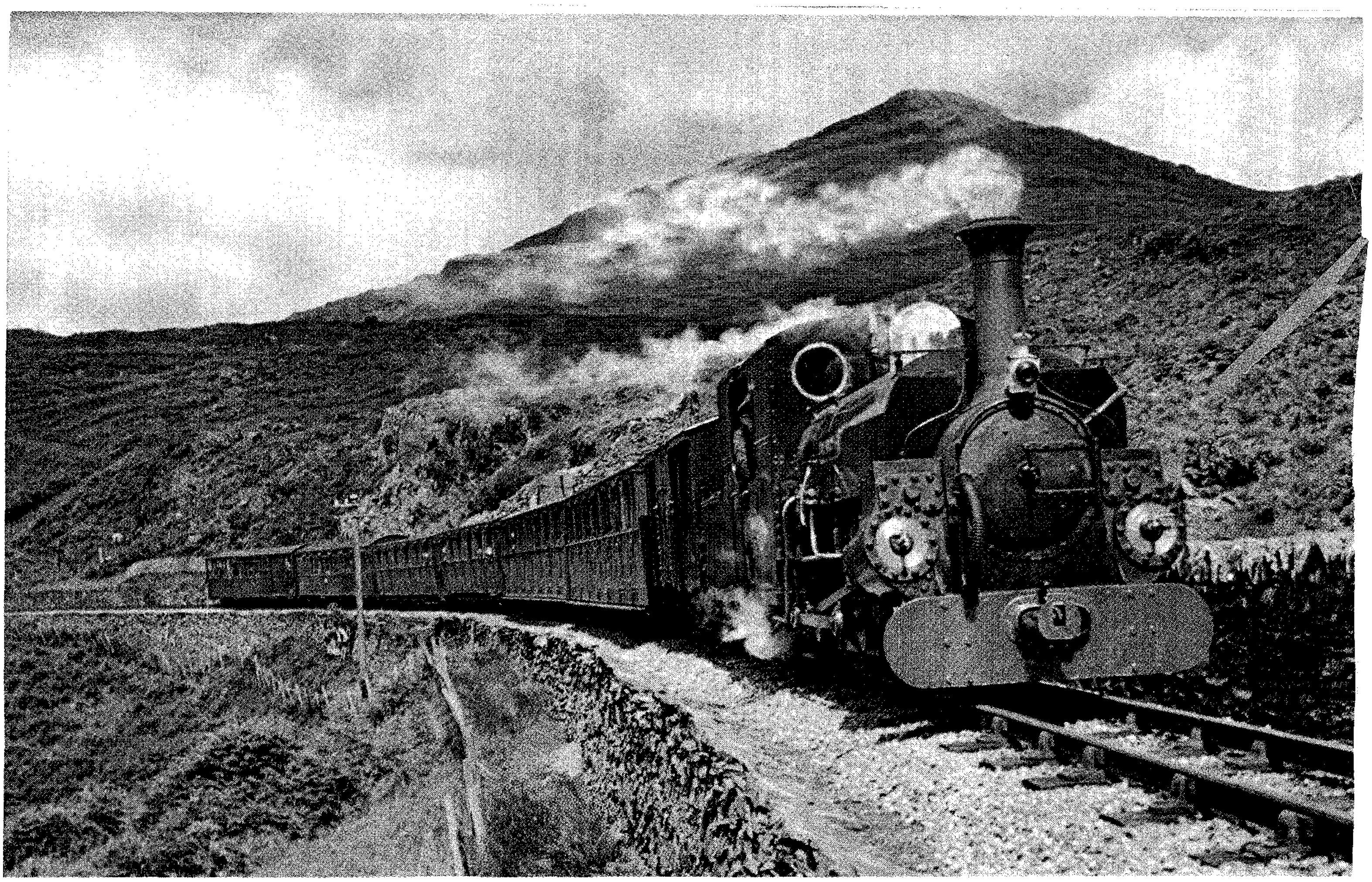
THE $100 DIFFERENCE

Around 1632, English furniture makers began decorating their work with pieces of tawny tortoiseshell. But the shell was hard to come by, so the ingenious craftsman used stains and lacquers to imitate nature by hand. And *Heritage has found that these old hand techniques are still the only way to do it.* Only hands can spatter on the smoky markings and smudge them into a haze of dusky shadows and golden lights, to look like the work of nature. **And only more money can buy *it*.**

This kind of painstaking handwork, which makes our tortoiseshell chest cost $100 more than any look-alike, goes into every other piece with the Heritage name. Surfaces are rubbed, scoured and stained by hand, because that's the best way to find the natural grain and seek out the highlights. Interiors are hand-sanded and sealed so there'll be no rough spots to snag your clothes. When we cost a little more, you'll find we give a little more.

HERITAGE
A division of Drexel Enterprises

If you think the Heritage handwork deserves a place in your home, send two dollars for our catalog and room planning kit to Dept. NY-3-71, Heritage Furniture Co., High Point, N.C. 27261.



Swap railway stories with the engineer on one of Britain's scenic, narrow-gauge trains.

He may tell you his tracks are all of 15 inches wide, his steam locomotive 100 years old. It'll whet your appetite for a full-size 20th Century trainride.

Buy a railway buff's dream.

A 15-day Britrail pass, good for all the miles you can travel, all over the British Isles, for an incredible $40. Or $65 in aristocratic 1st Class. ("Will you come to the dining-car, Sir? Dinner is served.")

Read in the London Times that it's the City of York's 1900th birthday.

Decide to make York your first stop. You'll get there in 3 hours from London. It took the Roman legions more than 3 years.

Recognize with a pang of delight names from your English class.

The brooding Yorkshire moors of "Wuthering Heights." Towering Richmond Castle, home of all those Dukes of Richmond who keep popping up in Shakespeare. Then on to Sir Walter Scott's Scotland.

Order High Tea. And skip supper.

The farther north you go in Britain, the bigger the "tea." If you're staying at a Scottish farmhouse, it might start with a hot "savory" dish, like finnan haddie. Then buns and scones. Jams and honeys. Buttery shortbread. Dundee Cake, sinful with fruits and nuts. Maybe blackberries, with cream from the cow grazing by the front door.

Understand everybody. Because everybody understands you.

We speak your language England, Northern Ireland, Scotland, Wales.

For your free 52-page booklet, "Vacations in Britain 1971", see your travel agent or cut out this line, fill in your Name______________________________
and Address____________________________________Zip________and mail to: British Tourist Authority, Dept. NYT, Box 4100, New York, N.Y. 10017.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 19

IT used to be axiomatic in national politics that the most heavily populated states dominated the smaller ones, particularly in such matters as the selection of Presidential candidates. A man did not have to come from a large state to get in the running, but it helped a lot if he did; as it was pointed out in these pages last week in another connection, either the Republican or the Democratic candidate in two of every three Presidential elections since the Civil War has been a governor or former governor of New York, and in 1944 the voters had to choose between a former governor of New York, Franklin Roosevelt, and an incumbent one, the late Thomas E. Dewey, whose funeral in New York is today being attended by the President and many others who have been active in the politics of the past several decades. Dewey was the last of the line, though; twenty-odd years ago, the rules began to change, and in 1968 a virtually "stateless" man—a native of California and a resident of New York, with few political ties in either place—won the Republican nomination despite the active candidacies of the governors of both his home state and his adopted one. If he runs again next year, he may find himself opposed by a senator, Edmund Muskie, from Maine, which ranks thirty-eighth in population, or a senator, George McGovern, from South Dakota, which ranks forty-fifth. It could be that he will be opposed by the mayor of New York, but that is generally thought to be unlikely, and if it happened it would be further evidence of change, since in the past a mayor of New York or any other large American city has been hardly more eligible for nomination than a tribal chief from Morocco. The political deck may be stacked in many inequitable ways, but it is not currently stacked to the advantage of large states and their governors.

Accompanying this change, and closely reated to it, has been a shift in power—in Presidential politics, at east—from the state capitals to the United States Senate. Every President and every defeated candidate in the last three elections has made his name in the Senate, as have four of the six men who ran for Vice-President. No governor or ex-governor, of a large state or a small one, has been nominated since Adlai Stevenson, ex-governor of Illinois, ran for the second time in 1956, and no governor has won since Roosevelt. If Nixon were to withdraw in 1972, the nomination could go to one of the governors to whom he denied it in 1968, and thus the rule might not hold for a season, but it would almost certainly continue to apply in the Democratic Party, where the one declared and the half-dozen or so undeclared contenders are senators. The emergence of the Senate as a spawning ground for Presidential candidates seems partly a product of political change and partly a product of technology. The dominance of foreign policy has surely had a good deal to do with it. No one nowadays would be much interested in hearing the views of the governor of Illinois on the situation in the Middle East, but the views of a senator from Illinois are listened to eagerly—not only because he has some Constitutional responsibility for foreign policy but because he is presumed to be better informed, which is sometimes the case and sometimes not. In an age in which most domestic as well as all foreign concerns are thought of as "national issues," the senator is a national figure and the governor an increasingly parochial one. Moreover, senators, when they are in Washington, are never more than a few minutes away from the broadcasting facilities of national television and radio networks. It is conceivable that the governor of Arkansas might have something of interest to say about certain national or international matters, and it is also conceivable that he might get a hearing if he showed up here, but none of the networks is likely to send a panel of interviewers and a planeload of technicians to Little Rock unless the place is blowing up—certainly not when dozens of senators, already made well known by television, are close by and eager for "exposure."

The Senate is, as it was intended from the start to be, a rough equalizer of power. The members from the larger states may have somewhat more leverage in certain matters (for it remains a fact that the votes are in the large states, and senators from small ones, especially if they aim to be national figures, may have to do some kind of homage to numbers), but it is a one-man-one-vote institution, and a determined man from Nevada can have as much power as a senator from New York—or, indeed, as was demonstrated in the career of the late Pat McCarran, a Nevadan who could get just about anything he wanted out of the Senate twenty years ago, as much power as both senators from New York. The Senate rewards craftiness, which was about all that McCarran had, but it also rewards diligence and intelligence to a degree rarely seen in other institutions of government. And power is not the only reward it can bestow. It is close to being the ideal platform for men of ideas or men critical of the ideas of others. Very often, in fact, those who use it to draw national attention to themselves or to causes they espouse are among the least influential in the chamber itself. Of recent Presidents and candidates who have come from the Senate, only Lyndon Johnson and, to a lesser degree, Hubert Humphrey have been notably adroit in legislative affairs. Neither John Kennedy nor Richard Nixon performed his strictly legislative duties with much distinction, and of the Democratic senators thought of as

"Watch your mouth, Mister! You happen to be screaming at a real, live person!"

serious contenders at the present time only two have exercised substantial authority in the Senate, and this pair—Henry Jackson, of Washington, and Birch Bayh, of Indiana—are given the lowest ratings by the handicappers. Senator Muskie, who has a wide lead in the polls and is the only one so far who enjoys more public favor than the President, has not been a leader of hi peers—a point often raised against hin by partisans of other candidates. Whe Muskie's backers respond that Senato McGovern has also been somethin less than a tower of strength in Senat affairs, the argument is made that McGovern has at least *tried*—in the Senate as well as outside—to have an impact on policy and public opinion, an Muskie has failed even to make muc of an effort.

There is no doubt a connection between Muskie's present lead in th polls—in the latest Harris Survey h gets forty-four per cent, as agains thirty-nine for Nixon—and what hi detractors consider his shortcomings a a leader. (Some also cite what the consider his attainments as a misleade recalling that in 1968 he took part i the Convention floor fight for including the White House position on Vietnam in the Party platform.) The surveyors of opinion probably wouldn't b asking questions about him now if h had not run for Vice-President in th last election. He got that nomination a a figure of compromise. He had stoo with the hawks in Chicago, but tha was about all that anyone could hol against him, and he was a dutiful haw rather than a militant one, as today h seems a dutiful rather than a militan dove. He could accept Humphrey' leadership and defend the Party's record; he could not give serious offen to any of the blocs except, perhap some Southerners, who weren't goin to produce many electoral votes an way and so could be ignored. In year in which abrasiveness was abundant supply, his lack of it was a asset, and recognized as such by mi lions of Americans. He has hoard the asset ever since, and if his record the Senate looks about the same now it did then (except for an effort, su cessful on the whole, to lead the fig for environmental protection—a cau that is politically unassailable as well socially desirable) this helps explain l present lead. For if he is nominat next year, it will again be because has made himself available as a figu of compromise within the Party. U like McGovern, who happens to be unabrasive in temperament as Musk but bolder in the positions he tak

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00; Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

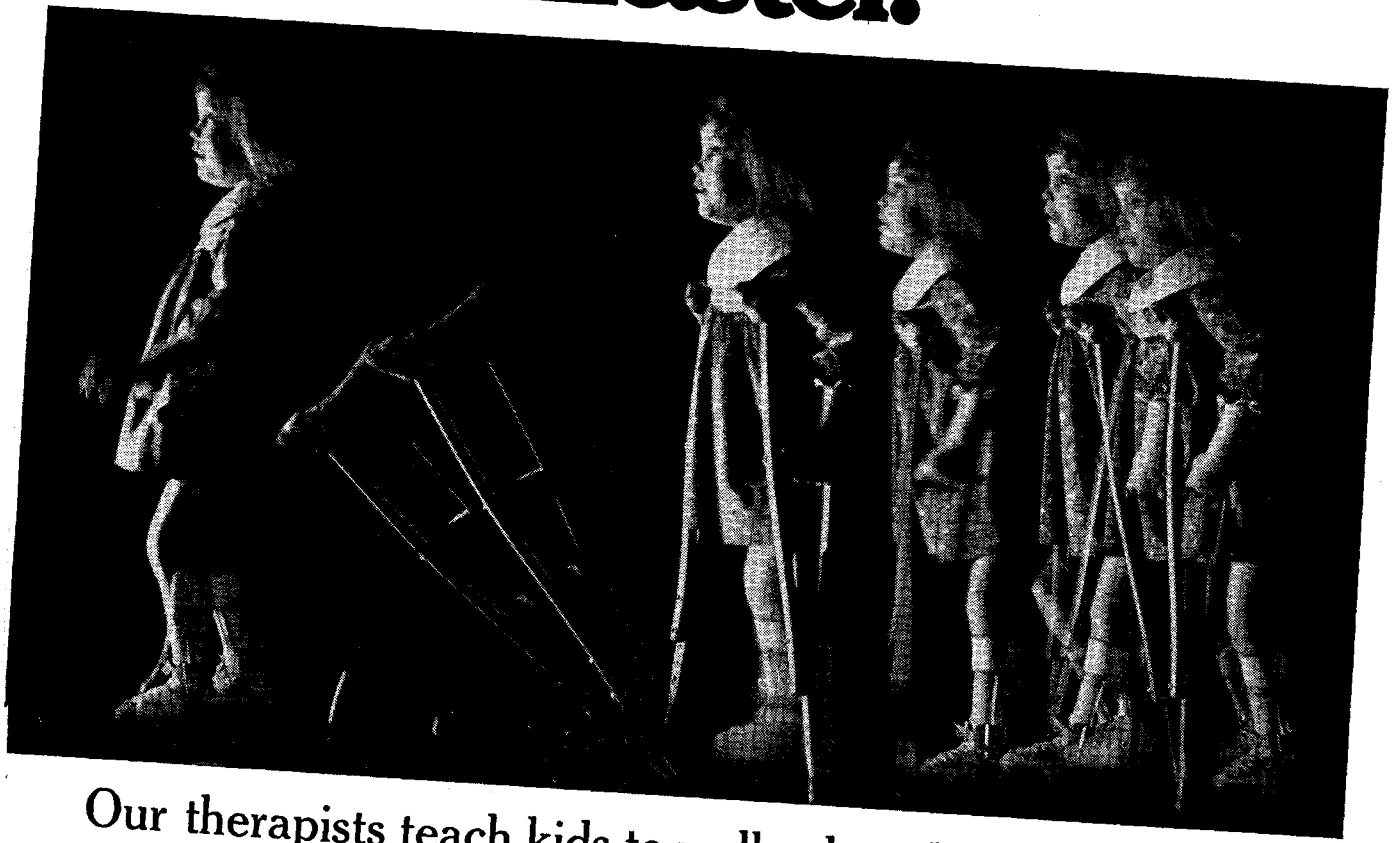
To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $______to cover______subscriptions.

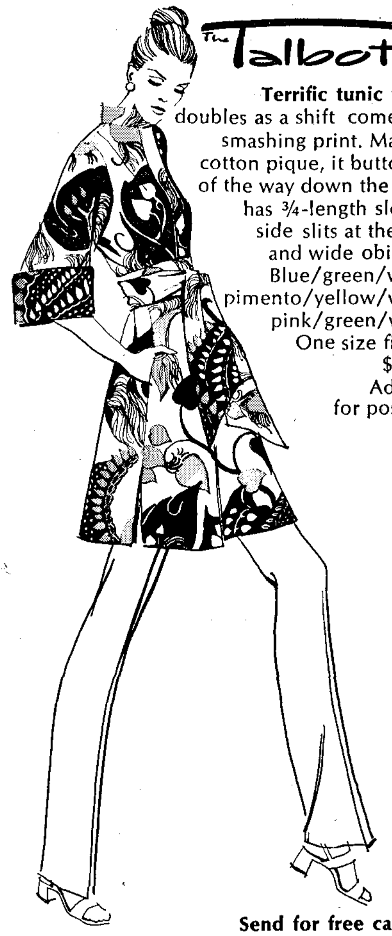
25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

Set a child free this Easter.



Our therapists teach kids to walk when they can't learn by themselves. And when their parents can't teach them. We teach kids to talk. We teach kids to hear. To control arms, and fingers. To move legs. Toes. We take little kids that are imprisoned inside themselves and help set them free.
It takes money.
Give to Easter Seals.

Easter Seals: c/o Your Local Postmaster



The Talbots

Terrific tunic which doubles as a shift comes in a smashing print. Made of cotton pique, it buttons ¾ of the way down the front, has ¾-length sleeves, side slits at the hem and wide obi sash. Blue/green/white, pimento/yellow/white, pink/green/white. One size fits all. $20.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. QK, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Pretty "Posy" Handbag

Multicolor flowers blossom on fine cotton . . . so right, so beautiful for spring. Roomy 12″ x 9½″ x 4″ handbag retains its shape, has taffeta lining and turnclasp close. A selection to enhance your every outfit. **$6.00 ppd.**
(Mass. residents add 3% sales tax)

Johnny Appleseed's
50 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!

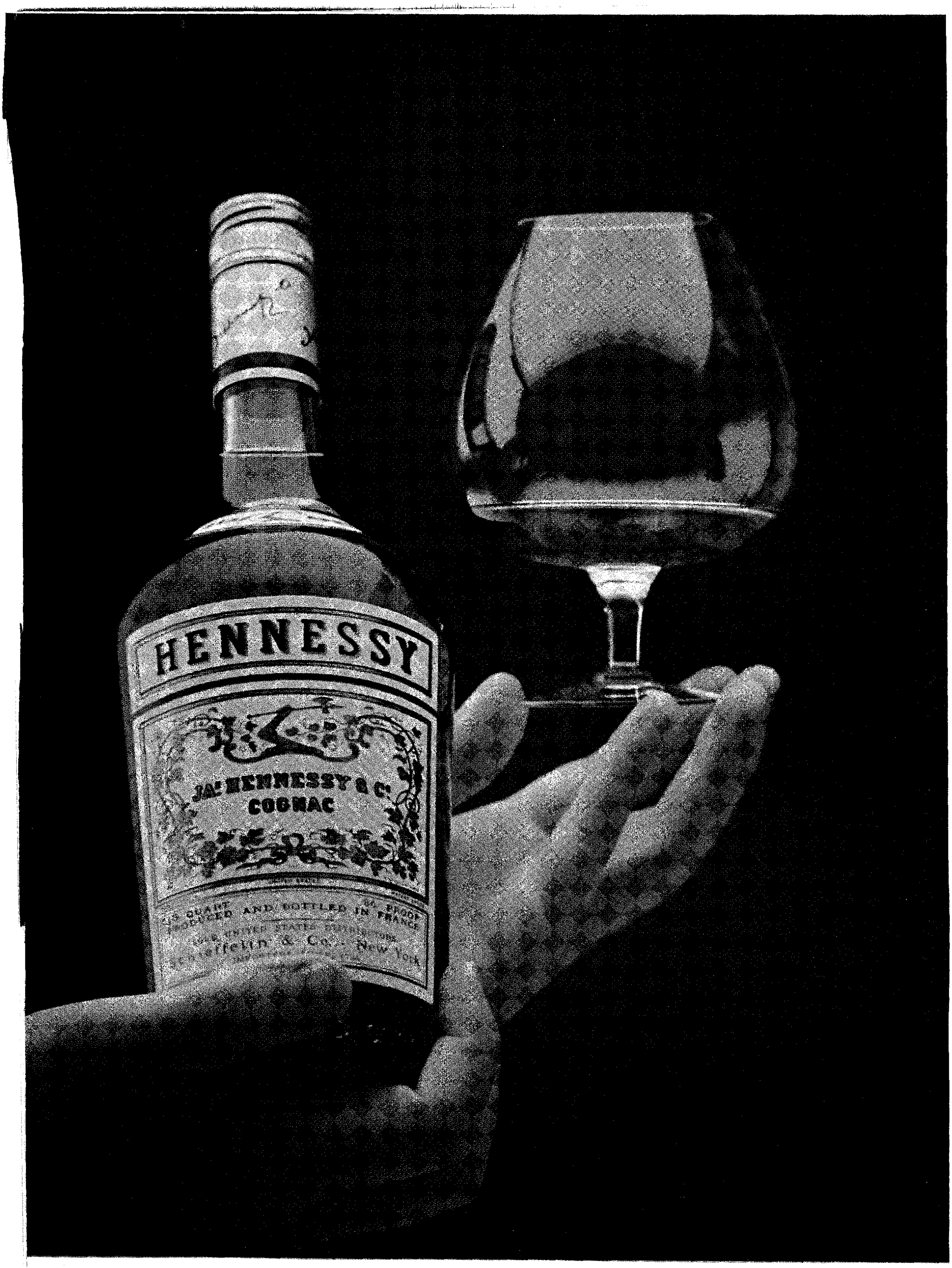
"OGDEN NASH'S newest book of verse
BED RIDDANCE
'A Posy for the Indisposed' should strike a mortal blow at the Get Well Card."
—*B. A. Bergman, Philadelphia Bulletin*
Drawings by Milton Glaser. $4.95 LITTLE, BROWN
Most of these poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*

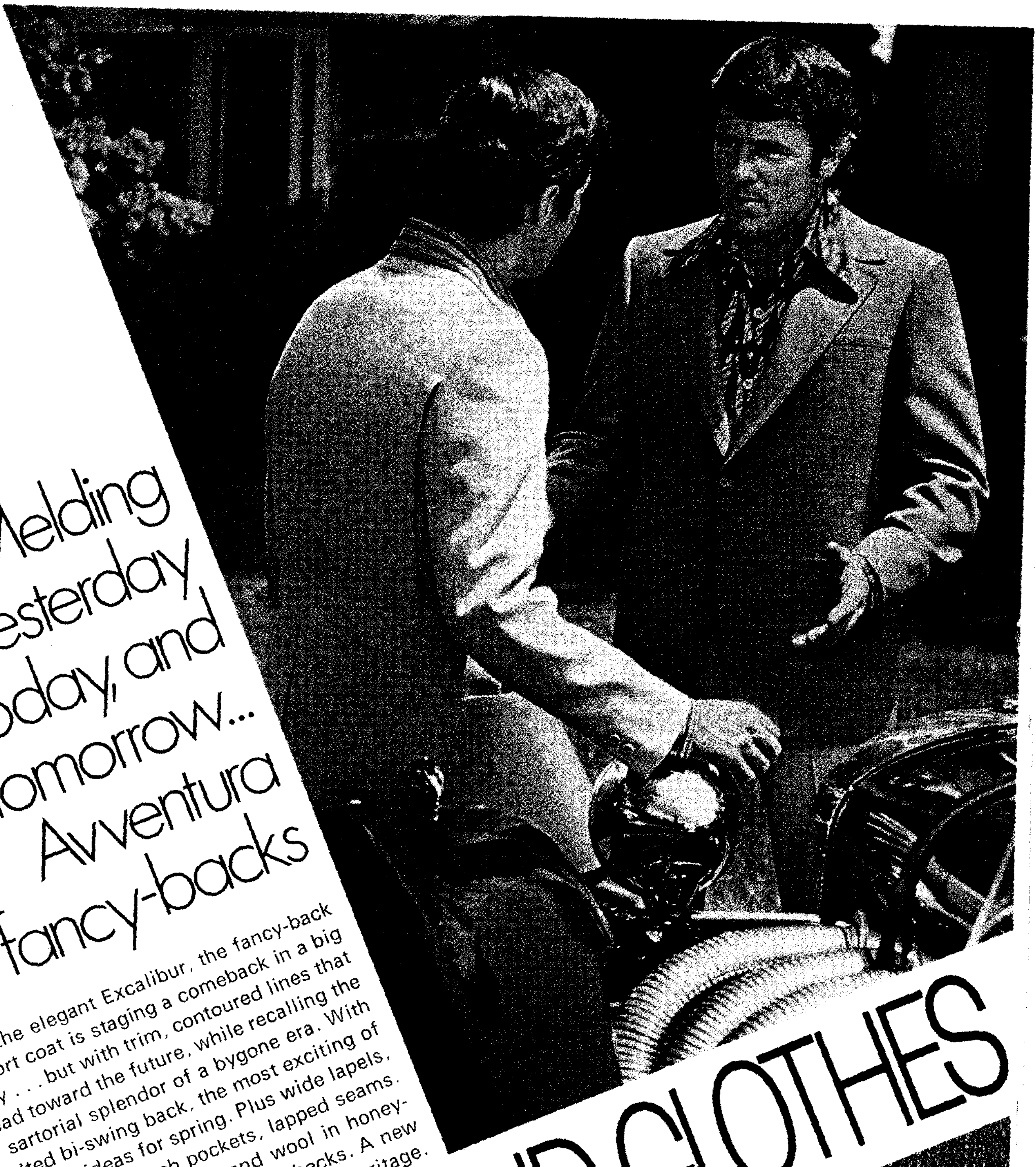
Muskie is unlikely to sting the conscience of those Democrats who supported Johnson on Vietnam or to outrage those who, like Senator Jackson, support Nixon on the war today.

In the case of a faction-ridden party, it is almost always prudent to give favorable odds to a man who can offer himself as a conciliator. Muskie can do this now, and he can also present himself as the candidate most likely to succeed in the general election. There is some question, though, about the present extent of factionalism in the Party. The Republican Administration has been a powerful forger of Democratic unity. The war may be an issue in the 1972 campaign, but it is unlikely to be much of an issue in the Democratic primaries or at the Democratic National Convention. Just about everyone has turned against it, and it would appear that if Senator Jackson is to be a formidable candidate, he will have to either stand on other issues or adopt a new position on the war. There may be some "conservative" Democrats outside the South, but they lack a leader or a spokesman, and in any case could not find one in Jackson, since on domestic issues he, too, is a liberal. Thus, it may be that the Party next year—by which time it may seem that any Democrat can win over Nixon—could actually unite around someone like McGovern or Senator Harold Hughes, of Iowa, who have been more venturesome than Muskie and who would make a stronger appeal than Muskie could to the alienated and the apathetic. Moreover, the nomination of a McGovern or a Hughes might prevent a bleeding of Democratic strength by the formation of a splinter party on the left (in effect a fourth party, since it is generally assumed that George Wallace's American Independents will be on the ballot in all or nearly all states), with Eugene McCarthy or someone of a similar persuasion as the candidate. This would be a likely development if Muskie were nominated, and an all but certain one if the Democrats were to turn again to Humphrey, who still shows impressively in the opinion surveys. (Although he does poorly in polls of the general public, he is, according to the Gallup Poll, the current favorite of twenty-one per cent of Democrats, just below Muskie and Senator Kennedy, who have twenty-six and twenty-five per cent, and well above McGovern and Lindsay, who are tied at five per cent, and McCarthy, who has four per cent.) A fourth party would not necessarily deny victory to the Democrats—its candidate would be unlikely to deliver any electoral votes—but it would lead to the defection of some of the most promising and innovative spirits in the Party.

NO one in his senses would pronounce as certain the defeat of an incumbent President with nearly half a term yet to be served. But by almost any measure this Administration is in deep trouble. The invasion of Laos has been a military and political disaster. It has exposed all the fallacies and fantasies of Vietnamization, and is probably building up resistance to our supporting a client state even with airpower. Some indicators may show signs of economic improvement at home, but not the most visible and politically disquieting of them—high prices and high unemployment. In Congress, Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and a perennial scourge of Presidents, is shredding the programs that Nixon regards as crucial to the "revolution" he proposes to direct. Mills is opposed to revenue sharing and, according to those who have a fairly good record in divining his intentions, will see to it that the revenues are unavailable. He will do this by spending the money through an increased federal role in the financing of welfare and through a family-assistance program to be devised by him. He may, of course, change his mind, but whatever schemes he comes up with will be his, not the Administration's, and what a Democratic Congress will not do to accommodate a Republican President in a non-election year it is certainly unlikely to do in an election year. Last week's House vote against the supersonic transport was immensely damaging to the prestige of the Administration, which found almost fifty per cent of Republican congressmen declining to support it on an issue that may not have been an inherently partisan one but that the White House approached in a thoroughly partisan manner.

The White House political planners know how grave their problems are—they may know better than anyone else—but they believe, or profess to believe, that they can recover their patron's losses in time for next year's election. By then, they still maintain, the war will require very few Americans, the recession will be ended, and the rate of inflation, if any, will be so slight as to be painless. Time may prove them right, but even if it does there is reason to doubt whether they will be the beneficiaries. A President who prosecutes a war two years after more than three-quarters of his countrymen have


HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & Co
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
84 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN FRANCE
SOLE UNITED STATES DISTRIBUTORS
Schieffelin & Co., New York
Hennessy Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.



Melding yesterday today, and tomorrow... Avventura fancy-backs

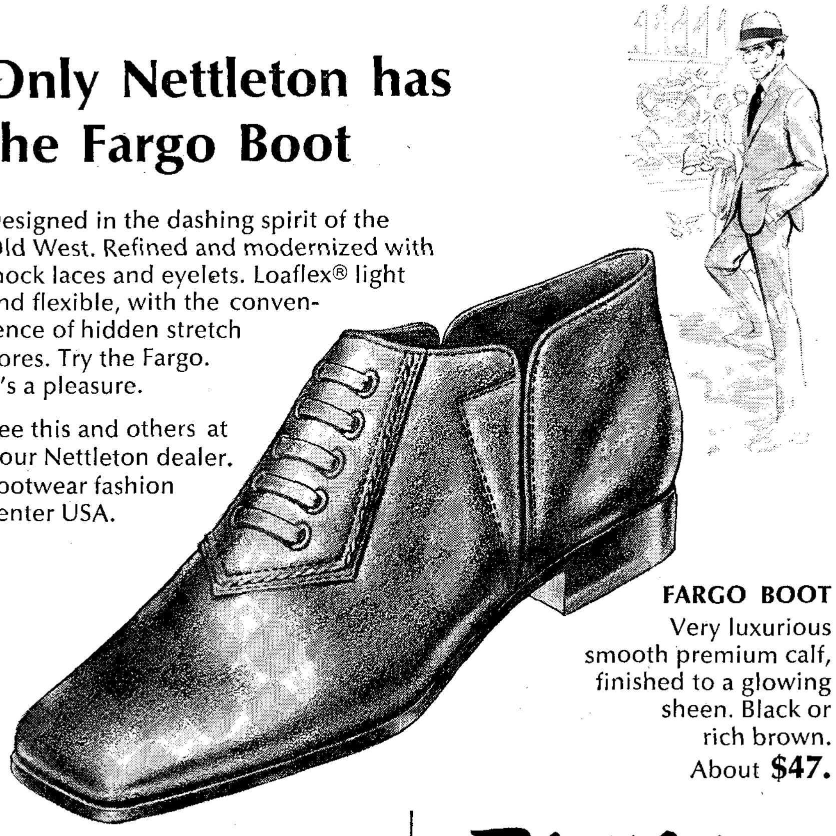
Like the elegant Excalibur, the fancy-back sport coat is staging a comeback in a big way . . . but with trim, contoured lines that head toward the future, while recalling the sartorial splendor of a bygone era. With belted bi-swing back, the most exciting of fashion ideas for spring. Plus wide lapels, deep patch pockets, lapped seams. Dacron® polyester and wool in honeycomb tone-on-tone checks. A new adventure in fashion with a fine heritage.

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

50% Dacron polyester / 50% wool worsted

turned against it and who has taken on a couple of new wars while "winding down" the old one may be regarded by the electorate as something other than a peacemaker. A President who has been in office during hard times may not get much credit if things finally get better just before the election. It is not only hardship but the memory of it that seems to count against politicians. It has been largely the memory of the last great depression—even the second-generation memory—that has prevented the Republican Party from ever regaining its primacy, even in the best of the postwar years. In this postwar year, what seems to have happened is that the economic issue has, quite suddenly, become the most important domestic one to millions of Americans who only last year were citing one or another of the social issues—crime, drugs, violence, and so forth—as the one that most concerned them. According to a Gallup Poll released yesterday, the war continues to hold first place among "the nation's top problems": twenty-eight per cent saw it as leading all the others—but almost as many, or twenty-four per cent, were more concerned about living costs and unemployment. No single component of the social issue was seen as of prime importance by more than seven per cent. And a Harris Survey made in January found that sixty-eight per cent were dissatisfied with the President's role in economic affairs in general, and eighty-three per cent with his effort to stop inflation. Dissatisfaction on that scale is difficult to overcome.

The President is trying hard to build public confidence. He has taken charge of his own public relations, and in recent weeks has devoted what may be an unprecedented amount of Presidential time to television appearances and to interviews with journalists he can rely on to lend a sympathetic ear. It may help some, but his problems are not personal but political. He does not end the war, and he cannot get an antagonistic Congress to accept his domestic program. About the most he can hope for now is that he will be able to transfer blame for the troubles of the economy from the executive to the legislative branch and run against the Congress, as Harry Truman did in 1948. Debating with a candidate who is a member of Congress would give him an advantage that Truman lacked. But it has never really been demonstrated that this was what saved Truman, and in general the maneuver is one more easily carried out by a Democrat than by a Republican, since the Democrats have a majority to begin



Only Nettleton has the Fargo Boot

Designed in the dashing spirit of the Old West. Refined and modernized with mock laces and eyelets. Loaflex® light and flexible, with the convenience of hidden stretch gores. Try the Fargo. It's a pleasure.

See this and others at your Nettleton dealer. Footwear fashion center USA.

FARGO BOOT
Very luxurious smooth premium calf, finished to a glowing sheen. Black or rich brown. About $47.

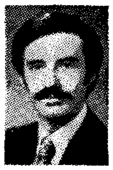
Write for our new Style Folder #327 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y. 13203

JOHN McGAHERN NIGHTLINES

John McGahern's stories are "filled with sensuality, with irony and humor... He chooses words as carefully as Chopin chose his notes."—Newsweek
$4.95 at bookstores
Atlantic-Little, Brown

100 W 78th ST.
1970 AWARD WINNER
Cooperative Apartments
2, 3 and 4 bedrooms
from $44,000.
Financing available.
JU-6-3131



NOW there's time to enjoy a fine after-theater supper

B
Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant
John C. Bruno
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

How to start benefiting from investment management with as little as $5,000

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. 030.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • Incorporated 193(

Sheer Magic!

A crystal egg that holds flowers fresh for days without water. By Kosta of Sweden. 6" tall $9, 7" tall $11 postpaid.

pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y.

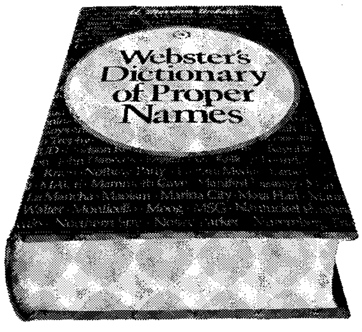
MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings... blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

with, and since the tendency in most of the country is to identify Republicans and Republican Presidents with depressions and recessions. The interesting question now is what might happen if at about this time next year Nixon's fortunes have not risen sufficiently to make his prospects bright. Would he seek a second term if defeat was a certainty or a near certainty? It is generally assumed that his powerful instinct for combat would compel him to do so, and that he could never bring himself to concede defeat, even to himself, in advance of the fact. On the other hand, he has always made shrewd assessments of his own liabilities and assets, and, despite any efforts made in the White House to shield him from unpleasantness, he cannot fail to read and to get the messages of the polls. That he does get them is shown by his repeated insistence that he is never concerned by what they record and that he conducts his and the country's affairs as if they did not exist. He won by a hair last time against a badly compromised opponent who had to defend an almost indefensible record. His own record, it now seems likely, will be no easier to defend, and the chances are that he will have to stand by it against a Democrat with no administrative record of his own and no need to apologize for earlier Democratic performances. Moreover, in 1968 Nixon was rendered invaluable aid by Republican organizations then in power in many key states; in 1970, many of these were driven from power by Democrats. In 1972, there may be a clamor from within his own party for him to withdraw, as there was within the Democratic Party for the voluntary or forced retirement of Truman in 1948 and Johnson in 1968. If Nixon has a sense—as by now he surely does—of being ridden by events, he may ponder the case of Herbert Hoover, who, if he had withdrawn in 1932, would not have had to endure the obloquy, much of it manufactured by Democrats for strictly political purposes, that was his lot for the rest of his life. To many here, it seems altogether possible—and to some probable—that Nixon would choose withdrawal if he saw the alternative as repudiation.

THE SST did not turn up on any opinion sampler's list of "top problems," and the vote in the House against federal funding for it may prove historic only in a symbolic sense. Although the Senate voted the same way last December, it is held possible that it will reverse itself when it votes next week. The 1970 vote in the Senate was fifty-two for denial and forty-one

KGB explained.

Announcing **Webster's Dictionary of Proper Names.** A remarkable collection of all those names everyone hears, but rarely understands. The KGB, Seabees, TW3, Dan Patch, Dagwood, Leopold Bloom. They're all here. All explained. Finally. A fabulous find for puzzle people. $9.95. At your bookstore.



NEW FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER

EXPERT ADVICE on COUNTRY LIVING

We've read and evaluated hundreds and hundreds of books covering every phase of gardening and country living. Our Catalog is 32 pages of honest, thorough description of those titles we believe will be most worth your time and money. It's a wealth of expert advice on growing fruits and vegetables, preserving and preparing food, choosing a place where it's still pleasant to live in the U.S.A.; home wiring, plumbing, maintenance, building, making a living in the country, etc., etc. If you're really serious about country living, you'll be delighted. Please send 25¢ to help cover postage and handling. Ask for GARDEN WAY BOOK CATALOG. Write now to: Garden Way Research, Dept. B-5014, Charlotte, Vt. 05445

We may have the answer.

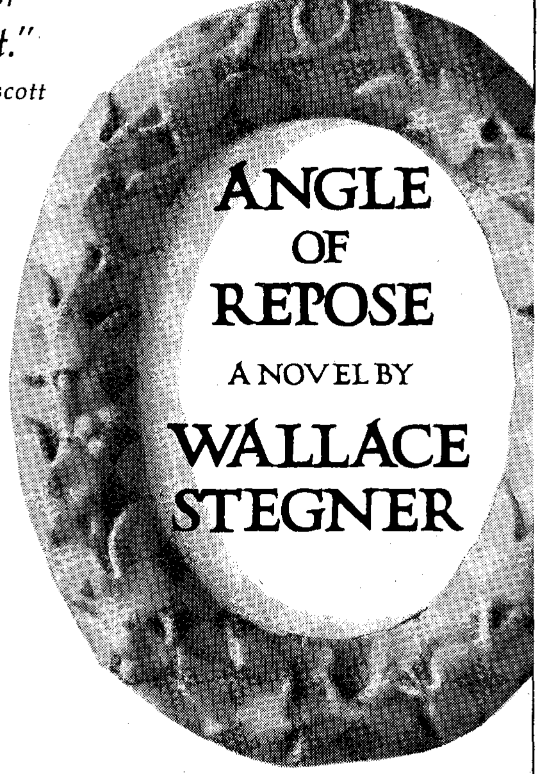
Request our free booklet:
"To Find a School to Fit the Child"

Bunting and Lyon, Inc.
Wallingford, Conn. 06492 (203) 269-3333
Representatives in most major cities

"OGDEN NASH'S newest book of verse BED RIDDANCE
'A Posy for the Indisposed' should strike a mortal blow at the Get Well Card."
—B. A. Bergman, Philadelphia Bulletin
Drawings by Milton Glaser. $4.95 LITTLE, BROWN
Most of these poems first appeared in The New Yorker

for approval, but it is said now that because of changed seats and changed minds the Senate may support what last year it opposed—the reverse of what has happened in the House—and if this is the case the measure will go to conference and the government may find itself still providing money for what someone has called Aid for Dependent Airlines. No matter how things turn out, though, last week's vote was unexpected, and perhaps unprecedented. The anti-SST lobby consisted largely of scientists—one of whom turned out to be a believer in flying saucers—and professional reformers. The lobby generated a fair amount of mail—much of it from citizens living near airports—and some support in the press. The pro-SST lobby was led by the President, and was an extraordinary coalition of industry and organized labor, a combination that, according to liberal and radical doctrine, can get just about anything it wants in this country, even without strong support from the White House. The military had a stake, too—if not in the development of the plane itself (though anything that can transport civilians can probably transport troops also), then in the prosperity of the manufacturers, with whom the Pentagon does a lot of business. But the military-industrial-labor complex could not this time prevail in the House, where its influence has always been said to be dominant. The rebuff to it is being hailed as a victory for the environmentalists, and no doubt it was. The balance—a matter of eleven votes—may have been tipped when, just a few days before the roll was called, the charge was made that the SST would cause atmospheric changes that might heighten the incidence of skin cancer. The fear of cancer being about as prevalent as the fear of Communism, the pro-SST forces were badly hurt. However, it is questionable whether the opponents could have carried the day simply on the strength of environmental arguments, which by and large were as persuasive last year as this year or in earlier years. This year, the environmentalists were joined by several members who simply wanted to save the money and who wouldn't vote a thin dime to Friends of the Earth. Then, too—and probably this is the most important of all factors—this was the first important vote under the new House rule that makes it possible to get a public record of who voted how on specific items in a bill. This was accepted in the last session in the name of "accountability," and apparently it worked.

—Richard H. Rovere



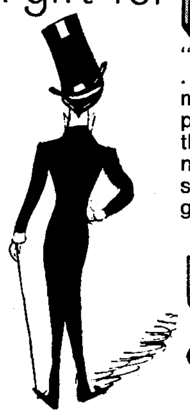
"It restores my faith in the novel as a major form of literary art."
—Orville Prescott

ANGLE OF REPOSE is Wallace Stegner's masterwork. It is a vital, sweeping novel that illuminates the American present against the values and commitments of the America of 100 years ago. It is a story of the generation after the pioneers, and especially of the women among them, which will endure in your memory long beyond its tenure as one of 1971's leading bestsellers.

A Literary Guild Selection
$7.95 at all booksellers

Doubleday

ANGLE OF REPOSE
A NOVEL BY
WALLACE STEGNER



"A gift for MAXophiles"
—Christian Science Monitor

"There are the parodies of Conrad, James and Chesterton ...parodies of sample letters—what the well-bred blackmailer should write and how a young man should refuse to pay his tailor's bill...There is the theater criticism...and three excerpts from *Zuleika Dobson*, Beerbohm's burlesque novel...there are short, light essays...there are, finally, the short stories...He was one of life's 'guests,' a man of small gifts that he used perfectly."—*Peter S. Prescott, Newsweek.*

EDITED BY DAVID CECIL
MAX BEERBOHM
SELECTED PROSE

$6.95 at bookstores Atlantic-Little, Brown

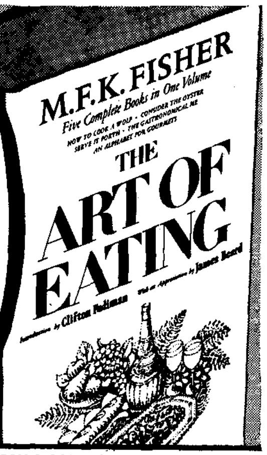
We'll give you a free scotch.

but you must come over to London, England, to get it.

We'll also serve you up with the most prime Scotch steaks in England, fine wines and a lot of Scottish atmosphere.

Which could almost make it worth the trip.

THE ANGUS STEAK HOUSES LONDON
Twenty-two restaurants in Central London, England.
Clip this ad. and bring it with you. It's worth a free Scotch with your meal.



"M.F.K. Fisher has the effect of sending the reader away with a desire to love better and live more fully."
—JAMES BEARD

M.F.K. FISHER
THE ART OF EATING

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
866 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

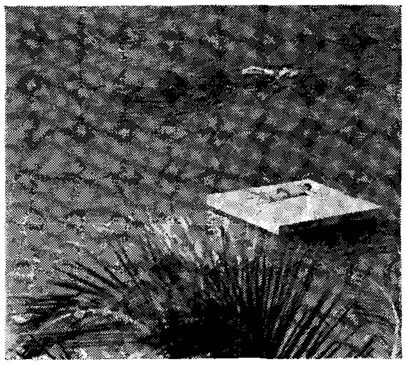
TAKE A BARCLAY WEEKEND BREAK INSTEAD

Have a vacation that will make you, not break you. Any Friday, Saturday or Sunday night in a luxurious Barclay suite with hearty breakfast in bed. It will let a lot of sunshine in. And very little money out. $40.00 per couple per night.

Dial-free for reservations:
In Continental U.S.A. 800-221-2690
In New York State 800-522-6449
In New York City (local call) 340-2776

The Barclay
A REALTY HOTEL
Just off Park Avenue at 111 E. 48th Street

There's plenty to do at the Montego Beach Hotel.



But no one to make you do it.

A TRAFALGAR HOUSE (OVERSEAS) RESORT
Reservations at your travel agent or
Ray Morrow Associates,
51 E. 42nd St., N.Y., 10017, (212) 697-2340.

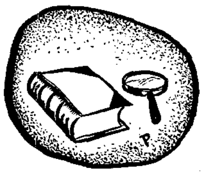
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF MAYAKOVSKY, by Wiktor Woroszylski, translated from the Polish by Boleslaw Taborski (Orion). This is a documentary biography compiled from a wide range of writings about the Russian poet; it even includes the reports of the Czarist secret-police agents who in 1908 were assigned to shadow Vladimir Mayakovsky, a fourteen-year-old revolutionary. The effect of Mr. Woroszylski's mosaic technique is spectacular; the book's sources artfully engross us in Mayakovsky's artistic development, his complicated personality, and his political tribulations. Mayakovsky committed suicide in 1930, for which the Soviet regime's political harassment has been blamed, and this book is banned in the Soviet Union. The last fact suggests that the Russian censors of today are as stupid as those who, before the Russian Revolution, cut up Mayakovsky's early verse. The poet we meet in these pages is the archetypal rebellious artist—the kind of figure who, from Byron on, in all countries and under all regimes, has been in some sort of hot water. Before the First World War, young Mayakovsky and his friends proclaimed themselves "Futurists," aligning themselves with the Italian modernist movement, and Mayakovsky's poetic reputation spread through Europe despite all the grim disruptions that followed 1914. Under Communism, his fame was seen by the Party bosses as a propaganda asset, yet since the political revolution was not (as Mayakovsky mistakenly supposed) interested in fostering artistic individuality, the same bosses also saw Mayakovsky as a danger and made his life miserable. Nonetheless, this book is far too broad in scope to be merely another arraignment of the Soviet system. What one sees most clearly is Mayakovsky as a man of great power and gifts and an eruptive, romantic nature, who, as so many contemporaries testify, radiated a glamour that still shines in these pages. Fifteen dollars.



THE WISE MINORITY, by Leon Friedman (Dial). This "Argument for Draft Resistance and Civil Disobedience" bases its case on precedent: Campus rebels and draft resisters are decried for violating the law and our entire political tradition, but they are only acting in the American tradition, for we have always been "a nation of conscientious lawbreakers." Furthermore, the author says, it is this very disobedience that has brought about the most significant political and social changes since the first days of the Republic. He shores up his argument by citing history—the Whiskey Rebellion, the Abolitionists, the labor and farm revolts of the nineteenth century, the fight for civil rights in the second half of this one, and other examples of people who, feeling that they were being mistreated by the government, broke the law to get it changed—and he provides a thorough examination of the current resistance to the draft. A thoughtful and careful book.

ANGKOR: AN ESSAY ON ART AND IMPERIALISM, by Jan Myrdal and Gun Kessle, translated from the Swedish by Paul Britten Austin (Pantheon). Mr. Myrdal's brief text is addressed to someone standing behind the reader's shoulder—some Ignoto or Anon. who sets up foolish questions (such as whether it is morally justifiable to write about art during a war, or whether Asians were really capable of creating Angkor Wat all by themselves) and so provides Mr. Myrdal with all sorts of opportunities for letting off steam. The photographs by Miss Kessle are truly noteworthy, displaying to advantage over-all scale, shape, style, and detail. The format is an asset, too; unlike many other art books, this is small enough to be held in the hands.

NOTE: Dutton has published "Decision," Richard Harris's account of the nomination of G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court and his defeat. All the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

10:30 P.M.—Channel 9
"DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK"
Sprawling John Ford adventure about the struggles of New York columnists during the Revolutionary war.—*Chicago Tribune.*

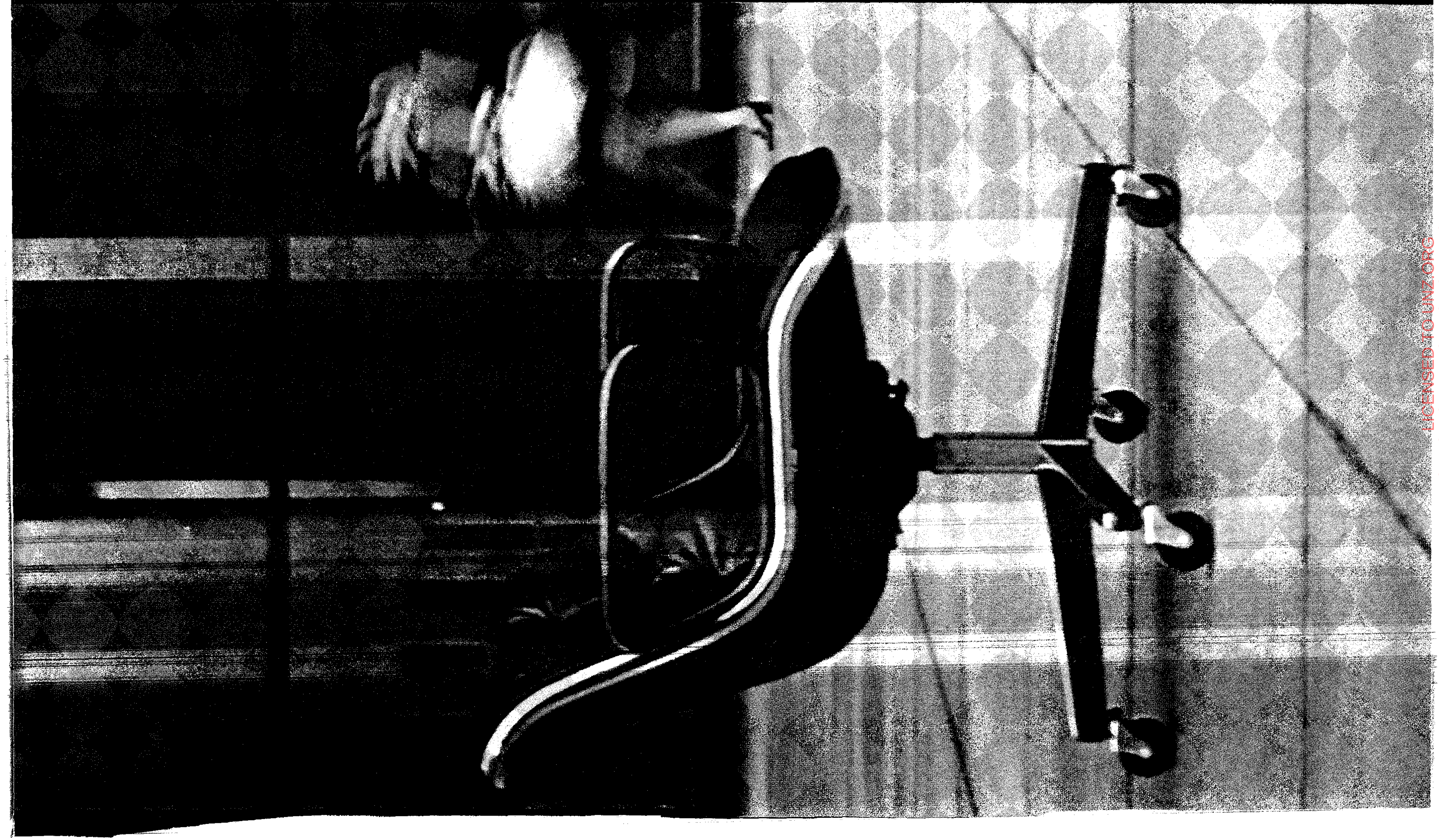
When Leonard Lyons wore buckskin and almost starved to death.

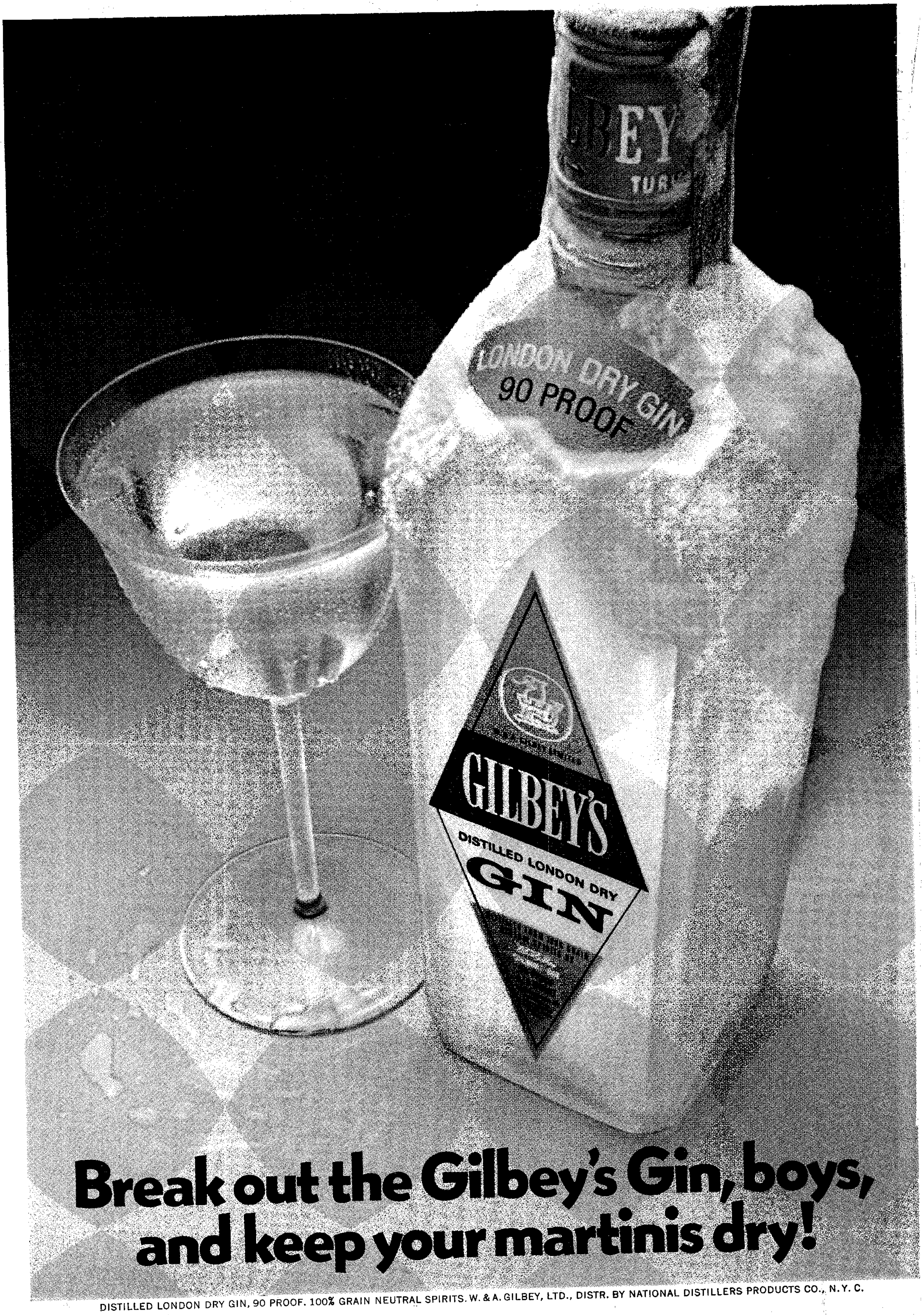
Knoll International

745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

Charles Pollock designs for Knoll.
His forthright concept is matched by sensitive
choices of material and manufacturing ingenuity.

Knoll International operates in 31 countries.




BEY
LONDON DRY GIN
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
Break out the Gilbey's Gin, boys,
and keep your martinis dry!

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. C.